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THE AUDUBON BULLETIN



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ILLINOIS AUDUBON SOCIETY
For the Protection of Wild Birds

Affiliated with
The Chicago Academy of Sciences
Lincoln Park at Clark and Ogden Ave.
Chicago

Telephone Diversey 5871



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FOR CLASSES OF MEMBERSHIP.

THE
AUDUBON ANNUAL BULLETIN
1939

PUBLISHED BY THE
ILLINOIS AUDUBON SOCIETY
FOR THE PROTECTION OF WILD BIRDS

Catharine A. Mitchell

THE MEASURE of life is in the acts and deeds that are crowded into its days and years. Catharine A. Mitchell's life though short was so full of worth while actions that the memory of them makes her seem to us an outstanding example of sacrifice for the welfare of birds and for every project to make life safe and pleasant for them. She lived to see *them* live and her cardinal interest was the welfare of our feathered friends.

The Illinois Audubon Society found in Miss Mitchell an unparalleled helper in every phase of its work. As a director faithfully she served for many years giving sincere effort and attention to the welfare and success of the organization. As its secretary she recorded with zeal and devotion the proceedings of the society and was ever alert and dutiful. As a custodian of the books and pamphlets the society had for sale, she watched its properties as if they were her own. As a member her mind was focussed upon serving the best interests of the birds and of the society. By her death both lost a friend and an ardent, useful worker.

To Miss Mitchell the out-of-doors was all in all. The trees, the shrubs, the flowers and the birds brought a joy that was lasting. They opened to her eyes an exquisite scene of eternal beauty and flooded her soul with happiness. She was concerned in all real conservation and labored earnestly to preserve our natural resources. Whether a project of conservation was local or national, she wanted to help. Now, the trees bow sadly over her grave. "Here lies our friend," they say, and the birds repeat the phrase.

The Illinois Audubon Society, especially its Board of Directors, miss a member who was ever so constant and dependable. Miss Mitchell's name will long be remembered by all. Fittingly an overflow of the Des Plaines where she delighted to study has been named Catharine Mitchell Lake.

E. T. BARODY.

Red-tails Reprieved

By LETA D. McMASTER

MAY 11, 1938, two large fledglings were found in our fairgrounds. The finders reported many chicken feathers in the nest and chicken bones nearby, and so they removed the young birds.

They were placed on exhibition down town where they almost died of starvation. Our local paper described them as eagles found in the fairgrounds; but when the story appeared in a Chicago paper, May 16, not only were they called eagles but it was reported that the nest had been found *in the grandstand* at the fairgrounds! Actually the nest was in a tree, in a grove near the Kishwaukee river.

Following the appearance of the newspaper story I was unable to locate the young birds and made little effort to do so. I concluded they were dead and that, in their downy stage, probably I should not be able to identify them.

As it happened, a kind hearted citizen, Mr. Clyde Andrus, saw the desperate condition of the birds and after a day or two took them home. They were too weak to stand and could scarcely swallow, but he forced a heaping teaspoonful of ground steak down each throat several times a day and soon they were spry as could be.



Evidently the female of the pair had tried to cling to the nest. One of her legs was so badly injured that it would not support her but the veterinarian said it was not broken—probably a sprain—and advised massage and exercise. So besides providing food, Mr. Andrus patiently massaged the leg until it was strong again.

The birds matured rapidly. When I saw them, June 8th, they appeared to be fully grown. They were now arrayed in the beautiful plumage of the immature red-tailed hawk. They were well satisfied during the summer in a latticed rose arbor, enclosed with chicken wire, and furnished with the comforts of a hawk's home in the woods; shade, green pine boughs, strong perches covered with bark to which a young hawk's claws can cling easily, good food and water.

Mr. Andrus says he learned a lot about hawks last summer. I think the hawks must have learned something of the kindness of human beings, for as soon as it was no longer necessary to grind their meat he made frequent trips to the cemetery, where he snared gophers for them.

After the birds were grown each ate a gopher at a feeding—morning, noon, and night—or about a pound of steak each day, if they were being fed beef. They would eat beef liver under protest but would not look at pork or cooked beef. Mr. Andrus said that the first time he fed gopher-meat, he placed a piece on the perch of the male bird which, when he put his bill into the warm meat, clutched it with both claws, spread his wings and hovered over it as if hiding it while he squealed with apparent delight over his tid-bit.

By September 1st, the problem of feeding the hawks in winter was troubling Mr. Andrus. He was sure that, if they were freed, they would starve before they learned to take their own food. Finally he left his pets at the Milwaukee Zoo. He was doubtful of the outcome of this venture as the Zoo fed large pieces of horse meat placed on a platter. The hawks, used to being fed by hand and frightened by the motor trip, didn't know what it was all about.

However, he left the birds to the mercies of an attendant who promised he would cut the meat in smaller strips and hang it on their perches until they learned to eat from the platter.

Evidently the promise was kept as, in response to his inquiry, Feb. 16th, Mr. Andrus received a letter from the Zoo saying that the hawks had been very happy all winter in a large cage with condors and eagles: that they were fully grown and a very beautiful pair of birds, indeed.

Belvidere, Ill.

CROW INVESTIGATION

MR. C. T. BLACK, who is conducting the Illinois Cooperative Crow Investigation, requests that nestling crows be banded wherever possible. If the finder of a nest does not have a bird banding permit, or is unacquainted with a bird bander, he can obtain bands by writing to Mr. Black, whose address is 204 Exp. Zool. Lab., Champaign, Ill.

William Isaac Lyon

WILLIAM ISAAC LYON, since 1921 a Director of the Illinois Audubon Society, died suddenly at Waukegan, Illinois, June 13, 1938. Mr. Lyon was born in Waukegan, Aug. 19, 1874. His paternal grandfather was an early citizen of Waukegan where he settled in 1847. The village was then known as Little Fort.

Throughout his life Mr. Lyon's home was in the city of his birth. The region at hand, known generally as the "Waukegan Flats," was the playground of his youth and the scene of many of his activities up to the day of his death. Always he was interested in animals. Among the incidents of his boyhood he records breeding Passenger Pigeons in captivity and the successful raising of a young bird. He kept pets of all sorts and writes of the astonishing number and variety of those which were his charges from time to time.

In 1913 bird-banding came to his attention and from that time to the last day of his life he followed this pursuit with amazing purpose and vigor. In 1922 he became secretary of the newly formed Inland Bird Banding Association. In 1924 he was elected president and held that office until his death.

During his 25 years of banding he marked approximately 100,000 birds. The routine of trapping and banding on the grounds about his home—some three acres planted and arranged to attract birds—was seldom interrupted. However, he looked forward, from year to year, with especial relish and enthusiasm, to the annual adventure, beginning in 1922, among the gulls, terns and other water birds on their breeding grounds on the islands of the Great Lakes and in the marshes of Canada.

More recently Lyon became interested in the "homing instinct" of Cowbirds which he trapped and shipped in numbers to widely divergent destinations in the United States and Canada, there to be released. Similarly he caused other Cowbirds to be trapped at long distances from Waukegan and shipped to him for release. The results of these experiments have been extraordinary. Many of them have become known to those attending the meetings of the Illinois Audubon Society and to the public in general through newspaper accounts.

Mr. Lyon's work as a Director of the Illinois Audubon Society was most practical. He delighted in telling schools and clubs how to attract birds by planting and how to keep them by feeding. His "banding station" was a laboratory in which he conducted many experiments and he was able to speak with authority on this phase of Audubon procedure. He became a deputy game warden and personally took into custody many violators of state and Federal laws pertaining to game and migratory birds.

His "bird-mindedness" is disclosed by the list of the societies in which he has been active: He was one of the first members to be elected to the Council of the American Ornithologists Union; he was a life member of the Chicago Academy of Sciences and of the Illinois Academy of Sciences; President (1928) of the Chicago Orni-

thological Society; President (1933) of the Kennicott Club; Vice-President (1924) of the Wilson Ornithological Club and, as written above, for many years an energetic Director of the Illinois Audubon Society.

He was the friend of all friends of birds.

The Bobwhite in Illinois

By R. E. YEATTER

Illinois Natural History Survey

IN RECENT years several important research projects have been conducted on the bobwhite quail, including the food habits study of H. D. Judd, the monumental natural history and management work of Herbert L. Stoddard in the Southeast, and ecological studies of P. L. Errington and others in the northern states. As a result there undoubtedly is available a greater fund of information for the preservation and increase of the bobwhite than for any other form of American wildlife.

The range of the bobwhite includes all of Illinois. It breeds in nearly every agricultural section, reaching its highest population densities in the partially abandoned farmlands of the southern third of the state and the wooded river breaks of the south and west sections, especially along the Mississippi. Old records show that quails increased and extended their range in early stages of agriculture, but they have declined during the last sixty years with the growth of intensive farming practices.

Bobwhites are most abundant in farmlands near brush areas such as old overgrown orchards, blackberry and plum thickets, untrimmed fencerows, and the edges of ungrazed woodlots, where they can find refuge if surprised by enemies. Occasionally in summer when growing vegetation provides additional cover a pair will nest at some distance from brushy areas, but at other times presence of the bobwhite is chiefly influenced by the distribution of cover. For this reason it is important from the management standpoint that weed patches, unharvested corn or waste grain be available for food near cover areas during the winter. Undisturbed grassy areas are important for nesting places. Nesting studies show that to adequately protect nesting quail grassy roadsides and ditch banks should not be mowed before July 15.

"They thrive where the food supply is abundant and varied, where cover in the form of thickets is plentiful and well distributed, and where there is both woodland and more open range. They thrive also with agriculture of somewhat primitive type that results in numerous small weedy fields, but they decline in numbers where farming is too



Quail nest destroyed by burning of roadside in July. Champaign County. Photograph by R. E. Hesselschwerdt.

intensive and cover at a premium, or where agricultural lands revert to nature."¹

As the result of careful field studies certain factors affecting quail populations can be evaluated. Others are still obscure. Hunting may be an important check on increase locally, yet in favorable environment quails show a surprising ability to recover from losses in the face of considerable hunting pressure. Where the environment is unfavorable they will not be found even on game sanctuaries. Likewise in favorable habitats they are normally able to maintain their numbers in spite of the presence of hawks, owls and other natural enemies, as shown by Errington. When birds are too numerous for the supply of winter food and cover the population can be expected to decline because of starvation, enemies, or migration.

As is true for many forms of wildlife, quails frequently vary in abundance from year to year. One important cause for this in the northern states is winter-killing. The accompanying table shows the September population of quails on a 2,560-acre study area maintained by the State Natural History Survey on prairie chicken and quail range in Jasper County. In explanation of the wide variation in numbers it may be pointed out that the killing winter of 1935 and 1936 followed a favorable nesting season when a good quail crop was

¹The Bobwhite Quail, Its Habits, Preservation and Increase, by H. L. Stoddard. Chas. Scribner's Sons. New York. 1932.

produced. The September census showed a population of about 225 quails. After sustaining average hunting and other losses during the fall months a fairly large per cent of the September population was still present at the beginning of winter. Following sustained periods of low temperature and deep snow it was found by a census in mid-March that less than 45 birds remained alive. The breeding season of 1936 coincided with a drought period, and was on the whole unfavorable. It is evident that the losses of 1935 and 1936 were not overcome until 1938, a season that apparently was favorable for many forms of wildlife. At that time quails reached the highest point in several years.

SEPTEMBER QUAIL POPULATIONS ON JASPER COUNTY STUDY AREA
1935-1938

<i>Year</i>	<i>Number of Quails</i>
1935	225
1936	90
1937	160
1938	300

Quails are probably holding their own in Illinois except in the prairie section where hedge pulling is still reducing their range. An encouraging side of the picture is that wildlife management dovetails closely into the movement for conservation of soil and water. Fortunately wildlife is recognized in the program of State and Federal agencies dealing with land use and many farmers and agricultural leaders are sympathetic with the conservation of wildlife. Planting of trees and shrubs to hold soil, a practice that is becoming more widespread, will provide many new habitats for quails and other wildlife.

Rock Island County Winter Records

By JOHN J. SCHAFER

A barn owl was first seen in our hay barn during the last week in January and has been staying there ever since. This is the first time this rare owl has been seen on our farm. It is remarkable that the pigeons which roost in the barn are not at all afraid of the owl. Two rusty blackbirds were seen in the barnyard the last week in January. Two mourning doves were here several weeks ago. Last week only one dove came back. Probably some one shot the other.

A sparrow hawk comes nearly every day and sits on a large old burr oak to watch for the English sparrows. A few gulls were seen flying over in January. Some herring gulls and a good many American mergansers and American golden-eyes stay on the Mississippi river during the winter. There are no red-headed woodpeckers here this winter; they all left early last fall. A few rough-legged hawks are seen occasionally, and sometimes a Cooper's hawk comes and tries to catch a pigeon.

Port Byron, Feb. 15, 1939.

To the Members of the Illinois Audubon Society From the President

YOUR board of directors has met regularly and transacted what business came before it. The first meeting of this season, after summer vacation, was a sorrowful one, as two very active and useful members of the society and the board, Miss Catharine Mitchell, the secretary, and Mr. William I. Lyon, had departed this life, both due to heart attack, that great modern destroyer of lives. An appreciation of their personalities and service appears elsewhere in this number. Our new secretary, Miss Doris A. Plapp, daughter of a naturalist father, instructor in biology in Lane Technical High School, is as loyal and energetic a student of nature and devotee of conservation as was Miss Mitchell.

One result of the deliberations of the directors may be seen in the make-up of the present number of the BULLETIN. It was thought that more good could be done, more interest awakened and sustained, if we were to publish the BULLETIN four times a year.

Of lectures, we had an interesting one by our former co-director, Mr. Alfred M. Bailey, now director of the Colorado Museum of Natural History, located in the city of Denver. His lecture, entitled "Filming the Golden Eagle," was very well attended. The first half of the meeting was devoted to a memorial to Miss Mitchell, in which representatives of various natural history and conservation societies, of which she had been a member or secretary, feelingly voiced their appreciation of and admiration for her unselfish services in the cause of wildlife. The next lecture will be on the evening of April 7th, at the Academy of Sciences, Lincoln Park, by Dr. O. S. Pettingill of Carleton College, whose moving pictures of bird-life are truly wonderful.

Now it is up to our members to get busy. Remember, the goal we should have in mind as an Audubon society is to be able to employ a full-time worker in the field, to travel up and down the state and rouse the interest of young and old, to form local societies, fire them with enthusiasm for conservation, so we can better do the work we have set for ourselves to accomplish. If each present member would get one or several new members for the society we could do it. Therefore, let everyone of us get busy! Our feathered friends and other forms of wildlife need our help so badly.

Until the time comes when we can employ a full-time field man, let us make use of every opportunity that offers to spread the gospel of kindness to all wild things, birds, mammals, wild flowers and others. In other words, let us do what we can to make our people, old and young, conservation-minded. Do it by the written or spoken word, in season and out of season, before meetings and individuals, wherever there is a chance to get the message in. The local press is one of the means to do this. Let us be up and doing!

C. W. G. EIFRIG.

"Cranetown" at Reelfoot Lake

By FRANK A. PITELKA

Photographs by Reed W. Fautin

INTRODUCTION. Reelfoot, the earthquake lake in northwestern Tennessee, offers many opportunities to the midwestern ornithologist who seeks adventure, yet cannot journey too far from home. The region of Reelfoot Lake supports a decidedly varied bird life, since habitats such as river and lake margins, marshes, cypress swamps, mature floodplain forest, and climax beech-maple forest can be visited within a few miles of each other—not to mention "man-made" habitats. The chief attraction, however, is the expanse of aquatic and semi-aquatic habitats and the water and marsh birds which congregate there. Observations of these have been made particularly by Ganier (2, 3, see appended list of references) and to a lesser extent by Crooks (1). Recently Maslowski (4) published a short account, accompanied by some excellent photographs, of a visit to "Cranetown." Ganier's paper treating the water birds in particular (3) includes a map and excellent description of the area.

Interest in Reelfoot Lake, other than that of biologists, who study its rich and varied plant and animal life, is centered on its history, and the region is endowed with numerous legends such as the bear-hunting exploits of David Crockett in the early 19th century. The lake is of comparatively recent origin, having been formed by the New Madrid earthquake in 1811-12. It is 12 miles long and 5 miles



Scene in "Cranetown," April 17, 1938—Cormorants', Ward's Herons' and Egrets' nests.

across at the widest point, and its unusual shape is due to the fact that it occupies an old bed of the Mississippi River ("ox-bow"), the river having moved to the west as a result of the earthquake. Especially in the center and southern end, hundreds of stumps stand just above or just below the water level—remains of trees submerged and killed when the lake was formed. Reelfoot Lake, considering its expanse, is very shallow, being over ten feet deep in but a few places; in addition to this, seasonal fluctuations in water level have resulted in the development of an abundant hydrophytic vegetation of the lake and its floodplain.

Such a region is not only attractive to the ornithologist, but also to the ecologist who is interested in succession and the dynamics of plant and animal communities, and for more than ten years a group of zoologists from the University of Illinois have spent each Easter vacation in field studies at Reelfoot Lake. In the spring of 1938, the writer had the opportunity to join the group under the leadership of Dr. V. E. Shelford and Dr. S. C. Kendeigh. The trip proved particularly profitable because of the remarkable advance of the season, two to three weeks ahead of the normal advance, so that the landscape presented an early summer aspect at that early date. Without a doubt, the highlight of the trip from the ornithologist's point of view was the visit to the heronry.

"CRANETOWN." The heronry, known among the natives as "Crane-town," is located at the end of Big Ronaldson Slough on the west side of Reelfoot Lake along which the zone of cypress swamp is particularly broad. It is well secluded and a newcomer finds a native guide almost necessary. On the morning of April 17, 1938, our group was led over surrounding cultivated fields into the wooded swamp, and after following a tortuous path for perhaps half an hour, climbing several high deer fences and wading through several feet of water for most of the way, we were rewarded with the unmistakable clamor so characteristic of heron and egret congregations. As we came closer, our progress became slower; for wading through one-to-four-foot depths of water necessitated increasing care to avoid holes and submerged trunks and branches and to climb over numerous floating logs that were thickly carpeted with plant life, particularly mosses (*Climacium Kindbergii*, a "tree moss," and *Mnium* spp. were most abundant). Against the beauty of the feathery cypress foliage and the fresh leaves of the intermixed river maples (*Acer saccharinum*), egrets and herons arose from hidden perches or flew overhead as they commuted between nesting and feeding grounds. In such a setting plus the warmth of the day—not to mention the important point that mosquitoes, flies, and gnats were totally absent—our enjoyment of the spectacle was complete.

Entering "Cranetown" proper and in the midst of occasional but heavy showers of "whitewash," we were able to notice that nesting was remarkably advanced. Needless to say, during most of our stay, the birds squawked and screamed—milled about in much confusion—and general bedlam prevailed. The heronry covers an area about one-

quarter mile in length and about 400-500 feet in width (Ganier). Several hundred nests of American Egrets, Ward's Herons (southern form of the Great Blue Heron), and Double-crested Cormorants were observed in the tops of defoliated cypress trees. Some trees had as many as twenty to twenty-five nests each. All three species were incubating eggs, and some nests of the Heron contained young. The Egret was twice as numerous as the Ward's Heron, while the Cormorant fell in between these numbers; our estimate listed approximately 300 American Egrets, 200 Double-crested Cormorants, and 150 Ward's Herons. About 25 Anhingas (or Water-turkeys) were observed flying about the colony, and two Black-crowned Night Herons were also seen. Both of these species, particularly the latter, no doubt become more numerous later in the spring since both are known to nest in "Cranetown" in addition to those species mentioned previously.

Grackles moved about in the colony, probably stealing fragments of food left by the nesting birds. Black Vultures soared overhead, very likely feeding on dead and deserted young. Several dead young of the Ward's Heron were found below the trees. Other than these nesting species of the colony and the additional ones attracted by it, the bird life of the cypress swamp included the Wood Duck, Blue-gray Gnatcatcher, Sycamore Warbler, Red-eyed and Yellow-throated Vireos, Carolina Wren, and Pileated and Red-bellied Woodpeckers. The Prothonotary Warbler was especially abundant and is perhaps the most conspicuous of small passerine birds in the wooded swamps about Reelfoot Lake.

In addition to the birds inhabiting "Cranetown," other species of the family Ardeidae frequent Reelfoot Lake. Yellow-crowned Night Herons and Little Blue Herons occasionally nest about Reelfoot. The latter become numerous during late summer along with the appearance of flocks of the Wood Ibis from the South. The Green Heron, American Bittern, and Least Bittern are also summer residents and complete this remarkable list.

"Cranetown" is perhaps one of the largest inland heronries and adds considerably to the other undoubted avifaunal attractions of Reelfoot Lake. At the height of the nesting season, according to recent estimates (3), about 1,500 birds representing five species are present. These together with the presence of nesting Wood Ducks, Hooded Mergansers, Bald Eagles, Duck Hawks, and other larger species, the abundance of bird life in general, and the stretches of virgin cypress swamp and luxuriant floodplain forest create a distinctly primeval atmosphere—the sort of atmosphere that has become more and more distant from our reach.

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Experimental Zoology Laboratory
Champaign, Illinois

Save the Crow

By JANET NORRIS BANGS

THE realization that grasshoppers have been invading Illinois through counties formerly free from them, strengthens my protest against the dynamiting of our great insectivorous bird, the common crow. The scientific stomach analysis of crows, carried on over a period of years (U. S. Dept. of Agriculture bulletins, 1102 and 621), reveals that a crow will eat a hundred grasshoppers to a meal, and several meals a day. Mathematicians may figure out the number of grasshoppers that might have been destroyed by those hundreds of thousands of crows slaughtered in the Middle West. In 1933 there began an active campaign against the crow. In 1936 Illinois lost seventeen million dollars due to grasshopper damage.

Nineteen thirty-eight was the worst grasshopper year ever known in the West, despite the fact that the government spread down near two hundred thousand tons of poison bran at a cost of more than two million dollars (Science News Letter). Roads in states west of us were slippery with "hoppers," and, despite the cold rains which delayed hatching here, some Illinois gardens were chewed up. Locusts are predicted for next summer, and still they dynamite the crow!

We may endorse a program to propagate game birds in natural numbers, but we must oppose the slaughter of so-called "predators," the crow (and also the fox, the owl and hawk). The propaganda, now spreading throughout the nation, would have us believe that the crow is the enemy of the farmer, and also the butcher of birds. According to the stomach analysis, less than one half of one percent of the annual food of the adult crow is made up of wild birds or their eggs. It is true that an occasional nest may be robbed in the spring for the nestling crow, but even the nestling's diet contains but one and one half per cent of birds and their eggs and is forty-eight per cent insectivorous. The young like the soft bodies of caterpillars; and May beetles, grubs, weevils, chinch bugs, wire worms, army or cut worms, locusts, snakes and rodents are among the six hundred and fifty items found in the diet of the crow.

Near five hundred small caterpillars were identified in the food of one crow. Tussock moths, many other moths, tent caterpillar eggs and canker worms, have been found in one form or another in the crow gizzard. It seems more than a coincidence that some Illinois elms have been troubled with canker worms, and that nut trees in Indiana, where hundreds of thousands of crows have been shot, were last summer stripped by caterpillars.

It is true of course that the crow takes some corn—a few farmers realize that he has earned it. The pheasant that has been placed on

the land as a better bird than the crow, is indeed more beautiful, and better eating. But the pheasant's diet is mainly corn and cultivated grain, with about five per cent weed seeds. He eats some grasshoppers, but his diet is less than three and a half per cent insect life, whereas the crow destroys many times that bulk in insects. Minnesota farmers sent in claims against the pheasant for crop destruction. According to the "Hunting Annual," this game bird was exonerated because it did not take much sprouting corn, and because some of the grain consumed had already been injured by rodents. The crow, the fox, the hawk and the owl, all good rodent hunters, which have been slain in more or less numbers in behalf of the pheasant, would have helped save the farmers' corn from rats, mice, gophers and many other pests. Well, let us have *some* pheasants, and *more* bobwhites. But why is it necessary to kill the crow? We all remember more quail and more crows too, in the old days. Who protected them then, as Mr. Eifrig has asked. Quail and pheasant want "cover," ragweed, which they both like, hedges and thickets. The real enemy of the game bird is the man with the gun.

Five-sixths of the breeding grounds in Canada is beyond the range of the common crow, so that shooting crows here lest they disturb Canada water fowl is far-fetched indeed. It becomes evident that the groups who really benefit from this drastic "crow control" are the ammunition makers and the sportsmen, who feel justified in shooting crows at all seasons. These make up but a small per cent of all the people and their end is sport rather than necessity. They, too, must help pay the bill of seven hundred million dollars, which is the cost of damage caused in the United States by insects. The quail is a great insect eater, but his kind will scarcely increase while the hunters increase so rapidly. Crows are good beetle hunters in fallen wood; let us save them for trial on these strange new tree destroyers. They have three times the capacity of the average bird, and a peculiar mob instinct for "ganging up" on an insect invasion. With crow, hawk and owl depleted in number, the agriculturalist must resort to poison. Small birds must cope with more leafless trees, or spray, sticky bands and poisoned fields. Through these roosts of the Middle West there may pass temporarily a large part of the crow population of that region, birds that will fly over many states, hunting insects on thousands of farms. They can be driven away with a few shots or a few dead crows hanging about. Has any one man or group a right to bomb them, leaving them broken-winged and dead by tens of thousands?

My father, who lived eighty-five years on an Illinois farm, remembered the passenger pigeon in flocks that moved like dark clouds on the sky. He saw them go, their great numbers weakened by man's net and gun, later a prey to disease. He deplored the killing of the crow. No species can stand against the nation-wide persistent propaganda and persecution which allows every schoolboy to regard the crow as an enemy. Grasshoppers coming! One solitary crow flying over the corn fields cannot save us. Let us have more game birds but

also let us start a movement to save these insect hunters, the smartest of birds, one of the resources of nature, our flocks of crows!

References: Bulletins 1102 and 621, U. S. Dept. Agr. E. R. Kalmbach, Circular 433, U. S. Dept. Agr. "The Hunting Annual," 1938. Science News Letters—various reports in 1938. Newspaper and magazine articles. Man's Friend the Crow, Emergency Conservation Committee, Sept., 1937.

Riverside, Ill.

Bird Notes at Quincy, 1938

By T. E. MUSSELMAN, SC. D.

NINETEEN THIRTY-EIGHT was a mild year with the return of the birds and the development of flowers earlier than normal. Bluebirds were common throughout January, while migrant shrikes, doves and meadowlarks remained all winter. Robins appeared February 3, and were common by the 6th. Kildeers were running about the fields February 10, and robins were singing on the 11th. (My earliest record.)

I have always advised the planting of bittersweet. The brilliant red berries, the past year, supplied food for several mockingbirds through the cold weather. Cedar waxwings appeared, however, February 13, and depleted the abundant supply of these decorative fruits. A red-tailed hawk started building in one of the elms far back in my woods. Purple finches were abundant at this time and ate the large buds of hard maples and tore the hedge-balls to shreds. Yearly I record a few migrant specimens of the Western meadowlark. None has nested nearer than La Belle, Mo., however. On February 28 I heard them singing.

By March 20 the wrens had started building in the metal end of a cistern water chute which was suspended in my wood shed. Bluebirds were fighting for mates and nest boxes. I had nearly 500 boxes painted and cleaned and ready for them. By the 27th ninety-three per cent of my bluebird boxes had nests and many had eggs. On April 7th two sapsuckers girdled my Scotch pine. Last year I caught one of these offenders, banded it and carried it a hundred miles to Milan, Mo., where I released it. April 17th barn swallows first slept in our barn. Formerly I had but one nest of these birds. The mother is banded and has returned for several years. Last year I constructed a second nest on another rafter and was surprised to find that an additional pair accepted this nest and reared two broods in it. For 1939 I have added two more mud nests and hope for equally good luck with renters.

I built a tiny six-sided box with a knothole entrance. This was taken by black-capped chickadees which built a nest of hair and fur, and April 22 there was a finished complement of nine eggs. Bluebirds which lost their eggs by freezing were building new nests of grass over the old eggs. I found a box with two dead females in it. They had not survived the freeze.

This year I propose building fifty miniature bluebird boxes to be erected along the Illinois River at Florence and later fifty more

at Banner. These will be posted close to, or over the water to attract the "prothonotaries" and should give much needed information about these lovely yellow swamp warblers.

When I covered the bluebird boxes on the Hamilton route I found a mummified female bluebird above a nest of addled eggs. A second female later had accepted the box and laid four additional eggs without building a nest over the dried former occupant. Three eggs were at one side of the dead bird's body and one was held somewhat suspended in the corner by the dead bird's wing. I removed the dead birds and all eggs. Then I remade the nest and replaced the good eggs. Imagine my pleasure at seeing the mother return. She incubated three of the four eggs.

May 9th saw the appearance of a Mississippi kite—the first in several years.

Young bluebirds were flying by May 27. Quail started laying on May 29. On June 1 the baby barn swallows flew and made a graceful and prolonged flight, finally settling on the telegraph wires. They returned to the nest to roost until the 11th.

Earlier this season I noticed a knothole in my farm garage door. I built a wren box on the opposite side. A pair of wrens accepted this new domicile and seemed to care little whether the door was open or closed, swinging or at rest. After the first egg was laid the mother slept in the nest. The first two nights as I drove up, the automobile lights disturbed her and she flew out into the darkness but returned to lay her egg early the next day. On the third night she stuck her head out but remained inside the hole. After eight eggs were laid she started incubating. She developed such confidence that with any normal swinging of the door, she remained inside and only under violent motion would she inquire the cause or fly fussing to the neighboring post.

Quincy, Ill., Feb. 28, 1939.

An Arkansas Kingbird Family, and Other Notes

By MRS. ROBERT WORK

THIS PAST year has been one of many new experiences with birds, an unusual number of new species having been identified. Of our local records the following are the most interesting:

On April 27 we found hundreds of American golden plovers scattered over a newly-ploughed field south of Barrington, busily feeding, undisturbed by passing cars. The afternoon sun lighted up their gold spangles and stunning jet-black underparts bordered by snowy white, making a memorable picture.

For the first time, after many years of residence, we heard, on

May 15th, the song of the wood thrush on our own place. The birds lingered some days, but disappointed our hopes of their nesting here.

This was the second year that we have seen two woodcocks in June about a low, brushy tangle a few hundred feet from our house. We avoided the place through fear of disturbing the nest we hoped was there.

July 12th, while sitting in our car near a farm-yard a few miles northeast of town, I discovered an Arkansas kingbird perching on the wire fence near me. He made frequent flights after passing insects, returning each time to the fence. On a second visit, fourteen days later, this bird, or perhaps its mate, was calling uneasily from trees near the road. When my husband approached the place several young birds flew up from the grass into some shrubs. Later my husband saw the family on telephone wires along the road but made no note of the number, which he thought to be five.

More American egrets were seen. My first record was July 27th, though they were here earlier; and my last September 10th. Through August more than twenty were to be seen any evening perched in a group of trees surrounded by water in a pond east of town.

On September 4th, in the morning, we found a little blue heron in the white plumage, feeding along the water's edge. A few of the egrets usually were in sight about this pond during the day.

October 28th a black-bellied plover was feeding on the exposed mud of still another pond. We watched it for some time, noticing its form and behavior, but were unable to say what it could be on account of the winter plumage. Finally it flew, showing clearly the black axillars.

On November 18th and 24th a male chewink gave us our latest record for this bird.

On November 23rd a male cardinal, a rare bird indeed near Barrington, appeared among the bluejays and sparrows feeding on the seeds we had scattered on the ground. This provided the climax to our bird year, for he has been here all winter, spectacular among the bluejays, a distinguished figure among the English sparrows and a brilliant flame against the snow.

Barrington, Ill.

The New Cover

Mr. Earl G. Wright, one of our Directors, kindly offered to make this illustration of the Cardinal. This species was adopted as the State Bird of Illinois, June 4, 1929.

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No. 30

June, 1939

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For the Protection of Wild Birds

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The American Egret in the Illinois River Valley

By FRANK C. BELLROSE

Illinois Natural History Survey

THE ILLINOIS RIVER VALLEY, with its numerous bottomland lakes flanking the river from DePue to Meredosia, a distance of 170 miles, forms an ideal habitat for water birds of all kinds. Shallow-basined lakes, together with a bountiful supply of rough fish (about 500 pounds per acre of surface water, according to Dr. D. H. Thompson of the Illinois Natural History Survey) furnish a ready food supply for a large number of nesting great blue herons. American egrets, extirpated for many years in the Illinois Valley, reappeared during the summer of 1930. Since that time, the number of egrets present has varied from year to year, but there has been a noticeable upward trend throughout the period.

In 1938 the first American egrets were observed on June 3. This was at Crane Lake near Bath, Illinois, where Dr. T. H. Frison and three staff members of the Illinois Natural History Survey noticed a definite flight line of these birds to and from the lake. Actions of the birds indicated that they might be nesting in that vicinity, but a search for nests two weeks later proved fruitless. However, quite by accident, I discovered an American egret nest on June 17, 1938, while investigating a great blue heronry at Duck Island, 20 miles below Peoria. It was situated, along with 70 nests of the great blue herons, in a flooded black willow swamp between Big and Goose lakes and was placed twelve feet from the water in a living black willow, which also harbored two nests of the great blue heron. While the majority of the great blues' nests held nearly full grown young, the egret's nest contained only eggs, three in number. When first noticed, an adult was incubating the eggs, but when approached closely it moved to a limb several feet from the nest, where it voiced alarm notes. On July 8, three young about two weeks old were found in the nest. Both adults were in the vicinity of the nest and made repeated ventures to it despite my presence 20 feet away. By July 27, all three young were completely feathered out and were seen perching near the nest. The largest of the trio escaped, but the smaller two were captured and banded by C. T. Black and the writer.

After 31 years, the American egret may have reestablished itself as a breeding bird in the Illinois Valley, where it was once the most abundant of all the breeding herons. Previous to 1938, the last known colony of the American egret was located, according to R. M. Barnes of Lacon, Illinois, a few miles below Hennepin along the Illinois River. Formerly containing hundreds of nests, it was reduced to five or six by 1907, and these were destroyed by plume hunters in that year.

POST-BREEDING MIGRATION

In the Illinois Valley the post-breeding influx of American egrets in 1938 did not occur until the first part of July. Twenty-two birds, the first noted, were seen on July 3 on lakes near the mouth of the Illinois River. A concentration of 120 American egrets was found on July 10. The birds were standing in the shallow water of a cut-over swamp, two miles north of Hardin. The number present there fluctuated throughout the summer, but at least that many were present when it was visited by C. T. Black, August 28, 1938.

A remarkable concentration of egrets was observed along the Sangamon River, near Chandlerville, on September 22, 1938. From 750 to 1,000 birds were estimated frequenting a small lake that was rapidly drying up. They attracted wide attention inasmuch as they were in view of motorists crossing the Sangamon River on Illinois Route 78.

During late summer egrets were observed congregating in roosts each evening at certain points along the Illinois River. It was noted



American Egret and Nest

that all but one roost was located at or near the site of a great blue or black-crowned night heron colony.

On September 1, 1938, Arthur S. Hawkins and Lee E. Yeager of the Illinois Natural History Survey observed these birds flying to a roost in a black willow swamp north of the Santa Fe railroad trestle near Chillicothe. For fully an hour before dusk a steady stream of birds arrived from nearby bottomland lakes. By sunset over 2,200 individuals were counted entering this roost. The egrets covered the trees in a veritable snowy mantle. When I visited the roost on September 8, I estimated that by dusk approximately 1,800 birds were present.

The writer on September 23 observed egrets flocking to a roost at the upper end of Big Lake, near Banner, Illinois. They began to arrive at the roosting site as early as 4 P.M. The early arrivals fished for an hour or so before entering the roost. At first only scattered birds appeared, but as the sun started sinking they arrived in continuous lines, flying to the roost. By dusk an estimated 500 individuals had settled for the night in tall white elms and soft maples adjacent to the lake.

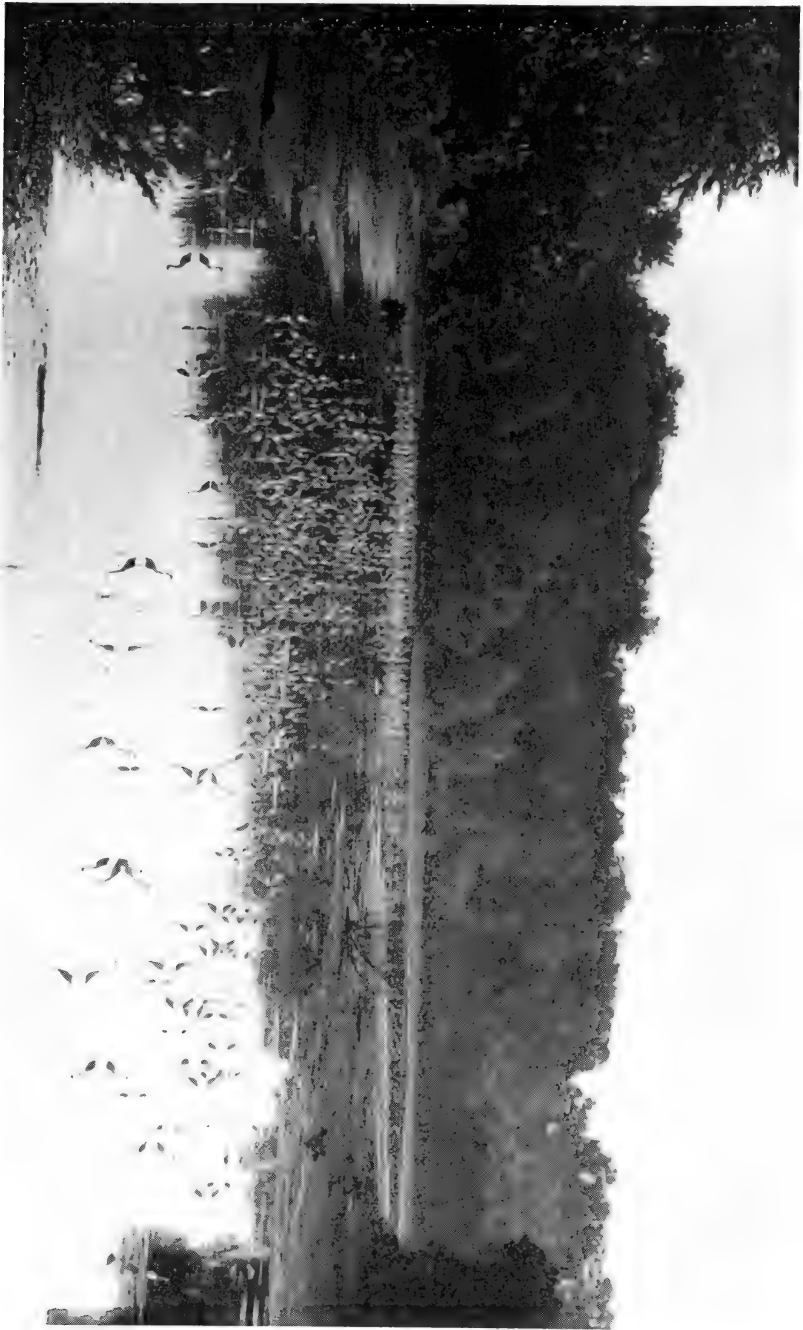
Ferd Luthy of Peoria informs me that for a number of years American egrets have roosted at Big Lake during late summer. He states that on August 11, 1932, egrets were very numerous, being present all over the lake. He says they roost every night in the timber adjacent to Big Lake, where 300-500 gathered—about twice the number that were present the previous year. By September 17, 1932, nearly all had departed, only one being seen on that date. He further states that on August 5, 1933, about 200 egrets were present and appeared to be increasing daily. They began arriving about July 20.

Another American egret roost was located on September 5, 1938, in the extensive bottomland timber between Crane Lake and the Sangamon River. On that date, 319 individuals were counted entering the roost along one flight line. Several other flight lines entered the roost. On the basis of counts made of the first flight line, it was estimated that 700 egrets congregated in this one tract of timber.

A small roost of American egrets was noticed on September 29, 1938, at Lake DePue, near DePue, Illinois. At that late date only 70 birds were counted, roosting in three separate groups about the lake.

In addition to the above-mentioned egret roosts, three others were known to exist. One roost, perhaps the largest along the river, was located in an extensive tract of bottomland woods, across the river from Lake Senachwine, above Henry, Illinois. A second roost, a relatively small one, was in the floodplain forest of the Spoon River, within a few miles of Havana. A third roost was adjacent to Meredosia Bay, above Meredosia. Unfortunately, the number of egrets congregating at these places is not known.

From the number of egrets censused on the various fluviatile lakes and from the number of individuals counted in four roosts, it is estimated that 7,000 American egrets were present during the summer of 1938 in the Illinois River Valley.



About 750 American Egrets gathered about a small lake near Chandlerville, September 22, 1938

A decided decrease in the number of egrets in the Illinois Valley occurred during the last part of September. By the middle of October the majority of the birds had departed, but still a number, unusual for the season, remained. On October 15, 1938, 45 individuals were observed perched in the tree tops near Chillicothe in order to escape the disturbance caused by duck hunters.

An unusual American egret was one which remained on Lake Chautauqua throughout November and up to December 15. An egret was reported on December 17 by a reliable observer near Beardstown, 50 miles away. Could it have been the same one?
Urbana, Ill.

Save the Hawks!

By C. W. G. EIFRIG

IN THESE "New Deal" times at least one class of our fellow Americans is not getting a square deal. I refer to our hawks. Thirty or forty years ago it was a common sight out in the "country" to see a pair of red-tailed or red-shouldered hawks soaring over nearly every piece of woodland in the North Central States. It was a distinct pleasure to see their graceful aerial evolutions. Now they have gone from the scene. Some time ago I drove from Chicago, on a round-about journey to Maine and return (about 3,000 miles) and saw only four or five hawks!

But are not hawks all killers? Destroyers of poultry? Decidedly no! Are they not all vermin and predators? Emphatically no! But is there not the evidence of many who have seen hawks carry away chickens or quail? That is true of only two or three of our hawks. Is it fair or sensible to pronounce a death sentence upon all hawks for the misdeeds of a few?

Before the white man came with his guns there were many millions of game birds and many more hawks than now. The blame for the disappearance of game birds and other wildlife lies with the gun toter.

There are three orders of birds of prey: vultures, hawks and owls. The vultures are carrion-feeders, therefore useful. The owls are overwhelmingly useful in destroying rodents. The pellets, disgorged at their roosting places, of hair, skulls and bones of mice, proclaim their usefulness.

The hawks may be divided into these subfamilies: kites, buteos or buzzards, accipitrine hawks, falcons, and eagles and ospreys. As early as 1893 the U. S. Department of Agriculture published "The Hawks and Owls of the United States in Their Relation to Agriculture," giving the stomach contents of hundreds of hawks and owls sent in from all parts of the country at all seasons. This is out of print. A fine book, recently published by the National Association of Audubon Societies, "The Hawks of North America," by John B. May, can be purchased at the offices of the Illinois Audubon Society for \$1.25, which is less than cost. Each species is shown in a beau-



Rough-legged Hawk, from a drawing by Walter A. Weber, reprinted through the courtesy of Outdoor America.

tiful colored plate by Brooks. The analyses of stomach contents given below are taken from this book.

The kites, four in number, are found in the South: swallow-tailed, white-tailed, Mississippi and Everglade kites. The first three feed on insects almost exclusively, but take a few frogs, lizards and snakes. The last feeds on a kind of snail plentiful in the Everglades of Florida. Hence kites are eliminated as predators.

The marsh hawk's affinities seem to be with the kites and so it is inserted here. It harries or hunts over prairies and marshes. It is a large hawk, with long, square tail and white rump, i.e., the area between the lower back and the tail. The males are bluish, the females brown and larger. They eat some birds. Here is a record:

Of 418 stomachs examined, 10 contained poultry or game birds; 176, other birds; 259, mice; 27, other vertebrates; 11, insects; 8 were empty. Well, does this not prove they are destructive? No, for the good they do in killing the dreadfully prolific rodents overbalances the harm they may do otherwise. Some of the game birds may have been sick or crippled. Then there is the esthetic side. Is it not worth something to see the graceful flight of this form of wild life? Why subtract this beauty from outdoor life?

Now come the buteos or buzzards. (The turkey vulture should not be so named; the buzzards are true hawks, not vultures.) They are large, broad-winged, short-tailed hawks, of a heavy build. They are the birds called "chicken-hawks" and everyone's hand is against them. They are shot on sight—and everytime this happens, the farmer loses a friend, an ally. Why? Because their main food is rodents, especially the thirteen-lined ground squirrel, wrongly called "gopher." Where the real gopher is found, that, too, is its chief dish. After insects, rodents are the greatest menace to the farmer and therefore to us all. If their rapid multiplication is not checked, our food crops will be destroyed.

The best-known buteo is the red-tailed hawk. It is a large, slow-flying raptor. When flying, the widely spread tail enables one to see the reddish-brown color of the upper side. Immature birds, though as large as the adults, have a dusky tail with darker bands crossing it. They describe circles and spirals in the air for hours, on motionless wings. This glorious sight should be enough to stay the ruthless trigger-finger. Here is their food record: Of 1,013 stomachs, 112 contained poultry or game birds; 85, other birds; 857, mice and gophers; 118, other vertebrates; 92, insects, etc. Again one may ask, "Is not 112 chickens a lot?" I say, no; not for 1,013 red-tails. Rather figure thus: If a pair of red-tails in a farmer's wood-lot take \$5.00 worth of chickens but benefit crops \$25.00 worth by killing rodents, he is still \$20.00 to the good.

The red-shouldered hawk, smaller than the red-tailed, is built and flies the same way. It has a black tail, crossed by several white bands in the adults; in the immatures by dusky ones. Though altogether useful, it is shot down as a "chicken hawk." Here is its record: Of 444 stomachs, 7 contained poultry; 25, other birds; 287, mice and other mammals; 127, other vertebrates (they seem to be fond of snakes); 92, insects, etc.

Another buteo is the still smaller broad-winged hawk. It never touches chickens, but lives chiefly on mice and large insects. It is the least suspicious of hawks, allowing close approach. Because of this and the mania for killing it has become very rare.

In the West is found the massive, muscular Swainson's hawk, and in the Northwest and in Canada the equally husky rough-legged hawk. Both are as large as the red-tail or larger. Nevertheless, they do not touch chickens, but are valuable to the farmer, killing untold numbers of rodents. Since they are large and an easy target and also are called "chicken hawks," they are shot mercilessly. Some

years ago there was a great plague of rats and gophers in Manitoba. The farmers made an outcry about it to the provincial experimental farm, but were told by the investigators that it was their own fault since they had made it a practice to shoot any and all hawks. Here is the record of the rough-leg: In 202 stomachs there were found 221 mammals (nearly all mice and rats); 1, poultry; 9, other birds; 8, snakes, etc.; and 19, insects.

Now we come to the so-called accipitrine hawks. Here a different story must be told. These are non-soaring, swiftly-flying killers. Years ago I once walked over a mountain meadow in Somerset county, Pennsylvania, when my attention was suddenly attracted by a loud, distressful calling of a red-headed woodpecker. On looking around I saw it was flying with all the speed it could muster toward me. A sharp-shinned hawk was after and nearly up to it and only within a yard or two of me did it turn aside. In another second it would have had the poor red-head. Wild animals often turn to man when in extreme danger.

There are three accipiters in North America: the sharp-shinned, Cooper's hawk and the goshawk. Of these the sharp-shinned is the smallest. It is about the size of a husky blue jay or of a flicker. It is a lucky thing for the chickens that it is not larger, as it is extremely destructive to small birds up to the size of birds as large as itself. Because of its small size it cannot take away chickens unless they be day-old or week-old chicks.

Cooper's hawk is larger but equally destructive to feathered life, including poultry. This is the one that has brought the bad reputation to all hawks. One of these marauders will sally forth from its protecting woods and by swift and low flight strike down a chicken in a farmer's poultry yard, and equally swiftly make away with its kill. The farmer, rushing out upon hearing the commotion, will see a red-tail or a red-shouldered peacefully soaring above, thinks that it is the culprit and vows vengeance. Hence the term "chicken-hawk" and the dead buteos nailed on the barn doors. But is it sensible and fair to kill all hawks because of the misdeeds of one or two? These hawks, with the exception of the goshawk, are not as large as the buteos, neither are they so broad-shouldered, but streamlined, short-winged and long-tailed. The adults are blue on the back and barred with brown below. When flying overhead they flap their wings several times and then glide forward; they do not soar.

The third one of these feathered gangsters, the goshawk, we might pass over, as it breeds and lives almost entirely in Canada and in the wildest regions of our Northern States, where there are few poultry yards. There the snowshoe rabbit is its principal item of food, supplemented by the ruffed grouse and other forms of wildlife. However, once every ten to fifteen years the number of rabbits dwindles to such an extent that the goshawk would starve. Therefore he makes periodical incursions into the United States, where he creates pandemonium in the chicken yards, due to his large size, fearlessness and voracity. The adults are beautiful birds, bluish above with fine

blue-black penciling below; the immature again brown with heavy dark-brown streaks below. Both have a long, heavy, nearly square tail.

A friend of mine in Canada, a farmer, one spring went out to inspect a pasture with a view to seeing what he should do with it that year. He had not gone far into it when a large hawk came toward him and with threatening beak, claws and wings made him turn around. Thinking such a strange thing could happen only once, he tried it again the next morning. The hawk again came with the same ferocity and stopped him short. The third day the farmer took his gun along, but in spite of that the bird came again and was shot. The bird no doubt had its nest in the adjoining woods and thought the man had evil intentions toward it—a tragic end to parental devotion and courage.



Marsh Hawk

We now come to the aristocrats of hawkdom, the falcons. For swiftness of flight, for fearlessness, dash and courage, they have no equal among wild things. They are more streamlined than the accipitrines, have narrow, pointed wings and the same narrow tail as the latter.

Here the situation is very simple. The smallest one, the sparrow hawk, is almost entirely useful. It could not take chickens even if it wanted to, being only the size of a blue jay. In summer it feeds almost exclusively on grasshoppers and other sizable insects, otherwise on mice and small birds, notably English sparrows. It is the only hawk nesting in cavities, such as flicker holes, also in bird houses,

as happened in 1937 on the River Forest campus. It is a very pretty little raptor, upper parts reddish-brown barred with black, tail with black subterminal band tipped with white, wings blue also barred with black, cheeks and throat white with a black line or crescent across the cheek or below the eye, the reddish crown encircled by ashy-blue. Nearly all the falcons have that black line below the eyes or behind them.

The little pigeon hawk, nesting in the north, is too rare and too small to do any damage. It comes through our states only during migration. A larger member of this group is the duck hawk, a feathered knight of unequalled speed and daring. It is about the size of Cooper's hawk, only more muscular and massive. Its speed is unbelievable. It can overtake and fly over swiftly flying teal ducks, winged bullets that they are, and calmly "stoop" and kill one or two and drop them into the river below, leisurely coming back to pick them up. Such is their fearlessness that one will occasionally pick up a duck, plover or grouse lying almost at the feet of a hunter and make off with it, before the astonished hunter fully realizes what has happened. They would be a scourge to the poultry man if they were not so rare. There are not many left and these nest in inaccessible cliffs where there are not many chicken yards. And again, should not their matchless skill in flying, their speed and dash, be worth something for us to look at?

On our Western plains the prairie falcon holds forth. There it exacts heavy tribute from prairie chickens, sharp-tailed grouse, the various quail found there, but also from gophers, mice, and rats. Where it forages there are not many poultry yards. Thus we may dismiss the falcons from our consideration of chicken predators.

Now as to the eagles, these large, stately, majestic birds should be strictly protected and, as far as state laws are concerned, they are. But in spite of that they are particular sufferers from our American mania for shooting and killing. Anything that is alive, especially when large, interesting, and beautiful, must be brought down; and this in spite of the fact that the bald eagle is our national bird, the emblem in our coat-of-arms and seal. It should be a matter of patriotism to abstain from killing such a fine bird and to make others obey the law, but the eagles are becoming more and more rare. The bald eagle is fond of fish, therefore lives primarily near oceans, lakes and rivers. Here it will also try for wild ducks and geese, but the chances are that all it gets are sick and wounded ones which would perish anyway.

The golden eagle lives in wild, mountainous country, mostly in the West. Here its main food is jackrabbits, marmots, badgers, and also carrion, the last-named food-item often leading to its undoing. The cattlemen and ranchers often poison carcasses lying on the range, to get rid of wolves and coyotes, and thus many of these fine birds come to an inglorious end. The fact that they may once in a while get a weak, sickly lamb should not make us declare war against such a noble denizen of mountain and crag, of canyon and plain.

Finally, the osprey or fish hawk is ruled out as a poultry or game killer because it confines itself to fish only. And it certainly has as much or more right to fish than we have. It is an interesting sight to see one of these big birds come down to the surface of the water like a plummet, disappear partly beneath it, emerge, shake off the water and, with a sizable fish held lengthwise in its large talons, make for its huge nest on the top of a dead tree nearby.

All these forms of wild life make the great outdoors more interesting. Let us protect and save what still remains. It is little enough. Let us become conservation-minded, which should now be the badge of good citizenship, and let us refrain from the primeval lust for killing.

Riverside, Ill.

Recollections

By ORPHEUS MOYER SCHANTZ

MY INTEREST in out-of-door things began in 1907, definitely as a result of a number of articles which I sent to the Chicago Daily News. These brought an invitation from Jesse L. Smith to a Chicago Geographic Society lecture at Fullerton Hall, Art Institute. That was the open door for me and brought me into a very delightful contact not only with Mr. Smith but with Ruthven Deane, John M. Blakely, Frank Woodruff of the Chicago Academy of Sciences, and many others. On an excursion of the Geographic Society to Three Oaks, Mich., in 1910, among a group of more than two hundred outdoor fans I made many more lasting friendships.

In the beginning the ornithological interest was not a major hobby. I learned from association with Henry C. Cowles, Ruthven Deane, Henry J. Cox of the weather bureau, J. Paul Goode and other botanists, geologists, geographers, etc. In 1912 I became a director of the Chicago Geographic Society and for seven years was chairman of the excursion committee.

Ruthven Deane was the first president of the Illinois Audubon Society and, when he wished to be relieved, he and Mr. Jesse L. Smith asked me to attend a director's meeting, and at the next election of officers I was elected president, an office which I held for fifteen years. During that period Benjamin Gault's check list was planned and published, Prof. Eifrig made a migration chart, and quite a lot of money was donated to the Society.

For a number of years, before the Field Museum went into the public lecture field, we gave lecture courses at old Central Music Hall and once at the Sherman Hotel, where we presented Forbush, Murphy, Pearson, Oberholzer and other celebrities. Course tickets were sold to friends on the Gold Coast, Highland Park, Lake Forest, etc. We had a fine clientele and the lectures were well attended.

In 1922 the A.O.U. met in Chicago at the Field Museum. It was a very successful meeting, and I met a number of celebrities, among them Dr. T. C. Roberts, whom I visited at the University of Minne-

sota a few years ago when I had a week's lecture engagement in Minneapolis.

In 1923, the bird banding interest was born at the Lincoln Hotel in Indianapolis. Messrs. Baldwin, Lyon, Lincoln, Hadley, Stoddard, Perkins, Coffin, two ladies by the name of Gardner, and myself organized the Inland Bird Banding Association for which Mr. William I. Lyon did so much. A picture of the organizers appeared in the fall number of the bulletin in 1923.

I cannot now recall my first meeting with Robert Ridgeway, but his delightful friendship was one of the very highest high spots in my ornithological experience. Among others whom I have not mentioned are Steve Gregory, Jack White, Edward Ford, W. H. Osgood, Mr. Devine, long since passed on. There were still others with whom I had only a slight acquaintance but who were good ornithologists.

In 1926 I went to the A. O. U. meeting in Ottawa, Canada, where I had a most delightful experience. Ruthven Deane, William I. Lyon and I were together and Mr. Deane introduced me to all the celebrities. Of course I knew Louis Agassiz Fuertes, Frank Chapman, Allan Brooks and Archibald Rutledge.

In 1914 I was treasurer of the Wilson Club and through that contact met Lynds Jones, Rev. Henninger (a friend of Mr. Eifrig's) and Althea Sherman, a remarkable woman from National, Iowa, near McGregor.

I have for many years examined boy and girl scouts for their bird study and other badges and while president of the Audubon Society lectured in almost one hundred towns in Illinois.

I shall never get over the excitement of new bird identifications. There are only a few of the smaller birds that come to the Chicago region—the blue grosbeak, white winged crossbill, Arctic three-toed woodpecker and possibly a few sparrows, as well as quite a list of ducks and waders (shore birds)—that I have not seen.
Riverside, Ill.

The Story of a Semipalmated Sandpiper

By KARL E. BARTEL

AUGUST 4, 1937, my first day of banding at Calumet Lake, my "catch" was one Wilson's snipe, two spotted sandpipers and sixteen semipalmated sandpipers. On the left leg of one of the semipalmated sandpipers was placed a band, with the number 37-52348. (Incidentally, to the conclusion of this story, I was told by some laborers at the lake, four men shot a small bagful of sandpipers on the following day. It may be of interest to say that a game warden was stationed there later.)

This common little sandpiper is seen beside ponds or on mud flats in the fall of the year. It is known sometimes as the black-legged peep. It breeds in northeastern Siberia, on the Arctic Coast of North America and in northern Labrador. It winters chiefly in the

West Indies, Central America and Patagonia. The bird caught was on its way south to its winter quarters where it would remain all winter and then return to its nesting grounds on the Arctic Coast where it would arrive in May.

August, 1938, and sandpiper-banding again at Calumet Lake. On the seventh I saw that one of the few sandpipers present wore a band. Hope jumped high. I had not placed any bands yet. I wondered who could have banded it. Suddenly it entered the trap. Yes, it *was* 37-52348! The band was so worn that it had to be replaced and the bird now wears band 38-20307.

It was almost beyond belief that a little sandpiper five and a half inches long had survived the shooting at the lake and the many dangers of its fourteen thousand mile journey and, amazingly, had been trapped and banded again by the same person who had banded it, in the same place, a year before.

Blue Island, Ill.

A Popular Bird Roost

By ESTHER A. CRAIGMILE

FOR almost twenty years I have been observing a bird roost along the Des Plaines River. At first I found flocks of robins and bronzed grackles with a few red-winged blackbirds occupying the hawthorns on the east side of the river in Thatcher Woods.

Some years ago the birds moved across the stream where they chose a five acre tract of hawthorns.

Since the starlings have invaded this area they have appropriated the same roost. The redwings have entirely disappeared. During fall migration the starlings have been especially conspicuous.

During the fall of 1938 I visited the west bank several evenings and made a record of some observations.

Aug. 22. I wandered across the cricket field soon after seven and found the huge cottonwood boasting of more birds than leaves. I expected to see 10,000 but there must have been a million for they continued to arrive in large flocks from all directions for a half hour. I clapped my hands under the tree and heard a whirr of starling wings as they crossed the river. It was but a few moments before the tree was black with new arrivals. As more flocks appeared large numbers dropped noisily into the hawthorn thicket for the night.

By 7:30 I began to notice purple martins coming in large flocks from the northwest. My vision easily scanned 30 acres which had a ceiling above the tree tops 100 feet deep dense with martin life. As I glanced toward the sunset glow a ceaseless procession of our largest swallows continued. An occasional twitter was heard. A few bouts were observed as males came too close together. The birds paid no attention to the noisy boys on the athletic field.

It was the most spectacular migration of purple martins I had ever witnessed. Since the martins are the first swallows to arrive in

April one wonders why they leave so early. With such an abundance of insect life in the air they might well remain two months longer. A burr oak twig, as a swatter, alone kept me from being devoured by mosquitoes.

Belated starlings, bronzed grackles and robins could hardly get through the migrating horde of martins to their roost. Nighthawks did not cease to patrol for insects during the excitement.

Aug. 23. Again I visited the glens and woods along the Des Plaines in Maywood. Hordes of starlings came into the old cottonwood as usual. Gradually they dropped noisily to the roost in the hawthorns.

At 7:30 again the air was alive with purple martins coming chiefly from the northwest. Their numbers were inestimable the previous evening but the population was even greater now. The sky was black with them. They gradually dropped flock by flock into the roost with the starlings. Little commotion occurred in perching and by 8 o'clock all was quiet.

Aug. 24. A few martins were observed flying above the Forest Preserve at 7:20. In ten minutes there was a perceptible increase in numbers. By 7:40 large flocks were coming in but they remained circling high above the tree tops. The air became alive with them and they began to swoop into the thicket to roost. Most came from the west and northwest, conspicuous against a background of red and orange.

By eight o'clock they had dropped again into the hawthorns and all was quiet. The next morning I visited the thicket. No dead birds were found but the place had the odor of a poorly ventilated hen house.

Aug. 25. Cloudy and rainy. Soon after 7:00 flocks of martins began to arrive, coming from all directions. By 7:20 the air was literally alive with them. Like clouds of black locusts they circled about above the glens, oaks and hawthorns. Huge flocks quickly swooped down to their accustomed perches. By 7:30 not a bird was left in the air.

We stood on a picnic table watching the individuals select suitable protection for a wet night. Soon the gentle twittering ceased. The robins were the last to leave the glen. Several nighthawks quietly patrolled the air. The strident notes of the starlings were heard in the thicket as the martins joined the roost. The starlings had retired before we arrived that evening. This was noticeably the largest martin population during the week. I estimated there were at least two million.

Aug. 26. I found the birds (martins) arriving in large flocks soon after seven and settling at once in the roost. Several loud whistles on the Northwestern brought up the myriads again. Frank Chapman once told the late Mrs. Charles Raymond of Hinsdale he measured black skimmers by the acre in Florida waters. Imagine 25-30 acres with a dense martin population 100 feet high and you get some idea of their numbers. These flocks seemed to keep their iden-

tity as they circled about. Pioneers who live on the edge of this forest preserve (Mr. and Mrs. Trebass of Maywood) who knew the passenger pigeon migrations compared this spectacle to that.

By 7:50 the last one had disappeared. A whole flock nose-dived from 20 feet above the shrubs and found perches. Contented twitters accompanied the descent. The starlings and grackles retired earlier this evening and kept up a garrulous chatter. The robins assembled on the green and as darkness descended they too retired to the popular roost.

A few martins still remained during the first week of September. Vacation days in late August and September interrupted my final observation.

Riverside, Ill.

Character Sketches

By EDWARD R. FORD

You seek the highest station you can find
And sing like one inspired. To my mind
You voice the very essence of the time—
Soft skies, young buds, clouds moving in sublime
Detachment. Oh, forever I could list,
Brown Thrasher, to so rare a rhapsodist!

* * * *

Strange! that the trick of your disguise,
A black mask worn before the eyes,
Should be the very thing by which,
There lurking in the weedy ditch,
You are discovered. From your moat
Come forth. I know you, Yellow-throat.

An Amateur's Thrill

By C. O. DECKER

ONE of the most fascinating moments in the life of the amateur "bird fan" is that in which he re-discovers from his personal observation some unusual action or habit of which, perhaps, he has read in his reference books or of which he has heard from some of his more experienced friends. Such a one came to Mrs. Decker and me one day last fall.

We were driving along a side road where we had previously noticed a growth of wild cherry trees and heard the "curious wheezing, lisping notes" of a flock of Cedar Waxwings. Several small birds were flying in and out of this growth and we stopped beside a tree

which grew directly on the edge of the road to see whether they might be the waxwings we had heard.

As we sat looking from the car a pair of birds came into that tree, sat along side each other where we could see them clearly, and proceeded to perform the rite of which we had read and wondered about. One bird reached out and picked a cherry which it passed to the other. The second bird turned its head as though to pass the cherry on to a third, but, there being no third, it turned and re-passed the cherry to the first. The first also turned as though to pass it along and then passed it again to number two. This was repeated five or six times without the cherry having apparently been crushed when one of them finally ate it and a moment later both flew away. One of our great moments had come and gone. What a movie picture that would have made, but our only record of the performance is the one our memories give us.

The question at once arose as to the cause or reason for this performance. Two suggestions as to this have been offered by George Gladden in his comments in "Birds of America," as follows:

"If birds have no conception of manners, how does it happen that half a dozen Cedar Waxwings, sitting close together on a limb—which they often do—will pass a cherry along from one to another, down to the end of the line and back again, none of the birds making the slightest attempt to eat even part of the fruit? This little episode has been witnessed and reported by more than one thoroughly responsible observer of birds. What does it mean? If not politeness and generosity, then what? Mr. Forbush thinks the birds do it only when they are satiated; but how could he be sure of that condition? Obviously not unless he killed all of the birds and examined their stomachs, which, of course, nothing could induce him to do. It would be a sorry way to prove courtesy and kindness, and wouldn't prove anything after all. For if the bird had no room for another cherry, why didn't it simply drop the fruit instead of passing it along? Let the bird psychologists ponder these questions; for the bird-lover the answer is obvious. Besides he will have observed many other evidences of a gentle and affectionate disposition in these beautiful creatures."

E. H. Forbush discounts this rather sentimental view with the statement that Cedar Waxwings are such gluttonous birds that they sometimes become so surfeited as to be unable to fly, and have been known to fall helpless on the ground. In one case they so stuffed themselves with over-ripe and fermenting fruit that they were quite obviously intoxicated, some of them tumbling to the ground and trying to run away when they could not fly.

As between these ideas we are not in any position to decide, but the memory of the scene will remain with us for all our days as one of the most curious performances in our experience.

Chicago.

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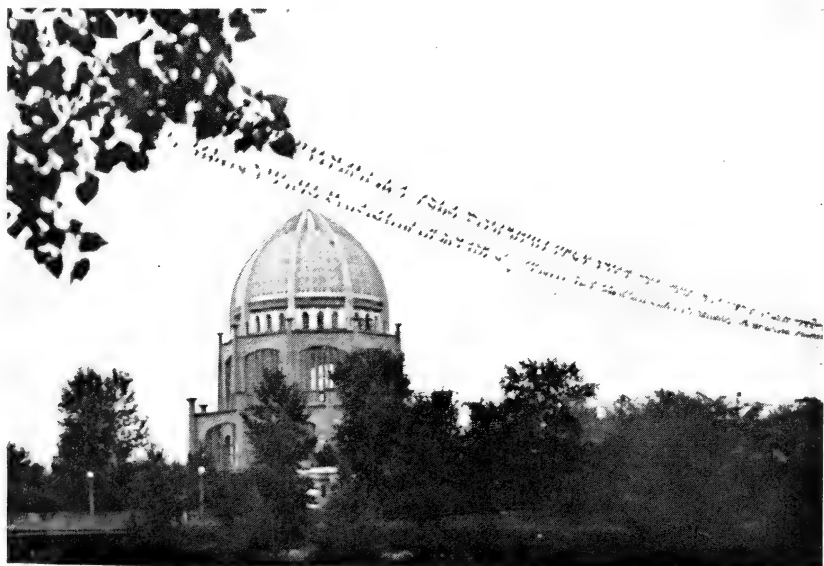
September, 1939

Gathering of the Martins

By EARL G. WRIGHT

FOR THE past two weeks telephone calls have been coming in at the Academy with inquiries about large flocks of birds gathering on telegraph wires just before dark in various parts of the city. In one case the sight of so many birds was responsible for a traffic jam on Ogden Avenue near Lincoln Park. Of course, they were martins gathering for their annual trip south.

I had known of only one place in the Chicago area where martins had been congregating in early fall for many years. This was in the



Martins near Bahai Temple, Wilmette, Illinois. Photo by E. G. Wright.

vicinity of the Bahai Temple in Wilmette. On the evening of August 8th, I drove to Wilmette and to my surprise found no martins in their

usual place. I made three trips and after making inquiries learned that they were not gathering there this year.

On August 9th, I investigated a report that the birds were gathering in Lincoln Park near the old Viking ship. This time I was not disappointed for the martins were there in great numbers.

While driving north on Ridge Avenue I noticed a great many martins in the air over the Edgewater Country Club at Ridge and Pratt Boulevard. The next evening, August 14th, I went to the Club and located the roost in a group of willows on the golf course. It was the largest flock I had ever seen and I decided then and there to return early the next evening to witness the gathering from the time the birds started to come in until they settled down for the night. This proved to be an interesting experience and well worth any one's time.

Without stopping for dinner, I went directly to the martin roost and took up a station near the willows where I had an unobstructed view of the sky in all directions. The time was five-fifteen and not a martin in sight. An hour went by and I began to feel foolish for not having had my dinner, not that it mattered so much to me but I had brought my son, Don, who is fifteen with the usual appetite of a growing boy. As we were near the 13th hole we divided our time between watching the golfers and the great flock of robins and starlings that swarmed over the fairway searching for insects in the short grass.

At six-forty three martins appeared flying quite high and passed out of sight to the south. At seven the nighthawks came out in some numbers and entertained us with their erratic flight as they swooped low, sometimes within a foot of the ground. Small flocks of starlings began gathering at seven-ten in a group of four Carolina poplars. Then larger flocks of one hundred or more came from every point of the compass until the tops of the trees were a mass of birds.

I was beginning to think the martins had left for the south when at seven-twenty a large flock came in, circled over the willows, and a few birds alighted on the top branches. At seven-thirty two more flocks circled overhead. During the next ten minutes great flocks came pouring in from every direction until they looked like flies around a molasses barrel.

It was too dark for golf now and we were alone with the birds. Mr. Dearie, the custodian of the grounds, noticing our interest, came over and introduced himself. We learned that he was very much interested in birds in general and that he had put up six martin houses near the club house and maintains feeding stations for other birds. Mr. Dearie said the birds had been gathering on the golf course for the past three years and pointed out a dead willow in the center of the roost which had been struck by lightning about this time (August 15th) last year, shortly after the martins had gone to roost. He showed us a Ford dump truck which hauls a yard and a half of soil and said the men had filled this truck with dead birds the next day. A few robins and starlings were among the martins. On the golf course there are two

smaller groups of willows and an elm tree used by the martins as roosts, none of them over thirty feet high.

Large flocks were still pouring in from every direction at seven-forty-five. The willow twigs bent lower and lower as the birds settled on them as close together as they could sit. It would be impossible to



Martins going to roost in an elm tree in Lincoln Park, Chicago. Photo by E. G. Wright.

estimate their number. The air overhead and for many yards around was a seething mass of birds. Their twittering, lisping notes grew to a buzzing sound. I did not hear the usual loud call made in spring and summer when the martins are engaged in nesting activities. The sun had set behind heavy clouds so that darkness came a little early.

At eight-five the sky was still filled with birds and a moment later they were all in the tree tops. This sudden clearing of the air was very noticeable. A small belated flock came in from the southeast and dropped into the roost without the usual circling. By eight-thirty it was quite dark and the buzzing chatter was at its height. An old male gave a shrill whistle and a sudden lull fell over the roost. The quiet was only temporary and the chatter grew again to a loud buzz. After a moment the signal for quiet was given once more, with the same result. This was repeated several times, and it was quite evident that one bird had taken the leadership and was trying to quiet his fellows. At eight-forty-five the signal was ignored and this caused the leader to burst into the typical carol song. This had the desired effect and not another sound was heard from the roost as the birds settled down for the night.

Chicago, Ill.

Avery Island—A Remarkable Bird Sanctuary

By BELLE WILSON

LAST SPRING I had a very interesting visit to Avery Island, near New Iberia, Louisiana.

Avery Island has been changed from a jungle into a most beautiful flower garden where in early spring camellias and azaleas of many hues and varieties cast their lovely reflections into mirror-like lakes bordered by live oaks hung with southern moss. Wisteria vines with their exquisite lavender blossoms climb over shrubs and trees. Iris of many varieties, some with astonishingly large blooms, decorate the by-ways. A grove of bamboo with trunks of the trees several inches in diameter surprises a northerner. At the top of a man-made hill is a huge idol, enclosed in glass, a Buddha, and on the slope of the hill are planted flowers that would please a visitor from the Celestial Empire. Flowers, shrubs and trees from far corners of the earth decorate the landscape.

I had hoped to see the thousands of egrets that annually make Avery Island their summer home, but the lateness of the spring prevented my seeing the hordes. I saw but a dozen or so American egrets, some Florida gallinules, boat-tailed grackles and a bald eagle.

The story about Mr. McIlhenney, owner of Avery Island, bringing back the egrets for our enjoyment, is very interesting. Perhaps some of you can remember the time when women wore aigrettes, the beautiful breeding plumes of the egrets, in their hats. When plume hunters had all but exterminated these birds our Government made it a crime to kill even one. Mr. McIlhenney secured, somehow, seven egrets and placed them in an enormous outdoor cage, built as nearly as possible in a location similar to that to which the birds were accustomed in the wild state, and furnished them with nesting material. In the fall, after first banding the young as well as the adult birds, he had their cage torn down, hoping the birds would fly away with their kind. But these egrets, used to being cared for, did not seem to understand what it was all about and returned each night to their former perches. Finally, everything connected with their home was removed. At last they seemed to comprehend that they must go, and just before cold weather came they joined migrating egrets and flew away to the south.

You may imagine Mr. McIlhenney's joy, when, the following spring, his banded egrets, old and young, returned with others of their kind to Avery Island. Years have passed, and now thousands of these lovely white birds, decorated with beautiful white plumes in the breeding season, spend the warm months and raise their young each year on his preserve. They build their nests in his trees, but there are not enough trees of sufficient size near the water to furnish nesting sites and roosting places for the vast hordes that flock in at night. And so he has built great racks out over the water, double-decked racks where the egrets may nest and roost in safety. It is said that it is now necessary to furnish these birds with more than thirty truck loads of nesting material each spring. I was told the adult birds fly far away

to other swamps to feed each day, so that the food near by may be left for the young. It is to Mr. McIlhenney that much credit is given for the restoration of these beautiful egrets to our southern swamps.

A young woman in the employ of Mr. McIlhenney accompanied me to the farm a few miles from "Bird City," where Mr. McIlhenney is experimenting in the breeding of wild birds—principally, I understood, ducks and geese. On this farm, on which there is an artificial lake, I saw several species of ducks, the greatest number being mallards. Canada geese and Richardson's geese were nesting. But most interesting to me was a pair of sand-hill cranes. These cranes followed the keeper of the bird-farm around like a couple of dogs. Yet, when we two women approached the male crane darted out his long razor-like bill and would surely have given one of us an ugly stab had we not beaten a hasty retreat. However, they accepted the admonitions of their keeper without rebelling in the slightest degree. When one of the birds showed signs of attempting to drive us away the man spoke to the bird and threw his strong arm about the crane's neck, holding it captive. The crane took the gesture as a love pat, and, for the time being, made no further attempt to attack us. The keeper gave the cranes a handful of grain as a reward of merit. Looking back, upon leaving, we saw the keeper going about his work with the two cranes at his heels.

Persons living in the vicinity of Avery Island often tell visitors that Mr. McIlhenney takes care of the preserve by means of pepper and salt. "How is that?" visitors naturally inquire. Strange as it may seem, under Avery Island is a solid rock of salt, extending hundreds of feet beneath the land and the water. Besides mining and selling salt, Mr. McIlhenney manufactures a well-known brand of pepper sauce. And so the tale is true that Avery Island has been beautified and the egrets have been preserved for the enjoyment of future generations by means of pepper and salt.

Dallas, Texas.

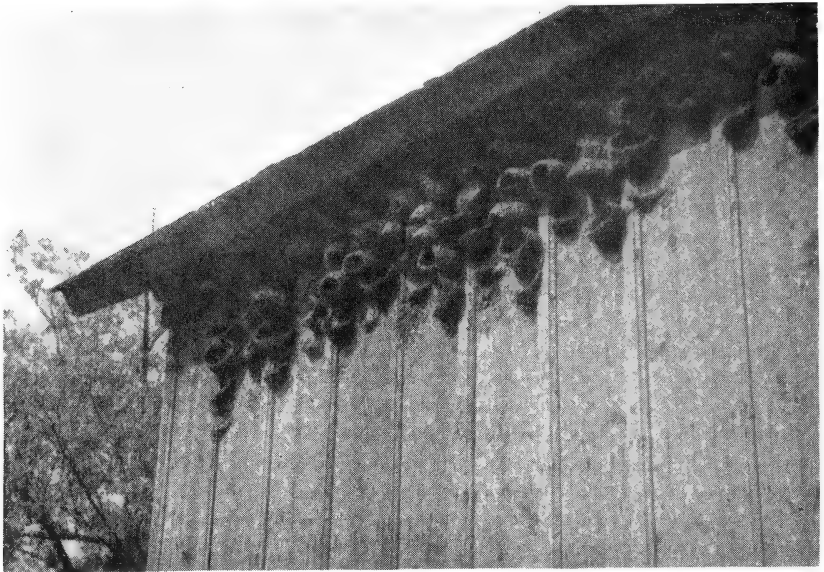
Cliff Swallows

By VIOLET F. HAMMOND

TO US who live in Beverly Hills the southwest section of so-called "Chicagoland" is truly lovely—forest preserve, bridle path, thicket of crabapple overshadowing woodland stream, and meadow studded with bluets and violets, purple and white.

Across one of these meadows, on a May evening in 1930, we strolled, listening to the plaintive whistle of an Upland Plover. Here for the first time we noticed numbers of cliff swallows flying low over the field, then vanishing in a southerly direction. This could mean but one thing—a nesting colony. But where?

Investigation of one or two farms answered the question. A fairly well established colony was found on the wall of an unpainted barn standing well back from the road. Colonies of cliff swallows are extremely rare in Cook County, hence, when we discovered this



Nests of Cliff Swallows, Blue Island, Ill. Photo by E. G. Wright.

one the event was marked in "red" upon our calendar. Neither was the setting lovely, nor the building itself at all attractive, but something in the general set-up answered the purpose of these very clever little masons. A pond close at hand undoubtedly offered mud of precisely the correct consistency. Here they worked and we visited them from time to time until a series of untoward circumstances inspired this little story.

To begin with, the eaves 'neath which they took shelter were extremely shallow, and the cross strip to which the nests were attached afforded but poor anchorage. Nest after nest had to be rebuilt after being washed down by heavy rain.

In 1931 misfortune of another sort was theirs. The farmer knew well the meaning of the word "Depression" and was forced to eke out a meager existence by promoting a series of barn dances, which continued the entire summer. In spite of the confusion which invaded the once peaceful barn yard, our swallows persevered beneath their eaves, to the weird accompaniment of accordion and fiddle. Incubation was well under way and in spite of din and disorder the parent birds refused to leave until the young were on the wing. This accomplished, old and young flew southward after a season of unhappy experiences. The next two springs, 1932 and 1933, no birds appeared.

However, the instinct to return year after year to the same nesting site still prevailed. In 1934, back to the inadequate eaves and poor anchorage, back to the scene of the barn dance with its hideous din, came a few straggling pairs of swallows. Misfortune was again

theirs, for this was a year of extreme drought. The duck pond was nearly dry. Mud was almost impossible to find. This was a real hardship and our colony dwindled to perhaps not more than a dozen pairs of nesting birds. Their effort to obtain building material was really pathetic. Nest after nest fell from the wall for lack of proper moisture. At last a very few imperfect nests were completed, most of them little open saucer-like affairs in which the young were finally hatched. By this time the colony presented a very sad appearance. Failure seemed inevitable. May 1935 came, but no swallows.

Two years later, again on a May evening, in the same meadow before mentioned my brother and I noticed cliff swallows in numbers much greater than ever before. To our surprise and delight not half a mile away we discovered the new home-site, much more attractive than the last.

A barn belonging to an old farmhouse now stands at the very edge of a small cemetery. The building itself is picturesque, having a steep roof and deeply overhanging eaves which drop low at the rear. Here we counted upwards of seventy nests, each a perfect flask-like structure, built of the usual pellets of clay. The whole arrangement affords splendid opportunity for observation, the nests being scarcely ten feet from the ground, tucked in symmetrically against each rafter. The set-up seems quite ideal—the barn is scarcely visible from the road, a heavy gate discourages intrusion from the cemetery side, and the people at the farm are not the “barn dance type.” The swallows undoubtedly came under the leadership of the survivors of the original colony and are prospering under better living conditions. Long may they thrive!

Chicago, Ill.

A City Back Yard

By DORIS A. PLAPP

OUR BACK YARD is a city yard, ten miles from the loop, and not close to any wooded area. All the neighbors including ourselves enjoy their yards and plant them with all kinds of flowers, shrubs, and trees. It is natural that we should have some wildlife. Several years ago we became aware that some cardinals had come to our community. This fact and my increasing interest in birds led me to put out the first dish of sunflower seed, on the gate post close to the house. It was probably the first time these birds were treated especially to one of their choice bits of diet and they straightway paid us regular visits. Of course the squirrels did the same and took the largest share and made the greatest accumulation of shells, but we could not object too strenuously. Perhaps, I thought, they will be less eager in hunting birds' eggs if they fill up on seed. Bluejays came too and made use of the seed: however it is a laborious process for them to clamp down a seed with one foot and whack away at it with their bills to get out the kernel, but it seems to be worth while. All this time we came to appreciate the added color in our yard, the gorgeous blue of the jay and brilliant

red of the male cardinal and no less beautiful though more sombre plumage of the female. The squirrels entertained us further with their play, for all the world like a couple of kittens. Sparrows were present in numbers scattering seed right and left, but this meant that there was always some to be had on the ground when all was gone from the tray. Robins came to investigate but found nothing to interest them; however they made good use of the bird bath. The back porch became more and more generally used to see what was taking possession of the yard at the time.

One of the choice treats in this hobby is seeing the young birds. The air is full of their twittering. Young bluejays are so much like their parents in color only their begging actions identify them, likewise the sparrows. Young cardinals, however, are quite different, being mostly dark brown with black bills and having only their tails red. All the parent birds are more than busy keeping them filled up. The male cardinal is a particularly good guardian. At this stage he seems to take over all the domestic duties. He is very cautious, never coming down to feed without first surveying the premises for there are cats which wander in. Incidentally, tomato poles are good observation platforms.

Another pleasure in this business is that one pair (possibly more) of cardinals stays all winter. At this time we feed them between our and a neighbor's house (the neighbor who doesn't harbor a cat). Here we can see them when porches are deserted and report with pleasure from day to day that the cardinals are getting along all right. During severe snow storms we are particularly watchful that there is plenty of food and more than repaid to see the birds frequently during the day against the white background. All winter long male and female cardinal are inseparable companions, a devoted couple, sharing both comforts and hardships, an inspiration to us who watch them. In the early days of February the male again begins to sing, giving us his cheerful concerts from then on till nesting time.

Many birds come through our neighborhood, some thirty or more, but I have never studied them closely enough to have a complete list. Of late bronzed grackles have become regular partakers of our bounty. Downy woodpeckers are heard commonly but come to feed only in winter time when fresh suet is hung for them on a tree trunk. Starlings are much more common in the winter. They all give us a great deal of joy and incidentally we are troubled with insect pests hardly at all. The currant bushes and Japanese lanterns that were formerly badly chewed now flourish with no difficulty and our back yard is ever so much more interesting.

Chicago, Ill.

We regret that we neglected to give proper credit for the photograph of the marsh hawk and nest in our June number. It was the work of Alfred M. Bailey.

Prairie Warblers Nesting

By ESTHER A. CRAIGMILE

IN EARLY July while exploring the Tower Hill Beach of Lake Michigan I was attracted by a monotonous song that suggested the prairie warbler. A warbler was seen gleaning insects from the opposite side of the stream—a steep bank of sand with some vegetation, bordering Carl Sandburg's cottage.



To my delight the bird flew to the cottonwood beside me. On seeing me the parent hesitated to deliver the food which it held in its mouth. It hopped nervously about in the tree bobbing its tail in the manner of a palm warbler. I was assured of its identity and saw it was eager to feed young. I stood motionless. Finally, it darted to a nest close to me in an opposite-leaved dogwood shrub, three feet from the ground. There were two nestlings a few days old. I re-

turned frequently and found both birds sharing in the task of feeding. The nest was not well anchored and tilted at an angle of 33 degrees.

One evening when the young were about to leave the nest we examined them with flashlights. The nest barely held the bulging young. With loud squeaks they darted from the nest. One we returned but failed to locate the other. The nest was vacant the next day. Several days later I heard the characteristic song and found the whole family of four in the same locality.

On C. O. S. field trips in the Indiana Dunes I have frequently toiled up one dune and down another in extreme heat in pursuit of a prairie warbler's song in a tree top. No satisfactory identification could be made but Mrs. W. D. Richardson or Frank Pitelka identified it. It is much more satisfactory studying the bird along the scant vegetation on the pioneer dunes. I am surprised that none of my books mention the bobbing tail.

I appropriated the empty nest. Ned Landon of Galesburg, Ill. photographed the young just before they left the nest.
Riverside, Ill.

Planting for the Birds

(Editorial Note—Requests are continually being received in our office for lists of trees, shrubs and plants which are suitable and desirable in the promotion of wild bird life. We have at other times printed such lists and now feel that a reprinting of some of them will serve to supply an answer to these inquiries. We find the following from two of Illinois' best known ornithologists who are no longer with us, but upon whose experience we are pleased to be able to draw. Of interest also will be the extracts from the University of Iowa Service Bulletin.)

List of Plants Bearing Fruits Sought by Birds

By ROBERT RIDGWAY

The time is rapidly approaching—if, indeed, it is not already here—when our native birds will require all the help that we can give them. The “balance of nature” has been so profoundly disturbed through man’s influence that our wild life maintains a precarious existence, and very much of it will be gone almost before we realize it; in fact, not a few species, both of birds and other animals, as well as plants have become quite exterminated in Illinois within the memory of persons now living.

From constantly increasing clearing of woodlands and destruction of thickets along roadsides and fence rows, the birds are annually deprived of more and more of their shelter, nesting places, and food supply; and these must, so far as we are able, be replaced if we are to keep our feathered friends as near neighbors.

Fortunately many of the trees, shrubs, and other plants grown for ornamental purposes produce fruits which are relished by birds; and it is to acquaint the public with what kinds are best to plant that this list is issued.

Of course, not all of the species named in the list can be grown in every part of Illinois. A few of them cannot be grown in the more northern counties on account of the severity of the winters; and to inform each person interested in the matter as to which ones can and which cannot be grown in his own particular county or section, those suitable only for southern Illinois are designated by an “S,” while those best for the opposite end of the state are distinguished by an “N,” it being understood that those not thus designated may be grown in both sections. It may be remarked, however, that while most, if not all, of them marked “S” cannot be grown out-of-doors in the extreme northern portion of the state, on account of the “climatic handicap,” practically all of those marked “N” may be grown in the extreme southern portion, provided, of course, suitable soil and situation are selected; and in this connection attention may be called to the fact that the huckleberries and other ericaceous plants, which comprise the bulk of those growing naturally only in the more northern portion of the state, *require an acid soil*. Many of the soils of the southern counties are acid, however,—in fact, most of them are, in many sections—and therefore there should be no difficulty in finding places where these plants might thrive.

I would suggest that the planting of these food-bearing trees, shrubs, and vines be not confined to the home grounds. There are many places on the farms, along the edge of woods, and other places in the country where they would not only beautify the landscape, but would add materially to the well-being of the birds.

Trees

	COMMON NAME	SCIENTIFIC NAME
	Red Cedar	<i>Juniperus virginiana</i>
	Hackberry	<i>Celtis occidentalis</i>
S	Mississippi Hackberry	<i>Celtis laevigata</i>
	Red Mulberry	<i>Morus rubra</i>
	White Mulberry	<i>Morus alba</i>
	Hawthorns	<i>Crataegus mollis</i> and others
	Mountain Ash	<i>Sorbus americana</i>
	Pin Cherry	<i>Prunus pennsylvanica</i>
	Choke Cherry	<i>Prunus virginiana</i>
	Black Cherry	<i>Prunus serotina</i>
	Hercules Club	<i>Aralia spinosa</i>
		<i>Aralia chinensis</i>
		<i>Aralia manchurica</i>
	Flowering Dogwood	<i>Cornus florida</i>
	Black Gum	<i>Nyssa sylvatica</i>
	Persimmon	<i>Diospyros virginiana</i>
	Ash—different species	<i>Fraxinus</i>
	Black Haw	<i>Viburnum prunifolium</i>

Shrubs

	Common Juniper	<i>Juniperus communis</i>
N	Sweet Fern	<i>Myrica asplenifolia</i>
N	Bayberry	<i>Myrica Carolinensis</i>
	Sweet Bay	<i>Magnolia glauca</i>
	Sassafras	<i>Sassafras varifolium</i>
	Chokeberry	<i>Pyrus arbutifolia</i>
	Juneberry	<i>Amelanchier canadensis</i>
	Thimbleberry	<i>Rubus occidentalis</i>
	Blackberry	<i>Rubus canadensis</i>
	Dewberry	<i>Rubus villosus</i>
	Sand Cherry	<i>Prunus pumila</i>
	Beach Plum	<i>Prunus maritima</i>
	Black Alder	<i>Ilex verticillata</i>
N	Inkberry	<i>Ilex glabra</i>
	Waahoo, Burning Bush	<i>Evonymus atropurpureus</i>
	Buckthorn	<i>Rhamnus cathartica</i>
S	Carolina Buckthorn	<i>Rhamnus Caroliniana</i>
	Goumi (and other kinds of <i>Elæagnus</i>)	<i>Elæagnus longipes</i> , etc.
	Privet	<i>Ligustrum vulgare</i>
	Buffalo Berry	<i>Shepherdia argentea</i>
	Osier Dogwood and all other Cornels	<i>Cornus stolonifera</i>

N Huckleberry	Gaylussacia frondosa
N Black Huckleberry	Gaylussacia baccata
Snowberry	Symphoricarpos racemosus
High-bush Cranberry	Viburnum Opulus
Arrow-wood	Viburnum acerifolium
	Viburnum dentatum
Nannyberry	Viburnum Lentago
Wayfaring Tree	Viburnum Lantana
Common Elder	Sambucus canadensis
Red berried Elder	Sambucus racemosa

Climbers

Catbrier and other Smilaxes	Smilax rotundifolia
Bittersweet	Celastrus scandens
Virginia Creeper, Woodbine	Psedera quinquefolia
Northern Fox Grape	Vitis labrusca
Frost Grape	Vitis Cordifolia
River bank Grape	Vitis vulpina
Honeysuckles (all kinds)	

Trailing Shrubs

N Cloudberry	Rubus Chamaemorus
N Partridge Berry	Mitchella repens
N Bearberry	Arctostaphylos Uva-ursi

Herbaceous Plants

Millet	Paspaloidea
Kaffir	Holcus Sorghum, var. Durra
Pokeweed	Phytolacca decandra
Sunflowers	Helianthus, many species

Six Plants Recommended for Planting in Every Small Yard

Sheepberry	Viburnum Lentago
High-bush Cranberry	Viburnum Opulus
Mountain Ash	Sorbus americana
Elderberry	Sambucus canadensis
Honeysuckles	Loniceras
Bittersweet	Celastrus scandens

Shrubs that Produce Food for Birds*By* WILLIAM I. LYON

In planting shrubbery about the house for ornamental purposes one should consider the use as much as the beauty, and select those shrubs that will bear food for the birds, specially those of which the fruit remains on the bushes practically all winter, or until eaten by the birds.

The Viburnums are generally the first choice of the birds. The Sheepberry seems to be a general favorite, and the berries are good food as long as they last.

The High-bush Cranberry seems to come next, in the choice of the birds, and its bright red berries last all through the winter and make an attractive looking shrub when the others are bare.

Elder berries both of the red and black varieties are always in demand, and all varieties of birds are fond of them.

The Coral berry or Indian Currant is eaten by a few birds for I have noticed the Purple Finch and Red Poll eat them on a number of occasions.

The Snowberry also is eaten by some birds.

Honeysuckles should be added to the list although the berries are eaten while ripe and are generally all consumed before winter. Another point in its favor is that the Honeysuckle bush is most generally chosen for nesting sites by many birds in our locality.

Sumacs are recommended by many people, but birds seem to avoid them until late in the spring, when they may be forced to take them without choice. The Japanese Barberries have attractive little red seed pods but I have never seen birds use them as food.

Among the trees the Mountain Ash would be my first choice, as the birds eat them from the time they are ripening until they are all consumed, or they dry and hang on the tree all winter. The wild cherries come next in attracting the birds and also dry on the tree. Mulberries are always eaten but the berries do not hang on the trees after the frost. Box Elder, Linden, and Cedars all produce good seeds for birds.

Among vines the wild grapes are our first choice as they dry on the vine and remain all winter. Bittersweet and Woodbine are also very attractive.

A good addition to the above list is a small patch of Sunflower or Hemp in the garden or along a path. These plants make good high lighting perches, also act as a screen, and produce an abundance of bird food. The Golden Glow is a miniature sunflower and it also attracts birds.

It is quite necessary to have shrubbery about your place if you wish birds to visit your yard, as the majority of small birds stay fairly close to some shrub, and in case of danger they will dart through the bushes to conceal themselves.

Most any of the above will add to the beauty of your yard and produce the same effect as the shrubs that do not produce bird food, and we hope you will make some effort to help our little feathered friends in securing their winter food.

Extracts from the University of Iowa Service Bulletin of March 28, 1925

"No other group of animals commands such widespread and universal attention as birds; everyone is more or less interested in them. Why is this so?

"In the first place, with the exception of insects, birds are the most common form of animal life about us. Approximately 600,000 species of animals are known to science. Something like 18,000 kinds of birds

alone are found in the world; about 1,200 different kinds are recorded from North America and of these approximately 350 occur in Iowa,"—and about 400 in Illinois.—“Not only is the number of species large, but also the number of individuals is considerable. Competent authorities estimate that there are in the United States 3,800,000,000 nesting birds of all kinds and that, in addition, 3,800,000,000 more birds pass through the United States in their migratory journey. Such an abundance of an active, graceful, beautiful and interesting type of animal life, many forms of which are further attractive to us by reason of their vocal ability, can not be easily overlooked.

“Moreover, birds offer unusual opportunities for cultivating the powers of observation as well as for purposes of study and recreation. In addition, they are desirable about our homes and on our farms for the economic benefits which they confer. They are man’s only natural allies in the continuous warfare which he must wage against injurious weeds, mammals, and, above all, insects.

“The old idea that only three or four of our birds, the house wren, the bluebird, and the purple martin, commonly grouped as ‘house birds,’ could be induced to remain in the vicinity of human habitations has been dispelled. It has been shown that if suitable nesting and feeding conditions are offered, many other species will avail themselves of even the slightest encouragement. Some of these that can and should be induced to feed and nest about our homes are the following: kingbird, great crested flycatcher, phoebe, black-capped chickadee, tufted titmouse, white-breasted nuthatch, song sparrow, chipping sparrow, cardinal, American goldfinch, Baltimore oriole, rose-breasted grosbeak, tree swallow, barn swallow, brown thrasher, catbird, robin, wood thrush, red-headed, downy and hairy woodpeckers, sparrow hawk and screech owl.

“Besides these, fifteen or twenty other species can, without much effort, be induced to favor us with their presence for at least a greater share of the time than if no encouragement whatever were afforded them.

“Actual counts of the breeding birds in definitely selected areas which represent as nearly as possible typical conditions have been made in various parts of the United States. Such bird censuses, as they are called, show that the average population is 2 birds per acre.

“The United States Biological Survey, estimating the value of each bird in the land at 10 cents, maintains that ‘the birds of the United States prevent an increase in the annual damage done by insects of more than \$400,000,000.’ This is a considerable item when it is recalled that forestry and agriculture alone suffer an annual loss through insect damage of one billion dollars.

“Do not arrange the selected plants too formally or exactly; and do not clip or trim them too precisely. Strive to represent natural conditions and to eliminate artificial appearances; too often our arrangement is highly unreal, and the effort that has been made is altogether too apparent. You can not fool the birds!

"More than 100 species of birds are known to feed upon the fruit of blackberry and black raspberry. Among these are the towhee, cardinal, song sparrow, red-headed woodpecker, catbird, brown thrasher, tufted titmouse, olive-backed thrush, wood thrush, robin and bluebird.

"The most valuable native fruit for attracting birds in summer is the elderberry, 106 species of birds being known to feed upon it. This shrub is hardy and exceedingly easy to grow; it has a tendency to spread somewhat, and one need not fear that it will die out once it becomes established.

"Among the vines, the Virginia creeper is a favorite with birds, something like 40 species being known to eat its fruit; in addition, it is hardy, can be easily grown and possesses pleasing decorative qualities. More than 75 kinds of birds are known to feed upon wild grapes. It is unfortunate that this common and fruitful roadside vine is so frequently destroyed where it would be easily spared and as easily cultivated. The well-known bittersweet and honeysuckle are also highly recommended."

Character Sketches

By EDWARD R. FORD

Day-long—all summer—every day,
The red-eyed vireo has his say.
Some preachers let their zeal subside
In summer, in the hot noontide.
But he, in weather hot as Tophet's,
Still justifies the Law and Prophets.

* * * *

A phalarope can wade and swim.
With phalaropes the her is him.
He sits upon the eggs and rears
The young while she his raiment wears.
She flaunts about in colors gay
And he just lets her have her way.

A Week-End at the Indiana Dunes

By SEYMOUR LEVY

AS WE ARRIVED we heard the catbird and the indigo bunting. We walked quietly so as not to miss a sound when suddenly a crested flycatcher flashed by swooping upon some unsuspecting insect to take to its young. From afar we heard the cheery call of the bob-white. Philadelphia lilies were only one of the wild flowers on this hill to lend color to the otherwise drab landscape.

We hurriedly made camp so we would have time to explore our surroundings before nightfall. After everything had been taken care

of, we started for the beach where we found common, Forster's and Caspian terns expertly scooping minnows from the shallow water. A black-bellied plover was scavenging along the shore. Its beautiful spring plumage was just beginning to change to the less colorful dress of the fall. A little farther along we came upon a small compact flock of sanderlings searching the sand for minute waterlife.

On our way back to camp we were picking wild raspberries for our dinner when I spied a marsh hawk coming toward us carrying a spermophile in its talons and, suspecting a nest, I watched it as it dropped out of sight in a marsh. I quickly followed and after a thorough search found the nest, a mound of sedges, grasses and weeds, with two infertile eggs and two young about three weeks old. Continuing on our way we came across a large tree with a hole in its trunk. Hoping it might be the home of an owl, I picked up a stick and started pounding on the tree trunk. To my great surprise, instead of an owl out came a northern flying squirrel. This rodent is rarely seen because of its nocturnal habits.

We had now reached our camp and dinner was more than welcome. Our eyes were heavy so we made short work of cleaning up and getting into our sleeping bags. The monotonous cry of the whip-poor-will was the last sound we heard.

The next morning I was awakened by the beautiful warble of the yellow-throated vireo whose soft song was interrupted by the harsh caw of the crow. We could tell the crow was angry so we looked for the cause. What a thrill when its victim, an adult golden eagle, came into view, its white tail coverts being plainly visible. We were able to judge its size by an osprey which flew a few feet to one side. This is the only golden eagle I have seen in the East although they seemed fairly common in California when I was there.

After breakfast I went hunting for salamanders. These I found after lifting up a few rotting logs, red-backed in both phases, and Jefferson's. A rustling of leaves startled me and I turned just in time to see a blue racer scoot into the bushes.

We then decided to go to Mud Lake. On our way there we were greatly startled when some woodcocks rose directly in front of us. We arrived just in time to see a mixed flock of wood ducks, mallards, and blue-winged teal fly away. While we were resting on the side of a hill we watched a king rail catch crawfish and a long-billed marsh wren feed its young. Along the shore were several solitary sandpipers and we could hear the familiar song of the towhee.

On our way back to camp we picked and ate wild blueberries. We were pretty tired and not one of us was really very sorry when my father arrived to take us home. However, we plan to go back next year.

Chicago, Illinois.

(We hope that the above article by a young enthusiast of fourteen years will encourage others to go and do likewise.—Editor)

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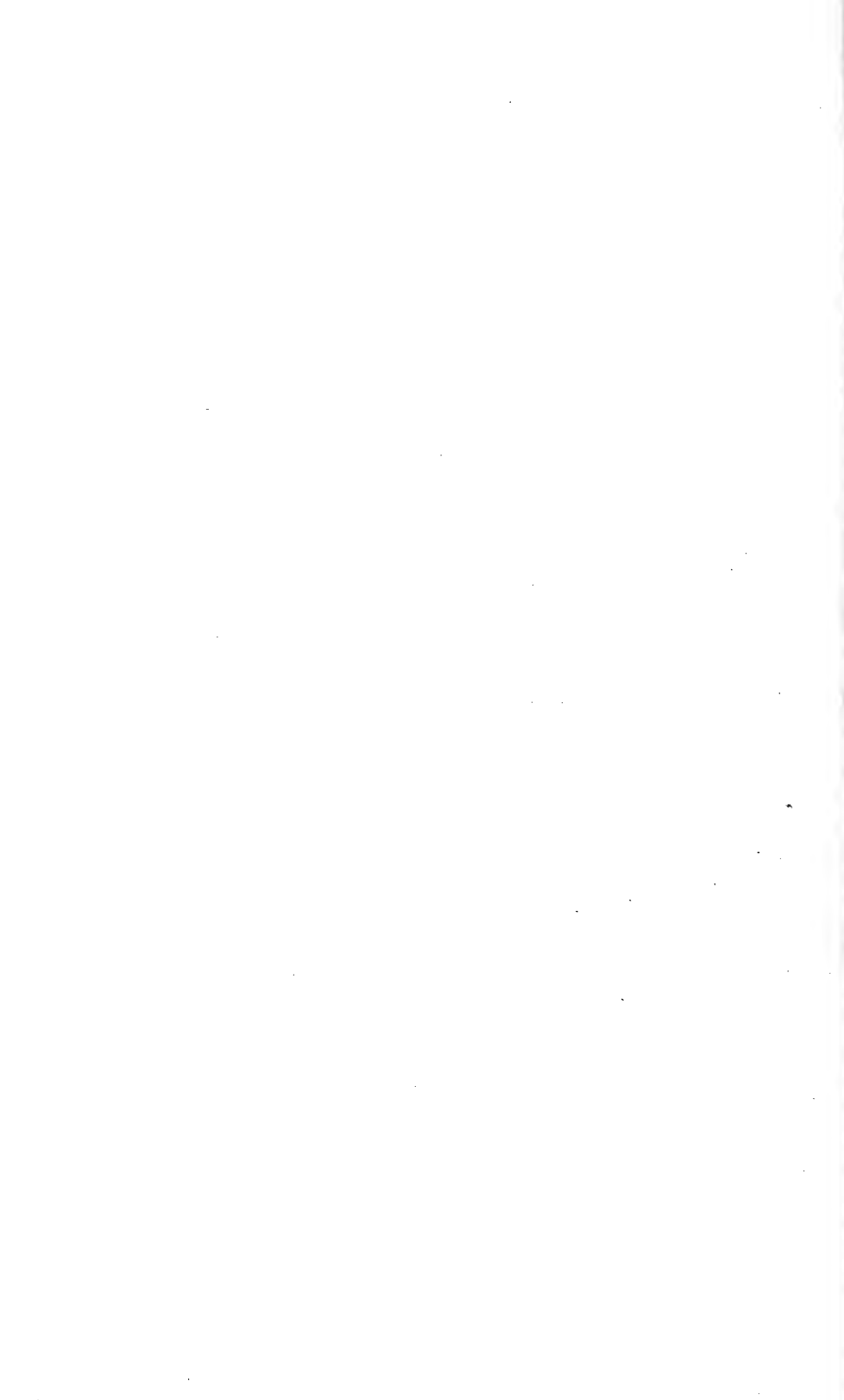
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The History of Annihilated Beaver Lake

By S. E. PERKINS III

Fellow of the Indiana Academy of Science

THE HISTORY of the physiographic and faunal changes of a part of northern Indiana is so replete with fascinating happenings that I would share the story of it.

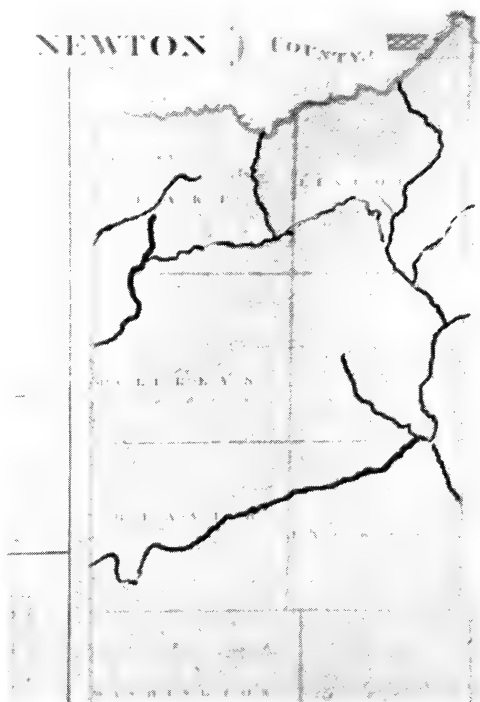
In the remote past, geological evidence shows that a very large body of water covered most of what is now Newton and Jasper Counties, from the Kankakee River as far as Kentland, south of the Iroquois River. It was known as Lake Kankakee and disappeared through natural causes thousands of years ago.

Beaver Lake, the largest body of water within the confines of the State of Indiana in modern times, is now also a thing of the past. Lake Wawasee, formerly known as Turkey Lake, the present largest lake, amounted to little more than a pond before 1828, when a dam was placed by settlers, and has acquired its present size of five and a half by one and a half miles only through a series of succeeding dams.

Few people now living are aware that before 1849 in Barker Township, Jasper County, as it was laid out in the early days of the state, there was a natural water area seven miles by five miles in extent, a placid lake of 16,000 acres six miles south of the Kankakee River; that it was muck-bottomed and quite shallow, with the exception of a narrow twelve-foot channel through it; that reeds, grasses and pond lilies grew in most of this primitive water area; that a dozen "oak openings" called "islands" thrived there; that wildlife concentrated at that lake in greatest profusion—thousands of pristinely white swans, ducks and geese by myriads, along with cranes and herons of many kinds; that dozens of these varieties of birds bred thereabouts; that this sheet of water was known as Beaver Lake. Its location was between the present towns of Morocco and Lake Village, both non-existent in 1849 but recorded as settled in 1859. A dike road (U. S. No. 41) today runs north and south between these towns and is only a couple of feet above the former bed of the lake. Two ditches carrying a small amount of water through the old lake bed are bridged by this roadway and all the rest is dry.

We are dealing with facts recited by individuals who have been on the ground or had the stories from those who visited there.

Jasper County until 1859 had a Beaver and a Barker Township near the lake. During 1859 the present Newton County was carved out of the west side of Jasper County and contained all of Beaver Lake. Barker Township was not renamed. When the first officers of the newly formed Newton County, at the direction of Thomas R.



Original Lake Outline as shown in the Illustrated Historical Atlas of Indiana, published by Baskin, Forster & Co., Chicago, 1876.

Barker, sheriff and official county organizer, met in Kent, now Kentland, on April 21, 1860, there were but two small buildings in that place.

Beaver Lake was purchased from the U. S. Government in 1853 by John P. Dunn and Amzie B. Condit. They bought the ground surrounding and bordering the lake, the water area up to that time not having been surveyed, and sold soon afterward to Michael C. Bright, who claimed the water area as well as the boundaries and platted the ground in 1857 into 427 forty-acre tracts of part water and part land. By some arrangement the alternate tracts were deeded to the State of Indiana. In 1865 the records show that the state disposed of its tracts.

Beaver Lake was well known in those early days in spite of the

difficulties of travel. Indian tribes constantly visited it and they carried news of its wildlife abundance. The late Judge Fabias M. Finch of Indianapolis many years ago wrote that the Shawnees claimed to be descended from fish and they used to have a fish tattooed on them. These Indians said the transformation took place in a lake in north-western Indiana. Judge Finch quoted William Conner, a fur dealer, as saying that he had seen the lake many times and had had the root pointed out to him by one of the tribe where he alleged that the first Indian came out of the water after transformation, and Conner was of the opinion that it was Beaver Lake. I find no corroboration of this legend but tattooing was common among the tribes of this area.

Old residents remember the many beaver dams which were to be seen in various parts of the lake. Richard Owen, while state geologist, saw remains of beaver dams about the lake in 1859 when he passed that way on a surveying expedition. A pioneer of Marshall County reports that one dam, which he especially observed in Beaver Lake, was more than a mile in length, the longest beaver dam that he had ever seen. Our native beaver (*Castor canadensis*), for which the lake was named and once so numerous there, is practically unknown in the whole state today. Dr. Marcus W. Lyon, Jr., of South Bend, Indiana, a mammalogist of note, has no records at all of wild beavers within the state in recent years.

In the digging of a well on the shore of the lake, in a section reclaimed by draining, pure black muck twenty feet in depth, chiefly made up of decayed and decaying vegetable matter, was encountered. There were many places about the lake where such muck appeared solid but was so soft that man and beast became mired, sinking to a depth of six or eight feet in a twinkling, at times leading to fatalities because the muck clung and prevented swimming out.

As early as 1853 the first drain ditch was dug, extending from the lake through five or six miles of prairie northward to the Kankakee River. This was one of the first projects in Indiana for the draining of water-covered muck areas to release ground for agriculture. A company was even then forming to drain extensively the whole Kankakee region. It was found that this ditch, when completed, soon caused the shore line of the lake to recede about one hundred yards. Between 8,000 and 9,000 acres were thus reclaimed from the water.

Owen says of this 1859 trip: "Few, if any, boulders were observed after leaving Morocco on the route to Beaver Lake. The country here is rather sparsely settled, yet some fine, low prairies exhibit an extensive growth of grass which we could scarcely distinguish from tame red-top. Ferns and mimosa bushes, with scrubby timber, were common as we approached the sand ridges. We disturbed several flocks of cranes and a few fine, white specimens of the genus *Ardea*, probably the *A. leuce*. (These are known today as American egrets.) We have been gradually descending as we pass near Beaver Lake, being now at least a hundred feet below the level of Morocco, until finally at the Kankakee crossing in Illinois (there being no suitable bridge or ferry short of Momence on the west, four or five miles west

of the Indiana line, or St. Joseph County on the east), the barometer shows the river bed 180 feet below the steam-mill at Morocco."

Ditching continued during the next fifty years by laterals and new ditches, so that as time went on the water level was lowered and lowered. In 1876 a county map illustrates the lake as one-tenth its former size. An old resident tells me it entirely ceased to exist about 1900. A writer in 1911 notes the fact that there was then no lake to be seen in the vicinity. So while man-made Wawasee has increased in size, Beaver Lake, a natural body of water covering once twenty and one-half square miles, has through a period of fifty years after the white man found it gradually declined to naught. It was man-destroyed.

Cultivation of the land about the lake began before 1859, reports Owen, but today wild grass, much like our cultivated hay, covers much of the level lake bed. Contrary to results obtained in many other swamp reclamation projects, this old lake bed and its environs raise good farm crops.

An early traveler through the country (1859) described Bogus Island in the west-center of the lake (so-called because it had been the resort of a gang of counterfeiterers who were captured in 1860) as covered with a fine stand of wild black cherry trees. In the 1830's it was inhabited by Indians. Today the little hill appears as a mound, still tree covered, surrounded by an ocean of waving grass as far as eye can see, a sight somewhat comparable to the rippled water around it in the early 1800's. In the extremely cold winter of 1838 a deer hunt on this island resulted in the killing of 65 deer, while as many escaped on the glassy ice. Seven wolves and some foxes also were taken. Other similar knolls in those three-quarter-century ago days were Indian, French and Deserter's Islands.

I have the following history, past and present, of the wildlife thereabouts from Ned Barker, born in 1860, grandson of the man for whom the township was named and who has tramped over the territory all his life.

"When I was a boy," said Mr. Barker, "Beaver Lake was literally covered with swans both spring and fall. They appeared in flocks like white clouds above the lake. They left it in the morning from daylight until 9:00 A. M. and returned at dusk through as long a period. I learned to wing-tip them, becoming sufficiently expert that even with a shotgun I could shoot off the primaries of the swan on one side so it became out of balance and could not fly and it would coast to earth unhurt. When captured, it was placed in one of the pens at my father's place on the bank of the lake. These swans, being again wing-clipped in the spring of a succeeding year, bred in captivity. We killed both spring and fall in those days and I acted as a guide after I was twelve years of age for some noted hunters, among whom were Messrs. Gaff and Fleischman, prominent business men of Cincinnati, and I got swans for them."

According to T. H. Ball, about fifty years ago swans identified as

trumpeters nested in the Kankakee marshes of nearby Lake County. The Ruthven Deane collection in Chicago contains a specimen of trumpeter swan taken in February, 1894, in adjacent Porter County. It measured fifty inches, with a spread of wing of eighty-three inches. Mr. Barker says he never saw any of these in Newton County. Two specimens of whistling swan that are still extant have come to my attention. One is in Morocco and was killed about 1886 at Beaver Lake by Barker. The other was taken at Morocco and is in the State-House Collection at Indianapolis. These are not so large as the trumpeter.

Barker said that in his young manhood he had seen two kinds of cranes in the marshes, a white "red-headed" and a smaller brown crane. The white one was common thirty years ago and could mean none other than the whooping crane, very large and with a red face. The other was the sandhill crane, by some named "sandyhill," of the same build and about three and a quarter feet tall. The whooping crane is today practically exterminated from the state, only a few being seen going through the region at migration time, while sandhill cranes were nesting in the marshes near the old lake as late as 1932, when he saw two adults and their young. Now over forty of these



Ned Barker, trapper (left) and Dr. Amos W. Butler, Dean of Indiana's ornithologists, now deceased.

cranes may be found at Jasper-Pulaski State Game Preserve in occasional years.

Ducks of many kinds were very common and the different species were collected by the Barkers, three generations of them, by wing-

tipping and corraling in the same way as the swans were. Ned Barker says wood duck, mallard, blue-winged and green-winged teal still breed both in captivity and in the wild. The shoveller or "spoonbill" was not common at any time. The hooded merganser continues to nest in tree holes near the lake. The Canada goose, snow goose and blue goose are all recognized now as uncommon migrants. The Canada goose up to fifty years ago bred in the wild. (The last nest seen of a wild Canada goose was in 1895.) The blue goose and the snow goose bred at the lake only when corralled. The "brant," as they called the white-fronted goose, was seen. Barker reports pintail or "spike-tail" still the commonest duck. The widgeon was reported by all the hunters of the olden days. As the lake became smaller all forms of water bird life became scarcer and some kinds ceased to breed there.

Passenger pigeons passed over in great numbers and had both roosts and nesting areas thereabouts. The last live specimen he saw there was about 1900. "I can show you the osprey or fish hawk nesting along the river in Newton County in our summers, even now," announced Mr. Barker.

The red fox continues to be found in goodly numbers but is not so common as formerly and is, apparently, not so numerous today in Newton County as the wolf. There are still many fastnesses in this region that constitute favorable habitat for foxes and wolves. With the aid of two well-trained hounds Mr. Barker captures wolves throughout three Indiana counties neighboring Newton. He recognizes three kinds of wolves among those which he killed, the Michigan timber wolf of immense size and reddish ears, the gray timber wolf, a little smaller, and the coyote or prairie wolf which is so common. He reports having killed fifty-three wolves between April 1 and September 1, 1934, for which he received a bounty. Wolves do not travel in packs, as was their habit formerly, but are most often encountered singly. The wolf seems to be holding its own in numbers in spite of increased human population and persecution through hunting and trapping within thirty miles of Chicago.

Indianapolis, Indiana.

During the last spring the writer saw in the garden of a friend a pure albino English sparrow. It was just as white as snow and had a pink bill. Thus it reminded one of the white form of the Java sparrow. While the writer was watching it, it was repeatedly attacked by other English sparrows whenever it made an attempt to fly up to a martin house that the other gray marauders had already usurped for their nests. The bird was still there in the fall—the first pure albino English sparrow the writer has seen.

C. W. G. E.

* * *

On November 14th Mr. C. Holcombe reported a mocking-bird at his banding station in Zion, Ill. The bird was first seen using his bird-bath on Sunday, November 12th. Mr. Holcombe is making every effort to trap and band this unusual visitor.

From the President to the Members

NOW THAT WINTER, the season of the white death, is upon us once more, let us actively think of our feathered protégés. By actively we mean *doing* something, not only *thinking* about it. Sunflower, hemp, and millet seed will nearly anywhere in Illinois attract cardinals to the feeding-shelf, even if it is on a window-sill. These seeds and baby-chick feed will attract other birds as well. Suet on tree-trunks will be a boon to woodpeckers, nuthatches and others. When sleet and ice over the snow menace the game birds, especially our chubby little bob-white, cracked corn and table scraps may prove their life-saver. In our office in the Academy of Sciences may be seen and ordered fine feeding devices for birds, both for summer and winter.

Then let every Audubon member also think of helping the society by trying to win new members for it. We need them sorely, as our membership has been sadly reduced by the years of depression. Let each of us try to get at least one new member. Let us think of our goal: A permanent field-man traveling up and down in the state, speaking, organizing, kindling enthusiasm.

What else is there to do? Much! Here are several objectives:

1. Work toward getting a non-partisan, non-political commission of conservation in Illinois, headed by a man trained for such work, as they have in other states.

2. Write letters to our newspapers and legislators in Springfield and, if necessary in Washington, to extend more protection to our wild-fowl, shorten the open season, declare a closed season on threatened species, such as prairie chicken, woodcock and others, especially remove the mourning dove from the list of game birds. It is a shame for Illinois to allow the shooting of this lovely species and to allow it by September first, when many of them still have unfledged young in the nest.

3. Report flagrant and continuing infractions of the game and bird-protection laws to the police, game wardens, or to the Department of Conservation in Springfield. If that does not bring results, write to the Biological Survey at Washington, which has wardens also in Illinois.

Let us do something for the birds!

Winter Walks

By DR. ALFRED LEWY

TO THE LOVER of the out-of-doors the cold and rough weather has its compensations, for it is then that the less common winter visitants may be seen. I remember the thrill many years ago when for the first time I saw the evening grosbeaks. It was in Jackson Park. They were very approachable and, I thought, beautiful. Since I later saw them once, together with Ed Ford, in the brighter yellow breeding plumage, I know how beautiful they really can be. One winter the Bohemian waxwings in considerable numbers also visited Jackson

Park. That was before the South Shore region was built up, and a little stream ran through a farm where now apartment buildings stand row on row. The waxwings remained to greet the returning redwings in March, and they liked to sit on the small snow patches that were left in shady nooks. High bush cranberries bore an abundant crop that year and were cleaned up by the waxwings. The grosbeaks seemed to feed on buds. I have not seen either of these birds in Jackson Park again, although they usually visit somewhere in the Chicago region each year.

This winter, while returning from McGinnis' Slough with Robert Smart and my son, via Wolf Road, at about 133rd St., our attention was attracted to some sparrows in the willow tops, which we at first suspected were purple finches. They were silent and were not moving around actively and we were surprised to find that they were redpolls and different from the common redpoll with which we were all somewhat familiar. They were larger, were streaked with dusky along the olivaceous flanks, and did not seem to be so well marked with white on top. The "red" was limited to a small area on the forehead and crown. After looking them up I believe they were the greater redpoll. On a Sunday this spring that was rather gloomy, with low hung clouds, Mrs. Baldwin, my son and I were returning from the forest preserve south of Thornton, where our list consisted of the downy and hairy woodpeckers, tufted titmouse, nuthatch, believed from its note to be the redbreasted (the light was too poor for color discrimination at the distance and position), when Mrs. Baldwin saw from the car window a small flock of birds with sparrow-like flight over the wet prairie that was once a part of Calumet Lake at 98th St. Their abrupt stop and sudden twisting descent to the ground showed that they were not the English sparrow, so we started after them. After following them in their short flights through the thick weeds they turned out to be common redpolls, which none of us had on our list so far this year. They seemed to like the seeds of the evening primrose which grows tall and profusely in that neighborhood. The black and white wing markings were brighter than those noted on the greater redpoll, there was a greenish wash on the neck, and the apparently slenderer bill and position of the red on the head gave more of a high forehead effect. These birds were much more active and twittered and gave the canary call constantly.

The red-bellied woodpecker had been reported at the Morton arboretum, but I was surprised when I followed what sounded like the cluck note of the grackle and later changed to something between the call of the hairy woodpecker and the flicker, to find the red-bellied woodpecker. Why this bird, whose principal range is more southerly, visits here in winter is hard to explain. That same day as we were leaving the arboretum we saw a goshawk in the blue-gray mature male plumage sitting low in some European alders near the road. When we got out of the car to have a better look he decamped, flying swiftly and low through the trees, with very rapid wing beat, and took up his perch low down about two hundred yards away.

The winter of '38-'39 was a good one in which to observe water-fowl. On McGinnis' slough rifts in the ice permitted the ducks to stay around most of the winter. Notable was the large number of black ducks. Mr. Mann, maintenance engineer for the forest preserve district, told me that he had seen as many as 4,000 in one day. I had seen no such numbers, but they certainly were abundant. Lake Michigan contributed an unusual quota. Early in the winter a run of minnows attracted large numbers of ducks and gulls near the shore, and later ice conditions left open water within observation distance. Off 39th St. one day I saw about 1,000 ducks. American mergansers predominated, with golden-eyes a good second. Old squaws in nuptial plumage were common and there were a few scaups. The prize find was a pair of white-winged scoters, one with white around the eye and one with a spot before and one behind the eye. Both had the white wing spot. It was interesting to note that when they dived it was with half open wing, the only other duck in which I remember having observed that particular habit being the old squaw. The red-breasted merganser was present in small numbers and one hooded merganser was seen, either a female or a young male. The sun was shining brightly from the southwest, which brought out the pattern and color detail to perfection. Altogether it was a red letter day for waterbirds, finished up by a kingfisher which seems to have wintered in Jackson Park.

Chicago, Ill.

FANCIES

By EDWARD R. FORD

EACH of us who feels that his way of life has been in special measure affected by an interest in birds is aware, with regard to certain forms, of a peculiar impression. Usually this will be found to relate itself to some early association of ideas. Sometimes it is connected with the sorrow or happiness of a profound moment. I have been told of a woman, fond of birds, who could not bear the song of the wood thrush. Its notes, poignant and sweet, she had once heard at evenfall as she sat by her dying husband.

But this association has not always to do with environment nor attendant personal experience. Rather it is of the stuff of impressions and fancies the most vague. There have been times when the croaking of the red-headed woodpecker, a bird not commonly considered of ominous appearance or behaviour, a saviour rather than a wrecker of trees, has brought to mind some wind-havocked or fire-scathed region, where all the trees stood naked and bereft and where he seemed the very executioner of pine and oak, in scarlet hood gloating and croaking among their dry bones, rattling first one skeleton and then another and tapping hollowly upon bleak tombstones; the more spectral and fearsome because of his striking suit than if he were clothed in solemn and befitting black.

And to describe the waxwing as of sinister appearance is likely

to meet with little responsive agreement. I suppose it was a feeling of conscious guilt that made me so regard it when, a birdsnesting child, I discovered its home in the appletree. Though I cherished the discovery with the pride of one who, admitting the accident of it, nevertheless feels some merit in himself to direct and deserve it, I was curiously stirred by what I saw. Quite near the nest sat a bird with dove-like plumage and queer crest, silent yet startled, its feathers compressed, its eyes beady, its whole presence reptilian. There was about it a *sinister* detachment; about its stone-colored eggs, so strangely marked, an ineffable charm, not unmixed for me with a taint of fear.

The silences and croakings, the secrecies and mysteries of bitterns, crows and nighthawks, the call of the upland plover and the loon, cause us to be fascinated. In some way, perhaps analagous to the ideas of the aborigines, we ascribe to them a mystic character. But, probably to each of us the character differs according to some inner and indefinable perception.

Newaygo, Mich.

An open meeting of the Society was held at the Academy of Sciences on Friday evening, November 17. Dr. Victor Wolfgang von Hagen, who was introduced to the Society by President Eifrig, showed pictures taken by his party in Honduras and related his experiences in hunting and securing live specimens of the quetzal, a bird reported for many years to be extinct. The lecture was greatly enjoyed by those present.

Preceding the lecture a short memorial meeting for the late Dr. Henry C. Cowles was held under the auspices of the Conservation Council. Dr. R. M. Strong presided and short eulogies were delivered by Miss Ella Kracke and Dr. Verne O. Graham.

Can You Answer These?

1. Why does the owl turn its head to look at you?
2. Which of our native birds is said to most nearly resemble the English robin?
3. Does the meadowlark walk or hop?
4. What birds do we have smaller than the ruby crowned kinglet?
5. By what habit or mannerism is the fox sparrow best known?
6. When disturbed in the shrubbery does the song sparrow fly up or down?
7. What is the difference in the way a nuthatch and a chickadee search for food on a tree?
8. What is the distinguishing mark of the chimney swift in flight?
9. What is peculiar about the foot of the kingfisher?
10. How does the flicker capture ants?

For answers see page 16.

Blue Grosbeaks and Wild Geraniums

By MRS. ARTHUR B. CODY

LISTENING in the evening to the whip-poor-wills, we planned to attend matins at dawn. There is always a thrill of anticipation in arranging for the next day because one never knows exactly what one may see or hear in Birdland.

On these duneside trips, it is not necessary to take an alarm clock, Madame Henriette being so far superior to that noisy piece of mechanism—quite as dependable and much less disturbing. How much more beautiful is her musical, rhythmic, yet insistent knock on the wall, which says unmistakably, "Four o'clock—time to get up."

We slipped quietly down the stairs of the farm house—no one else stirring—and opened the door, all guiltless of a key; that is, there was one, but no one had cared to turn it in this peaceful spot.

The world was a gray mist; a tall slender tree, white-blossomed, stood on the edge of the woods, clad in a gray shroud, and gave a haunted look to the place. Soon the sun dispelled the uncanny feeling, coming up rosily over the golden dunes.

Thick about our favorite log seat for matins, was the pink wild geranium, or crane's bill—as many prefer to call it; very dainty in fine cut leaves.

In this service, late in the month of June, we missed some of our May songsters. White crowns and white throats had been gone a long time, thrashers were present, but not singing; goldfinches somewhat subdued. Nevertheless there was a fine chorus; wood thrushes sang sweetly, and almost as much, as earlier in the season; catbirds were still giving lovely repeated melodies, as well as mocking half a dozen other birds; golden whistles of orioles as much as ever in evidence from the elms; field and song sparrows, too, and of course some tiny wrens.

Bobolinks were in the meadow, their first rapture having abated; redstarts in the trees, spreading proudly and prettily their fan-like orange and black tails, their odd six to seven note melody (save the word!) with its last note suddenly dropped, added little of interest to the morning program.

The Maryland yellow throats were singing much, and with them the mourning warblers, strangely named, for they are gay enough, in olive-green, yellow and only a touch of black. Blackburnian warblers flitted about in tall oaks, easy to see and identify, because of the highly dramatic dress of black and white and the gorgeous orange throat, but as to music—just nothing at all.

The chebec, the tiny flycatcher, was announcing himself, so that there should be no mistake as to his identity; the sad wood pewee was doing likewise. There were green crests, members of the same family, and many of their big cousins, the kingbirds, with white breasts and square or slightly rounded tails. This bird is supposed

to sing, but very, very early in the morning. We listened with all our ears, but were disappointed.

The yellow-throated vireo seemed to be everywhere. We were happy to hear again his rich contralto, "See me? I'm here; so are you;" then all-too-soon, a short liquid trill—a surprise, as it always is. We thought our bird joys late "een Juna time," were over, for the morning at least, so left our comfortable log in the pink geranium tangle and turned down the Breakfast Trail.

As we crossed a grassy unused road, there at our feet were six precious things, of many tones of blue, as one saw them in full or partial sunshine.

Blue from the west windows in the Cathedral of Chartres; a little turquoise from Turkey, and a bit of blue velvet; all mixed smooth and soft with azure water dipped carefully from the Blue Grotto early in the morning before the hour of tourists. Personally, I feel sure this carefully dipped water was as carefully carried to Capri by a boatman who spoke a strange mixture of French and Italian; was delivered to a charming villa on the road where a great wistaria vine tossed; then mixed smooth with the other tones. Thus blue grosbeaks were made with a touch of shining chestnut satin added.

We had seen them before in other years, but generally only a pair. They are usually listed as Southern birds, and attention called to the fact that they differ much in color in different localities and are nowhere common.

And here, beyond our expectations, was a group of six, all males! After eating daintily a few grass seeds, they flew into a bush and sang the sweetest grace. The song, with its moderate tempo, reminded us of the indigo bunting; but the termination was not the same; instead of four notes repeated and of the same pitch, these grosbeaks had certain little terminal turns.

All through the day we saw again and again the friendly group; on bush, on fence, but especially in the old road, with deep ruts; marvelous color in the sunshine, black velvet in the shade.

A few seeds, then a few songs—from dear little Thank-You birds, singing so sweetly thanks for daily seeds.

Paul Pueschel, proprietor of the Audubon Workshop in Glencoe, Ill., has designed a feeding station which automatically replenishes the supply of food as it is taken by the birds and thus requires less attention than the usual open ones. A suet holder of reed and willow takes away the danger to birds from frosted wires which has always been a hazard of winter feeding. Also, a way whereby drinking water can be kept open for them at all temperatures will help keep the winter birds near you. These and other of his products may be seen at the office of our Society, and we think they will appeal to anyone who has sufficient interest to maintain a feeding shelf.

Following the Old Familiar Trail

By EARL G. WRIGHT

Out through the orchard, across the field of corn stubble and into the December woods. I am again in the haunts of my childhood. In these woods and fields I spent many carefree hours as a boy communing with nature.

Again I follow the trail that was once so familiar. Out of the woods and along the fence-row between the hilly pasture and the meadow. But what is this? The fence is new, the hedge is gone and



"The marsh stretches away for a mile or more."

the meadow is now a field of corn shocks. The fence-row I once knew was a dense hedge of wild cherry, thorn apple and sumach. Here in summer I could be sure to find a nest of the migrant shrike. The corner fence post usually housed a family of bluebirds; and one summer a pair of black-capped chickadees set up housekeeping there. Now the corner post is made of steel and not very inviting to my old friends.

The open, hilly pasture has not changed in these many years. Where the scene remains the same, memories of days long gone seem as only yesterday. Here, in winter, where the hill slopes down to join the marsh we had our toboggan slide, and it was here that we used to try out our homemade skis.

The marsh, because it is worthless for agriculture, remains unchanged by man. Its light brown carpet of saw grass stretches away

for a mile or more, dotted here and there with clumps of scrubby willows.

The old white oak which stands on the top of the hill, with its gnarled and naked branches silhouetted against the pale blue of the December sky, seems not to have changed at all in the past two decades.

I leave the open pasture and follow the cattle path along the edge of the marsh to where the heavily wooded hills come down to meet the marsh land. Here at the foot of a steep slope is an old spring, its wooden curbing now rotting away. In summer this was my favorite place to watch the birds that came to drink and bathe in the shallow overflow pools. Today, as I stood watching the clouds reflected in the deep, clear water, a red-tailed hawk drifted into the reflection. This is, indeed, a strange sight to see a hawk soaring upside down so far below. Looking up I watched the hawk pass out of sight over the woods on motionless wings.

Like most woods of this type there are a few dead tree stubs along its border with woodpecker holes in them. As a boy I used to tap on these snags to see what creatures were using them. In this way I learned the home address of the flicker, the red-headed and downy woodpeckers, and the nuthatch.

I recall on one occasion that a furry head appeared at the entrance in answer to my knock and two large dark brown eyes of a flying



"I had found the roosting hole of the hairy woodpecker."

squirrel peered down at me. When I tapped again it ran to the top of the snag. Another sharp tap and the squirrel sailed over my head

and down in a graceful glide to the base of a large oak where it clung watching me for some time. Then as I approached it scurried up among the thick branches and was soon out of sight.

These woods are much the same as they were when I roamed through them as a carefree lad—the same aspen thicket, the same clump of willows on the border of the marsh and a goodly number of dead snags.

As the sun was setting I turned my steps homeward, or perhaps I should say to the Wisconsin farmhouse that I once called home. My attention was attracted by some newly hewn chips at the base of an aspen snag and looking up I discovered a newly excavated hole near the top. I could not resist the temptation to knock at this open doorway. A sharp beak and a pair of beady black eyes appeared in the entrance. I had found the winter roosting hole of the hairy woodpecker. She blinked sleepily at me a few moments and then backed down out of sight. As I walked away I had a mental picture of her clinging to the wall inside the snug winter quarters with her head tucked under one wing.

The sun swung low and red in the west as I made my way along the familiar trail in the lengthening shadows.

Chicago, Ill.

FIELD NOTES

By MRS. AMY G. BALDWIN

THERE IS a beautiful spot in Palos Park introduced to me by friends who love it very much as "Paradise Valley." Here we found a rather wide ravine with a high bluff to the south and a smaller one on the north. A refreshing, cold, clear spring flows freely for all who would drink. A good sized brook flows throughout, winding in and out among the trees and shrubs, with banks covered with mosses, lichens, wild ginger and many other kinds of flowers and grasses.

There was a wealth of spring flowers—jack-in-the pulpits, spring beauties, marsh marigolds, several kinds of violets, sweet William, Dutchman's breeches, May apples and many more. Ferns also were abundant.

Birds were there too and it was a joy to find such a variety: wood ducks, woodcocks, red-shouldered, sharp-shinned, and Cooper's hawks, crows, yellow-billed and black-billed cuckoos, wood thrushes, also olive-backed and gray-cheeked thrushes, bank swallows, wood pewees, crested and olive-sided flycatchers, tanagers, rose-breasted grosbeaks, red-eyed, warbling and yellow-throated vireos, towhees, catbirds, brown thrashers, dainty blue-gray gnatcatchers and many of the warblers, the outstanding ones being mourning, Connecticut, pine and golden-winged.

Here were beautifully constructed nests of the towhee and field sparrow. The towhee's nest was made on the ground with a canopy of grasses but the field sparrow's was made in a small weed just off the ground. Four eggs made up the clutch for the towhee but the

poor little field sparrow with two eggs of her own was sadly imposed upon by the cowbird with two of its eggs. The cowbird's eggs were removed for there would be little hope for the sparrow's babies if they were allowed to remain.

Now for an observation of a purple martin in a neighbor's yard across the street while it was still very dark. Promptly at four A. M. this martin commenced singing very lustily. Away off in the distance there came the answer of another martin which almost resembled an echo, for my martin sang again and then waited until the other sang. This kept up for several minutes, then the first martin's voice began to get fainter and fainter and I concluded that he had gone to join the others in the sky where I could still hear them singing, happy and free. This puzzled me somewhat as it was so very dark. Last fall I had the opportunity of watching preparations for the migration flight of two or three hundred martins in the strengthening of wings and bodies by soaring, circling, swinging back and forth evening after evening, from seven o'clock until eight. Then all at once they disappeared completely from the sky and were not seen after that. All had gone to roost. But it was still light and other birds, such as starlings, robins and sparrows were still flying around. Why did the martins wake so early, while it was still dark, at one time, and retire so early, while it was still light, at another?

Another day there appeared in a snowball thicket a small brown bird which puzzled me and I was unable to decide what it was but a few minutes later two of these little brown birds were joined by the loveliest male indigo bunting I had ever seen. Around this spot were black-billed and yellow-billed cuckoos, a whip-poor-will, white-throated, white-crowned, Lincoln, field, clay-colored and Harris sparrows.

Though an old study there are many new experiences awaiting the student of nature who persists.

Chicago, Ill.

Answers to questions on page 10.

1. The eyes are directed forward instead of to either side, as are those of other birds.
2. Bluebird.
3. Walk.
4. Hummingbird, winter wren, short-billed marsh wren.
5. Scratching with both feet at once.
6. Always down.
7. Chickadee takes the tips of the branches and nuthatch takes the trunk and larger limbs.
8. The pointed tail giving the appearance of a "flying cigar."
9. The third and fourth toes are joined for a part of their length.
10. The tongue is covered with a sticky substance to which the ants adhere.

Price List of Literature for Sale

Any of the items listed below may be obtained at the office of the Illinois Audubon Society or will be supplied by mail:

"Fifty Winter Birds"—post-card size in color.....	\$1.00
"Fifty Spring Birds"—post-card size in color.....	1.00
"Fifty Summer Birds"—post-card size in color.....	1.00
Pocket folder showing 63 birds in color, Northeastern states.....	.10
Pocket folder showing 82 birds in color, Southeastern states.....	.10
Field check lists for the Illinois region, per dozen.....	.10
Leaflets with separate page to be colored.....	.05
"The Hawks of North America".....	1.25
"Bird Portraits in Color"—Minnesota plates with text.....	3.50
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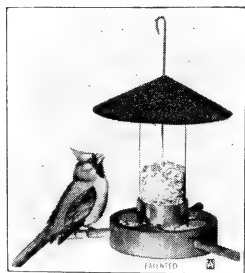
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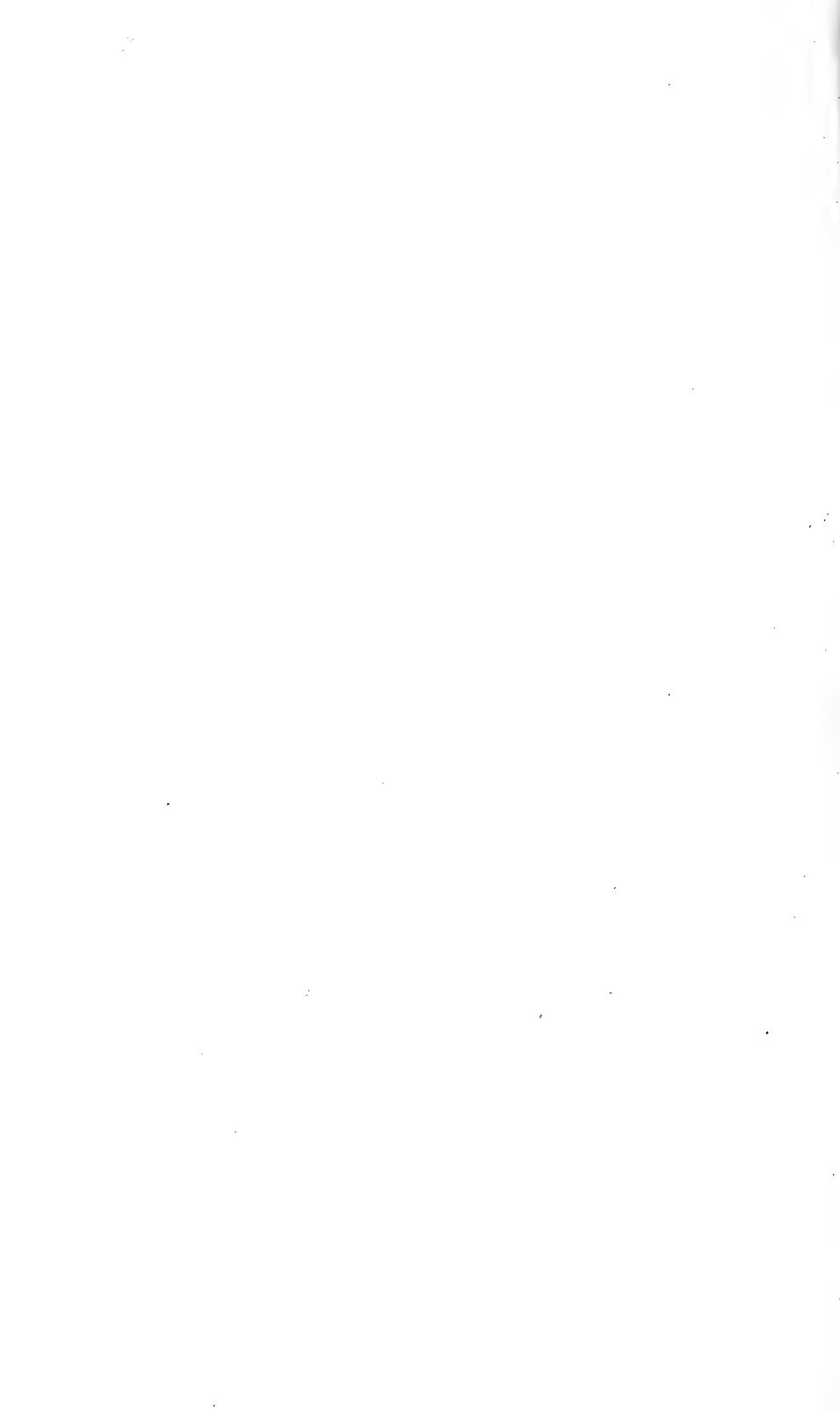
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Increasing Quail and Bluebirds by Two Hundred and Two Thousand

By T. E. MUSSELMAN, A.M., Sc.D.

THE HOBBIES and recreational activities of the average business man seldom turn to conservation. Mine have. Ten years ago I became cognizant of the fact that bluebirds seldom nested in Adams County. The answer, however, was simple. The old-time rail fences, the wooden fence posts and the stubs of the apple trees which had formerly acted as host to the downy woodpeckers' excavations had disappeared. The first were replaced by iron and wire, while modern horticulture elected that orchard trees be trimmed and the stubs be painted. Bluebirds had few places to nest so their numbers became fewer. The thought came to me that artificial boxes might be made to fill the deficiency.

To make houses attractive to birds, one must duplicate the natural nesting site as nearly as possible. I secured a stub formerly excavated by a downy and later taken over by a pair of bluebirds. The entrance hole was approximately $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches in diameter. The cavity was somewhat gourd shaped and was eight inches deep. After experimenting I developed a box that was 93% effective in securing these lovely little blue-backed thrushes. Its measurements are: sides, $9\frac{1}{2} \times 9 \times 4$ inches; front, $9 \times 3\frac{1}{4}$ inches; bottom, $3\frac{1}{4} \times 3\frac{1}{4}$ inches; top, 5×5 inches and hinged to back; entrance hole, $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches and placed $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches from top; back, $5\frac{3}{4} \times 15$ inches. The box looks like a miniature mail box.

A local manufacturer supplied box boards and crating, free. My janitor cut the parts with an electric saw and packed them in cartons. These were fabricated and painted during the winter evenings and were nailed to their permanent sites early in the spring.

The first route extended thirty-eight miles toward Hamilton on route 96; the second extended sixty-eight miles toward Meredosia along route 104; the third extended eighteen miles along route 24 to Payson, while three additional routes follow gravel topped country roads. Boxes occur about every quarter to one-half mile.

Placement is an important element if one wishes success. Boxes on fence posts bordering heavy woods often attract chickadees, Bewick's and house wrens. If they are placed six to eight feet in the trees one may expect titmice. A box ten feet up on an exposed telephone post normally attracts

starlings, English sparrows or red-headed woodpeckers, while a box supplemented with a perch and placed well up on an exposed tree often rewards me with crested flycatchers. For bluebirds, nail the box to a strong fence post, one side paralleling the barbed wire. There should be no brush, weeds



A most effective yard box.

Bluebird entering artificial post nest. A slab has been removed from the opposite side. A cavity was chiselled out and the slab screwed back into position.

or trees close to the boxes as this encourages shrikes, snakes, and mice. However, if there is a right angle fence with trees or brush a few feet away, it seems to add to the desirability.

At Quincy, the bluebirds arrive in late February and the boxes are filled with nests and eggs by the last week in March.

Nesting is almost constant, many boxes having three separate nests through the summer. Banding has proved that a mother does not return to nest in the same box, although I occasionally find one nesting several miles away in another box along the same route.

The worst danger to nesting is freezing weather. On three occasions I have lost twelve to fifteen hundred eggs because of a freeze during the first week in April. However, after two weeks, new mothers appear and build grass nests over the old frozen complement of eggs and incubation proceeds normally. The great misfortune in this delayed nesting lies in the fact that the bluebirds now have to compete for nests with the house wrens which arrive about April 15. On such years, the number of eggs pierced by wrens is far in excess of the normal destruction.

An occasional snake takes its toll. Sparrows seldom use the boxes as they are placed too low and are seldom placed near human habitation.

Mice will seldom use the boxes if all nesting material is removed and the boxes are painted in the fall. If this detail is overlooked, the majority of boxes will act as host to white-footed mice which will build their downy nests above the grassy debris left by the bluebirds and thus pass the winter in warmth and comfort.

A local painter sends me a gallon can filled with the season's leftover paint. The color varies from brown to green but that seems to make little difference to my renters. I have had bluebirds take over a snow-white box painted by a state highway crew, while a joker painted another box brilliant red. The birds took possession of that abnormality before the paint was dry. I advise a dull color as fewer humans notice the boxes and destruction and tampering are thus reduced to a minimum. The destruction by boys, however, is remarkably small.

The actual cost of building and painting my five hundred boxes has been very little, probably not in excess of several dollars spent for nails and hinges which were supplied me at cost by an interested hardware merchant. I have kept no account of the actual cost of gas or of my time. I charge those costs to cigarette money and recreation, and feel that I'm far ahead at that, as yearly the minimum increase in the Adams County bluebird complement is at least 2000 baby birds.

At my country home eight miles north of Quincy we live from April through November. My banding station extends along fences, through brush, and into the heavy woods. In my orchard I have a covered wire cage, 10 x 24 feet. A small glassed-in house covers the northwest corner, thus supplying protection to my brood quail during inclement weather. I have eight pairs of tame quail which constitute my brood stock. These are carefully fed with laying mash, oyster shell and some mashed grain. Laying starts early in May. This equipment is supplemented by a brood of leghorn and buff cochin bantam hens. These are almost constantly broody during the summer months.

Daily I remove the surplus eggs from the nests within my laying pens and when I have forty eggs, I place twenty under a bantam hen and have twenty more incubated by a local hatchery. Even they charge me nothing for this service as they say, "It's for the good of the cause."

After twenty-four days of incubation I have approximately forty baby quail. The bantam mother and her big flock are placed on wire in a high box. At first, they have fresh water and sand only. They learn the mother's call and feed notes and discover that she is snug and warm when they are chilled or cold.

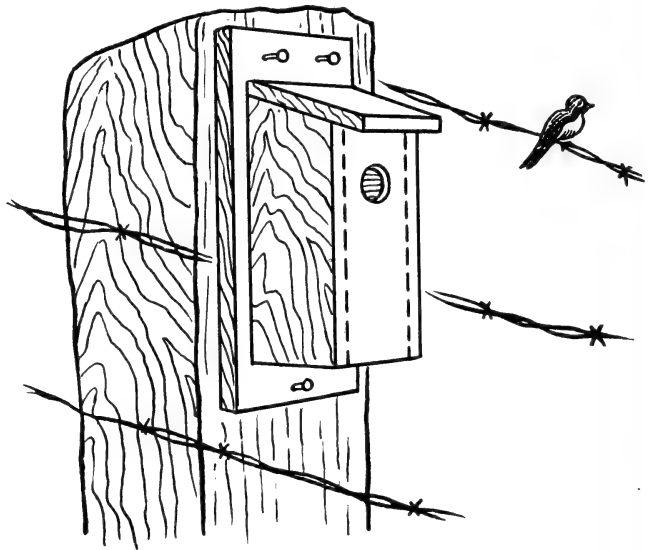
The following day the hungry mother and her flock of quail babies are turned onto the closely cut grass protected by a large wire cage 6 x 12 feet and 15 inches high. A metal chicken box placed at one end acts as cover in case of rain or cold.

The mother soon teaches the babies to eat mash. From then on the cage must be moved daily to a new position as young quail must have clean, fresh quarters. After a week one end of the cage is elevated sufficiently to allow the babies to stray into the grass in search of insects, worms and

seeds. The mother cannot escape but watches anxiously and keeps the babies within reasonable distance with her clucks.

At twelve days the babies fly short distances. At three weeks they swarm over the yard, flying many yards if the occasion requires. I band all birds when five weeks old, and generally release the hen at that time. She strolls into the fields with her large flock where she seems like an overgrown quail herself.

Her instincts eventually lead her into the trees to perch and often many of her babies will join her on the limb. The others stroll farther away



An Effective Bluebird Box

and finally establish a little covey of semi-wild quail. However from time to time the urge to return home for a meal of delicious mash is too great to be denied. On such occasions the covies of birds overrun the yard, apparently having little fear of the domestic surrounding that ushered them into the world. Certainly the two hundred additional quail are worth the worry and work necessary to make their presence possible.

Quincy, Ill.

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DURING THE sale of wildlife stamps last year, a sheet of stamps was sent to each member with the request to purchase or return them to our office. In quite a number of instances they have not yet been accounted for, and we would appreciate it if those who retained the stamps and have not yet sent in the dollar would do so in order that our records may be cleared of these items. Stamps of the 1940 issue may be obtained at the regular price of \$1.00 at the office of the Society.

Bird Observations in Lebanon and Syria

By ELIZABETH J. BAROODY

THERE WERE many new sights to claim our attention when, on the afternoon of April 27, 1939, the Italian boat, Marco Polo, left us at Beirut. Amid so much that was strange it was indeed a pleasure to recognize swallows, many of them, skimming through the residential streets, often very near the pavement. Cars and pedestrians frightened them not at all. They resembled our barn swallows but since they build under the eaves of houses they are there called house swallows. As the summer advanced the swallows disappeared from the streets of the coastal city, but when we went to the mountain village of Zahley we found that the swallows had gone to the mountains for the summer. Hundreds of them swept through the air high above the village.

Two and a half months in Lebanon and Syria afforded us opportunities to see several of our old feathered friends and to make some new ones. There were song thrushes that resembled our wood thrush; horned larks slightly paler in color than those found here. There were also crested larks. The kingfisher of Syria closely resembles our belted kingfisher. The bird called the Syrian woodpecker, with his rosy head, rosy under-tail coverts, black and white barred back and wings, and habit of feeding from the tree bark was easily recognized.

Looking into the garden from the window of an elegant old palace at Beta Din where the Emir lived in the days of the Turkish rule we saw what was evidently a jay. He was a gorgeous fellow with grayish tan body, black crown, white cheeks, blue, white, and black wings and brownish black tail. We found that he is called the black-headed jay.

Other birds evidently related to species familiar in our own land were the golden oriole, a bird with a yellow body and black wings and tail; the white collared flycatcher having black wings, tail, and head, gray underparts and wide white wing bars and collar; a wood chat shrike easily recognizable as a shrike; a quail very like our own; a meadow pipit with streaked brown back and yellow brown-spotted breast; wild doves closely resembling our mourning dove; a burrowing owl; a streaked wren warbler resembling our house wren; and a black crow. We saw again the lapwing which we had first seen some years ago in Scotland. Of course the ubiquitous starlings and English sparrows were not lacking.

More difficulty was encountered in identifying birds that were complete strangers. Neither books nor pictures were available and our only help was the really good collection of mounted specimens in the museum of the American University of Beirut. We took notes in the field and as soon as possible visited the museum. In the museum we took notes to be used in the field.

One of our most enjoyable trips out from Beirut and one rich in opportunities to see birds was a trip northward to Lattaquieh, thence north eastward to Aleppo, southward through Hama and Homs, and from Homs eastward across the Syrian desert to the ruined city of Palmyra. Between Lattaquieh and Aleppo we saw the sea eagle, known to cross-word puzzle solvers as the ern. A little later two large storks flew over. We were to see

more of these great black and white birds while in the Rhineland of Germany. In the rather arid land between Aleppo and Homs we saw many beautiful birds. Most of them were perched on the telephone wires that followed the highway. There were blue rock thrushes, birds the color of a bluebird but blue on the breast, too, and much larger. Another interesting bird was the hoopoe or hood-hood. It is about the size of a large thrush. It has an erectile semi-circular crest and with its reddish brown and black plumage mixed with white and buff is a very handsome bird. The hoopoe is related to the hornbill. Again we saw the European bee-eaters which we had seen in the mountain villages. They fly like swallows. With their greenish blue breasts, yellow and brown backs, yellow throats and greenish blue and brown wings they are beautiful birds, but birds that are looked upon as pests. They are said to eat bees and to wait near bee hives for their prey to appear.

Identifying the hawks on this route proved too much for us. There were large ones and there were small ones but they remained just hawks to us. Crested larks were scattered through this area too.

Getting farther out into the desert where only a few kinds of dry land thorny bushes, there called billann, grew we still saw partridges, beautiful gray birds slightly variegated in color. But at last all bird life disappeared and only big droves of camels, an occasional fox and three gazelles added interest to our dusty journey.

Other birds that we saw at various places in Lebanon and Syria were: the Egyptian vultures, large light-gray birds with black wings; rooks; a pair of falcons which we believed to be the Lanner falcons, nesting in the huge old Greco-Roman ruins at Baalbek; yellow-vented bulbuls or nightingales; red breasts or European robins; European goldfinches; hooded crows; European blackbirds; and European rollers, rather showy birds with blue green wings and brown backs and a peculiar tumbling flight.

We also saw a few migrating birds but they were difficult to identify. One flock we missed by arriving in Beirut just one day too late. This was the annual migration of the *bajah*. Every spring they say flocks of these very large, dark, stork-like birds numbering thousands migrate from Africa northward, crossing Lebanon. In the fall they return to Africa by a different route.

The people of the Near East have little of the interest in birds of the sort that Audubon societies seek to foster. Bulbuls and finches are far too common in cages. Quails, partridges, doves, and even larks and thrushes are hunted for food. We saw boys carrying strings of birds as we might carry fish. They catch them by means of bird lime. Let me digress to say that in Alexandria, Egypt, the waiter brought us whole roast thrushes for dinner. Needless to say he took them away untouched. The ibis seems to be safe in Egypt as they are regarded as sacred and are to be seen in the fields in great numbers. We watched one picking food from the mouth of a water buffalo which was lying near the roadway.

In Syria wild doves are looked upon with disfavor by the Syrian farmers who complain that they eat grain, especially that which has been sowed. All in all it is surprising that so many birds remain. There are

said to be more than a hundred resident species in Lebanon, Syria, and Palestine and a much larger number of migratory birds.

Berwyn, Illinois



Annual Meeting at Havana

THE DIRECTORS of the Illinois Audubon Society have for years deplored the fact that our meetings have all been held at Chicago and that they consisted almost exclusively of a lecture each time. The down-state members were in that way almost completely ruled out from participation. To remove this handicap and to renew and increase interest in the Society and its work we are this year making an innovation that should appeal to all members of the Society, whether they live in the Chicago area or in the central and southern parts of the state. We are going to hold a meeting on Saturday, April 13, at Havana, on the Illinois River, south of Peoria. The river here is the great highway and flyway for the principal army of waterfowl that breeds in Canada and winters in our southern states. Near Havana the Illinois State Natural History Survey has a fine laboratory which will be placed at our disposal for the meeting, as well as the yacht which they use for bird protection and research. Members of the Survey, which is under the director of Dr. H. Frison, will be present to make our meeting as interesting and successful as possible. Saturday will be devoted to the reading of papers, to talks, discussions, and business. Excursions into the neighborhood will be made on Sunday.

Now it is incumbent on every member of the Society to make a determined effort to be at Havana April 13 and 14. Bring one or several friends along to join us in this new program.

C. W. G. EIFRIG, *President*.



Bird Trips in Lincoln Park

THE SECRETARY, Miss Doris A. Plapp, wishes to announce that trips will be taken this spring during the months of April and May to study birds in Lincoln Park. All interested will meet at the Academy of Sciences, 2001 North Clark St., promptly at 8 o'clock on Saturday mornings. Bring field glasses if you have them and pencils to keep track of observations. We hope to renew acquaintances of last year's trips and welcome new bird fans. It is hoped that Audubon members elsewhere in the state will conduct regular trips for bird study and send in their observations for publication in the *Bulletin*. Let us hear from many parts of the state.



A CORDIAL invitation has been received from the Indiana Audubon Society to attend their annual meeting and participate in the program which is being arranged for that occasion. The meeting will be held at Turkey Run State Park on Saturday and Sunday, May 3-4. We hope that a large number of our members will accept this opportunity to become better acquainted with our neighbors.

After the Storm

By CHARLOTTE E. VAN SICKLE

THESE RECORDS were obtained in Winnebago County, Ill., not far from the Wisconsin state line, about one hundred miles from Chicago. We have kept a bird record for more years than we would care to admit, but we have never done much "bird hunting" during the winter months. Usually our bird record by the first of March contains only the most common bird residents, such as the hairy and downy woodpeckers, chickadees, nuthatches, crows, etc., with quite often a red-headed woodpecker seen near oak groves.

This year our record is different as Nature herself has conspired to literally drop birds, and such birds, into our laps, willy-nilly, looking for them, or not. After the unusually warm weather up until January, about the middle of this month we were blessed (the soil needed the moisture) with a regular, old-fashioned blizzard which blocked highways with drifts up to eight feet deep. We had our first thrilling experience on our first trip out to the nearby shopping center, Rockford, Ill., after the highways were cleared.

This city is about twenty miles from our home, and about half way there we cross quite a large river with bottom lands on both sides. As we were driving along the highway across this low land I saw what I took to be a hawk soaring over a barnyard, and the bird traveled on in the same direction as the highway. I had asked for less speed so that I might follow its flight as long as possible. Suddenly the bird turned and flew directly over our heads. As he turned I discovered his white head and tail and I am afraid I let out a scream to stop the car. My husband, who has great patience in driving our bird hunting group around looking for birds, but none when we can't instantly identify a bird on sight, stopped the car. He also said, knowing that I do not see great distances and that we had driven a mile since I had first seen the bird, that he thought I must be looking at an airplane. I stepped out of the car, with no galoshes, no binoculars, drifts four or five feet deep on all sides, and with open mouth (I am sure) watched a mature American bald eagle with white head and tail float majestically over my head and across the field.

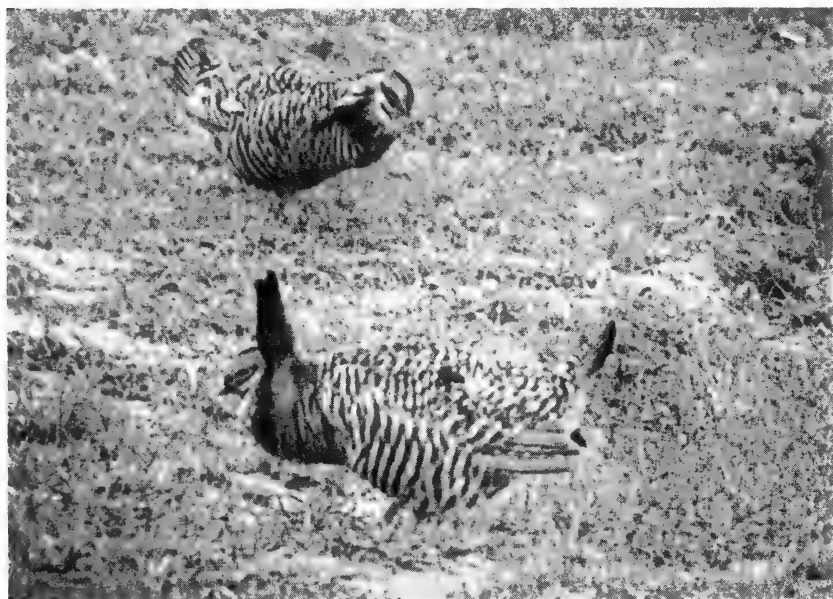
Two days later, a friend coming out from the city saw the same bird in almost the same locality. It has not been heard of since. We hope the dead body is not hanging on some farmer's barnyard fence, but who knows. Although we had never before seen a live eagle in this locality, they are not entirely unknown. Last fall we saw a young eagle that had been shot somewhere in this vicinity. My friend from the city had identified an eagle, a few years ago, only a few miles from where the one was seen this year.

The next day after the eagle episode, armed with binoculars and galoshes, we drove to another river where for some distance the gravel highway has on either side of it low lying land. Just before starting out someone told us that there was a flock of seventy-five prairie chickens along this highway. You know with what skepticism such news is received, with mental reservations to say the least.

Coming down the last hill to the flat land we saw a field with corn shocks still standing in it. Each shock, or so it seemed, had one or more

short-eared owls roosting on it. We counted ten at one time and there were probably more. A few rods farther on we discovered the flock of prairie chickens in a snowy, weed-grown field. The birds were quite a distance from the road but were easily identified with glasses. A little farther along the road a flock of ring-necked pheasants came single file from a field of standing corn out into a field of corn shocks. We counted twenty-three. There had been plenty of pheasants before the hunting season last fall but these were the first seen since then. On our way home we saw a covey of nine quail near a stack of soy bean straw.

This day had netted so many birds and in such quantities that the trip was repeated the next day with even better results. The owls could be studied at ease. One prairie chicken flew to the ground a few rods from the car. It stood and stared at us and we stared back. One could have counted his stripes had he so desired. On both days prairie chickens flew from one side of the road to the other, and one or two had flown over drifts and lighted in trees. Oh, yes they did. One chicken, some distance away, was raising a cloud of snow, easily seen with the naked eye. We could not tell whether he was doing it with his feet or his wings. We wondered whether he was digging in for the night (it was late afternoon) or digging for food. Nearly every year we get at least one record of prairie chickens along this



Prairie Chicken on the Booming Grounds
Photo by A. M. Bailey

road. Last spring we were out early, before any vegetation had started, and we had seen a dozen or more of the birds feeding among the weed stalks, but nowhere near as many as there were this year. Did someone ask

if there were seventy-five? We did not count them but there were a great many.

Again stopping at the place where we had seen the quail, we discovered that in the next field the ground was literally covered with small birds. We identified snow buntings, Lapland longspurs, prairie horned larks (yellow throat), and horned larks (white throat). That is the only difference we are able to make in separating the horned larks. One of our group was sure some of the longspurs were yellow enough to be Smith's. Before we reached home we saw a pair of meadowlarks feeding only a few inches from the concrete highway, where the snow had melted. After seeing all these birds in January, we are fearful that the rest of the year may seem rather tame.

Durand, Ill.



Summer Memories

By MARY RAY VANDERVORT

ONE OF the pleasures of a bird-lover during the lonely winter months is remembering the sights and sounds of summer. I will never forget an evening in August at Tuma Slough.

During the hot weather my companion and I frequently drove out to one of our favorite haunts toward evening, planning to arrive at the Slough just before sunset and the twilight. On this particular evening we first saw some American egrets, perhaps because we had only recently classified them and were watching for them. Quite a number of birds were coming in, eventually twenty-five or thirty. We immediately identified blue herons, both the great and little blues. Flycatchers were busily engaged in trees along the water's edge. We watched the blue-winged teal, Virginia rail, semipalmated plover and killdeer feeding, and close by three beautiful least bitterns.

A muskrat was attempting to carry something to shore or to its den without being seen while all the time he was leaving such a distinctive trail through the water. Some mallards, apparently alarmed by the muskrat, took wing.

Then when our joy seemed complete, watching all these sights and sounds of nature amid a perfectly beautiful sunset, two sandhill cranes came in, which seemed almost an anti-climax. We watched them until dark as we had the opportunity for comparative study of the cranes and the big blue heron, both on the wing and feeding. The flight of the crane is distinctive for while the great blue heron sometimes takes off with extended neck, he doesn't continue to fly like the sandhill crane. Apparently the cranes were spending the night at the Slough and we ourselves were loathe to leave at dark.

Chicago, Ill.



THE NEW cover which the *Bulletin* bears for this number is the work of Earl G. Wright of the Chicago Academy of Sciences and a director of the Society.

About Old Friends and New

By E. R. FORD

MOCKING BIRDS have begun at last to put heart into their song, but for some time the cardinals have performed brilliantly. There is rather less of the "whoit, whoit" element in the Florida cardinal's phrasing. The Florida wren's song, too, heard occasionally throughout the winter, lacks the "tea-kettle" motif of the Carolina wren. Speaking of wrens, it is amusing to note the furtive manner of the house wren here, in winter, and to recall how he brazened it out in the garden last summer, with you and the dog and all bird-comers what-so-ever.

Hardly in the back-yard-chickadee-nuthatch-food-tray group is the little blue heron; but in a riverside back yard here where live shrimp is sold for bait, there's a little blue which hops from boat to boat and from post to pier to take discarded dead shrimp from the hand of the fishwife. I noticed that the bird macerated the crustacean in its beak as some of our small passerines do with caterpillars. Always the riverside may be counted upon for some bird life, not so much here, however, as nearer the inlets. Cormorants, nearly all yearlings and probably non-breeding birds, crowd together on one end of an islet (the result of some dredging operation) while black skimmers herd on an opposite point. A few pelicans and herring gulls, some royal and Caspian terns, a company of ring-billed gulls and a black-bellied plover or two complete the assembly. When fish crows drop among them, they draw aside their garments and scream in their several tongues, "unclean, unclean".

Shore birds are scarce on the river. There are no extensive flats. Killdeer, an occasional spotted sandpiper, a few sanderlings, piping plover and least sandpiper occur. These with the black-bellied plover, some turnstones and, once, a western sandpiper make up the list. Ospreys are less common here than at points nearer the inlets. Bald eagles are seen from time to time.

I suspected an eagle's nest toward the northwest and one day walked along the railway a mile or more above town. Before long I sighted a great nest in a pine. Approaching it, I saw strips of board nailed ladder-wise on the trunk and that the nest had not been used this season. Probably the new eyrie lay a mile or so farther on in the woods but by this time lassitude, induced by the Florida sun, had overcome curiosity.

Eagles and many other birds have uncertain nesting dates in Florida. On Cape Sable, we saw, January 29, an eagle's nest with the young nearly big enough to leave it. On the same day a Florida barred owl's nest, in one of the tall gray cylinders which are the dead trunks of royal palms, contained young, just hatched. Mr. F. C. Lincoln, who was one of our party on the Cape Sable trip, had flown, a day or two before, in the Goodyear dirigible over the Okechobee region and had seen yellow-crowned night herons' nests with eggs. Also Bird Lore's Christmas census from Florida Bay reported the species as nesting December 22. April 1 is normal in the central part of the state.

Our splendid state and regional bird books are so remarkably reliable that I was surprised to learn for the first time, from Mr. Harold Bailey of

Coral Gables, that Swainson's hawk is a not uncommon winter species in South Florida. Indeed we picked up on the roadway a freshly killed specimen — shot through the head with a rifle bullet. Superficially, even when the skins were laid side by side, it appeared to be an immature red-tail.

The "freeze" which killed vegetation and fish, and even cattle on the Kissimmee prairies, apparently did not affect birds other than tree swallows and blue-gray gnatcatchers. The former died by hundreds while of the latter, three or four dead birds were reported to me.

A little community of chipping sparrows is nearly always somewhere close by the house and recently a flock of cedar birds swept out of nowhere into our oaks. Catbirds lurk in the shrubbery and mourning doves cry woe. All of these, perhaps, may answer Spring's roll call in Michigan and perhaps I may see them there.

Melbourne, Fla.



An Unusual Winter Visitor

UNDER DATE of January 10 we received the following statement from Mr. Rowland V. Hagen of Evanston, Ill., regarding an unusual bird record which is best given in his words:

"The facts are these: On November 27, 1939, a male Baltimore oriole was seen in North Evanston. Since that date he has been seen almost daily up to the present time, the attraction being almost solely the fallen fruit under a pear tree in the back yard. At first he came occasionally to a small pool to bathe and drink but, since the arrival of colder weather, has given that up entirely although the pool is always kept open during the day. As far as can be determined, he has taken no other food than the pears though other kinds have been put out, to the great satisfaction of starlings and English sparrows. He comes usually more than once a day but in general stays for a rather short time. He has not been seen feeding elsewhere in the vicinity.

"Up to the arrival of colder weather a little over a week ago, he appeared to be in excellent physical condition, showing no evidence of any injury that might have been the cause of a delay in migrating. Lately he has seemed less fit and has difficulty in balancing when on the ground, in a fashion that suggests an injured or frost-damaged foot.

"I am reasonably certain that he was not around prior to November 27, for we all watch the birds pretty closely and an oriole is rather too obvious to miss easily."

In response to our request for some further information Mr. Hagen writes us under date of February 29:

"The last word on the Baltimore oriole is final enough. On January 15 a few feathers were found in the back yard and nearby were cat tracks in the snow that fell during the previous night. We had propped up a box to shelter a piece of ground from the snow so that the food could be more comfortably obtained. It may have been an unwise move, for the oriole perhaps spent the night there and was an easy prey for the cat.

"It's too bad. I'd like to have seen how long the bird could have stood

the weather. I don't think he could have survived much longer. In spite of a passing interest in suet and bread, he remained loyal to old pears and that seems rather poor fare for winter, especially when frozen hard and therefore not easy to break up.

"I've since heard that he was seen by two of our neighbors in the same block during about the same period. I doubt that he ranged much farther.

"So that's the end of that story. Why he stayed so late is anybody's guess."

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Banding Events of 1939

By KARL E. BARTEL

ONE OF the most thrilling events of the year was the banding of a Bewick's wren. The bird was first seen building a nest under a water wagon on April 14. The first egg was laid on April 24 and on May 3 seven eggs were found in the nest. I took the mother bird off the nest May 5 and she was given band No. 36-39217. This is the only Bewick's wren to have been banded so far north in Illinois. The news moved fast and on May 16 the eggs were gone. Someone must have collected them. They could not have hatched as the water wagon was taken away every other day for an hour, and sometimes half a day. During this time the bird was off the nest, which very shortly stopped the growth in the eggs. On May 27 a house wren took over the nest but gave it up when a wren house was placed nearby.

I banded my first bob-whites—two of them; also a bittern, the first since 1933. On a trip to Depue, Ill. to band great blue herons I found the water high again, thus accounting for the banding of only twenty-three birds. A bit of luck came my way in finding two bank swallows' banks. In three attempts 136 bank swallows were banded. Only six myrtle warblers were banded this fall as against seventy-eight in the fall of 1938.

During the year two partial albinos were banded: one a fox sparrow with white outer tail feathers, March 30, the other a female bronzed grackle which had the first, second and third primaries and four secondaries of the left wing white. She was given band No. 39-352645. We come upon albino birds quite often. I have had at least fifteen birds in the past seven years that were partial albinos. Melanism was found to have been present on a scarlet tanager in 1936. This bird had the plumage of an adult male but had a solid black cap and yellow wings.

My total of birds banded from January, 1933, to December 31, 1939, is over 12,200. The outstanding totals are as follows: 3,401 slate-colored juncos, 2,757 white-throated sparrows, 716 fox sparrows, 420 robins, 369 olive-backed thrushes, 365 great blue herons, 319 ovenbirds, 314 hermit thrushes, 267 song sparrows, 178 tree sparrows, 161 brown thrashers, 156 redstarts, 145 bronzed grackles, 136 bank swallows, 135 gray-checked thrushes, 131 white-crowned sparrows, 123 myrtle warblers, 118 black-crowned night herons, 113 swamp sparrows, 92 semipalmated sandpipers.

I have banded a grand total of 128 species of birds. Below are listed some rare species I have banded and the number: seven yellow-crowned night herons (the first record of the banding of these birds in Illinois),

1 Baird's sandpiper (banded at Chicago Ridge, Ill.), 1 Wilson's phalarope (banded at Calumet Lake), 5 barn owls (the first to be banded near Chicago), 1 ruby-throated hummingbird, 1 Bewick's wren (the first to be banded in this region), 1 cerulean warbler, 1 Kentucky warbler, 1 Brewster's blackbird, 5 Harris's sparrows, 4 Gambel's sparrows.

Blue Island, Ill.



Three Rare Birds in Jackson Park

By SEYMOUR LEVY

AFTER TRAVELING about Chicago and its suburbs I have found more rare and interesting birds right in Jackson Park than in places less easily reached.

On April 12, 1939, I saw a gull about the size of a Bonaparte. It did not have a black head but had a small stripe of black across its crown and neck. The bill was blackish and the legs were a pinkish-flesh color. The under part of its wings were a slaty-black color. The top end parts of the primaries and secondaries were a shade lighter than the top of the rest of the wings. The tail and nape of the neck were white. After consulting "Birds of Massachusetts" by Forbush, this gull was identified as a European little gull (*Larus minutus*). This rare bird has never to my knowledge been taken in the Chicago region but was identified by Messrs. Dreuth, Nork, and Clark at Montrose harbor in Chicago. This gull was again seen by my brother and Mr. Stein, of the University of Chicago, in its summer plumage when the head is black.

On May 23, 1939, while walking through the Jackson Park Bird Sanctuary, I saw a fairly large heron sunning itself on a dead branch. It had a white belly, throat, head plumes, and under wing coverts. The neck appeared to be a rusty-reddish color while the rest of the body was a slaty-blue. The legs were a greenish-brown. At first I thought it might be an intermediate little blue heron but, on referring to my "Peterson's Field Guide to the Birds," I identified it as an adult Louisiana heron (*Hydranassa tricolor ruficollis*). Although it has never been taken in the Chicago region, it was identified in Starke Co., Indiana, in June 1876. Mr. Smart, manager of the sanctuary, also saw the bird.

On Sept. 9, 1939, I saw another rare gull on a pier off Fifty-Ninth St. I could see the pinkish legs of the Bonaparte gulls but this one didn't seem to have any legs at all. Upon closer observation I found it had blackish legs. When it flew I saw that it had a wide black band across the tail and dark colored wings, and was slightly larger than the Bonapartes. This bird turned out to be a laughing gull (*Larus atricilla*) which is usually found on the Atlantic coast. It was changing from immature to adult plumage, and did not have the dusky breast, but it did have some dark feathers on its head. I called up Mrs. Baldwin, a fellow ornithologist, but the gull had gone before she got there. She did, however, see it about two weeks later on a breakwater off Twelfth St. This bird, also, has never been taken here or, to my information, had never before been seen here.

Chicago, Ill.

Christmas Census 1939

BLUE ISLAND, Cook County, Ill. In vicinity of Blue Island, Oak Hill banding station and fields west of Blue Island, December 22 to January 1. Birds listed below show largest number of individuals seen in one day. Ground bare, Temp. December 22 twenty-eight degrees and going down to two degrees on January 1: 1 shoveller, 9 bob-whites, 1 pheasant, 5 herring gulls, 3 screech owls, 1 hairy woodpecker, 3 downy woodpeckers, 10 blue jays, 1 crow, 5 tufted titmice, 2 white-breasted nuthatches, 1 brown creeper, 1 robin, 2 golden-crowned kinglets, 300 starlings, 75 English sparrows, 5 cardinals, 3 goldfinches, 50 juncos, 4 tree sparrows, 1 fox sparrow. Total 21 species, 416 individuals. Karl E. Bartel and Alfred H. Reuss, Jr.

Joliet, Will County, Ill. Pilcher Park Arboretum, December 25, 12:15 P.M. to 3:30 P.M. Clear, northwest wind, Temp. thirty degrees. Seven miles by auto, four miles on foot: 1 red-shouldered hawk, 1 sparrow hawk, 10 bob-whites, 1 yellow-bellied sapsucker, 1 downy woodpecker, 11 crows, 4 chickadees, 2 golden-crowned kinglets, 3 starlings, 3 tree sparrows. Total 11 species, 37 individuals. This yellow-bellied sapsucker seems to be the only wintering bird since January 19, 1929. Karl E. Bartel and Alfred H. Reuss, Jr.

Orland Park, Cook County, Ill. Orland Wildlife Preserve, December 25, 9:00 A.M. to 12:00 M. Clear, Temp. eighteen degrees, ground bare, west wind. Six miles on foot: 11 mallards, 1 black duck, 1 pintail, 1 red-shouldered hawk, 1 sparrow hawk, 1 herring gull, 60 crows, 6 starlings, 2 English sparrows, 1 cardinal, 70 tree sparrows, 2 swamp sparrows, 1 song sparrow. Total 13 species, 158 individuals. Karl E. Bartel and Alfred H. Reuss, Jr.

Lisle, DuPage County, Ill. Morton Arboretum, December 24, 9:30 A.M. to 4:00 P.M. Northwest wind. Clear. Twenty-five degrees. Six miles on foot: 1 Cooper's hawk, 1 red-tailed hawk, 15 pheasants, 4 downy woodpeckers, 19 crows, 3 chickadees, 2 tufted titmice, 15 golden-crowned kinglets, 4 starlings, 3 English sparrows, 6 cardinals, 22 purple finches, 15 northern pine siskins, 4 goldfinches, 150 juncos, 13 tree sparrows, 1 fox sparrow. Total 17 species, 278 individuals. Chicago Ornithological Society, Karl E. Bartel, Field Chairman.

Lisle, DuPage County, Ill. Morton Arboretum, January 1, 12:00 M. to 4:15 P.M. Northwest wind, clear, cold, nine degrees. Nine miles by auto, four miles on foot: 1 red-shouldered hawk, 1 sparrow hawk, 10 pheasants, 1 screech owl, 1 long-eared owl, 1 hairy woodpecker, 2 downy woodpeckers, 14 crows, 5 chickadees, 1 tufted titmouse, 1 golden-crowned kinglet, 4 starlings, 3 English sparrows, 2 cardinals, 44 purple finches, 28 juncos, 3 tree sparrows, 1 fox sparrow. Total 18 species, 122 individuals. Mrs. Amy G. Baldwin and Karl E. Bartel.

Holland, Ottawa County, Mich. Birds were seen at Iylwild (my home), in Holland, Ottawa Beach (Lake Michigan), and Lake Macatawa (a natural harbor). List shows largest number seen in one day. December 22 to 31. Temperature ranging from fourteen degrees to thirty-eight degrees, with ten inches of snow on the last few days: 5 canvas-back ducks, 500 golden-eyes, 15 old-squaws, 50 readhead ducks, 500 American mergansers, 1

Cooper's hawk, 22 pheasants, 250 herring gulls, 1 kingfisher, 2 hairy woodpeckers, 6 downy woodpeckers, 15 blue jays, 12 chickadees, 3 tufted titmice, 4 white-breasted nuthatches, 25 starlings, 200 English sparrows, 5 cardinals, 1 red-eyed towhee, 50 juncos, 50 tree sparrows. The towhee, a male, came here on the 13th of December and was banded by me on the 22nd of December, and is still here on the 31st. I wonder if this is common up here or whether it is rare. One thousand ducks too far out on the lake to identify. Total 21 species, 1717 individuals. George Kent. (George Kent moved from Blue Island to Holland, Mich.)

Baileytown, Porter County, Ind. At the Friends of our Native Landscape and two and one-half miles of lake front, December 28, 10:00 A.M. to 3:00 P.M. Cloudy, Temp. twenty-five degrees. Seven miles on foot: 1 common loon, 1 sparrow hawk, 1 herring gull, 5 ring-billed gulls, 4 downy woodpeckers, 8 blue jays, 5 crows, 5 chickadees, 1 golden-crowned kinglet, 3 juncos, 35 tree sparrows. Total 11 species, 69 individuals. Mrs. Amy G. Baldwin, Karl E. Bartel and Seymour Levy.

Waukegan, Lake County, Ill. Waukegan Harbor, lake shore north of Waukegan and Public Service pond, December 31, 10:00 A.M. to 3:00 P.M. West wind, clear, Temp. one degree. Seven miles on foot: 1 pied-billed grebe, 48 mallards, 1 green-winged teal, 2 shoveller ducks, 5 ring-necked ducks, 4 canvas-back ducks, 110 lesser scaup ducks, 126 American golden-eyes, 3 hooded mergansers, 500 American mergansers, 15 red-breasted mergansers, 1 sparrow hawk, 2 American coots, 400 herring gulls, 50 ring-billed gulls, 3 blue jays, 8 crows, 2 red-breasted nuthatches, 5 starlings, 18 English sparrows, 8 tree sparrows. Total 21 species, 1310 individuals. Karl E. Bartel, Mrs. Amy G. Baldwin, Alfred H. Reuss, Jr., Frederick C. Labahn, Jr., Jim and Seymour Levy.

New London, Wis. In the town of New London and in the nearby Hatton Park, December 19 and 20. Birds listed below show largest number of individuals seen in one day. Snow and fair weather, the wind was west: — American mergansers, — red-breasted mergansers, 1 marsh hawk, 2 ruffed grouse, 5 ring-necked pheasants, 1 hairy woodpecker, 3 downy woodpeckers, 5 crows, 4 chickadees, 3 white-breasted nuthatches, 5 red-breasted nuthatches, 2 brown creepers, 6 golden-crowned kinglets, 8 English sparrows, 6 tufted titmice, 3 cardinals, 30 evening grosbeaks, 20 common redpolls, 5 northern pine siskins, 20 juncos, 50 tree sparrows, 4 song sparrows. Total 22 species, 183+ individuals. Guy Roderick.

Park Ridge, Cook County, Ill. Along the Desplaines River from three miles south of Higgins Road to Touhy Avenue and over adjacent country, December 26, 7:00 A.M. to 12:15 P.M. Cloudy, ground bare, wind northwest, Temp. twenty-eight degrees min., thirty-two degrees max., about fourteen miles on foot, eight by auto: 1 Cooper's hawk, 1 red-shouldered hawk, 23 pheasants, 1 herring gull, 3 hairy woodpeckers, 21 downy woodpeckers, 1 blue jay (heard), 21 crows, 25 black-capped chickadees, 5 tufted titmice, 5 white-breasted nuthatches, 4 brown creepers, 6 starlings, 26 English sparrows, 1 red-winged blackbird, 16 cardinals, 40 slate-colored juncos, 20 purple finches, 6 goldfinches, 110 tree sparrows, 10 song sparrows. Total 21 species, 346 individuals. Donald P. Duncan.

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The European Starling — Friend or Foe?

By LOUIS G. FLENTGE

SEVERAL EARLY attempts at introducing the starling in this country ended in complete failure. This seems strange when the spread of this bird, once it got a foothold, is known.

A few birds were released in Cincinnati in the winter of 1872-73, and a few more in subsequent years, but no permanent colony was established. An attempt to introduce the bird was made in Quebec in 1875. Seventy birds were released near Portland by the Portland Song Bird Club in 1889 and 1892. The records of the club indicate that a small colony was established from this planting and a few were still to be seen there about 1900. Attempts were made at Central Park, New York; Springfield, Massachusetts; Bay Ridge, New York; Allegheny, Pennsylvania; and Tuxedo Park, New York; but no permanent colony could be established. In 1890 the Portland Song Bird Club liberated forty pairs in New York City. In 1891 forty more pairs were released. Several pairs bred in 1891 from this planting, and by 1895 the bird was fairly common in and around New York City. From then on the spread of this bird is well known to students of ornithology.

In 1900 it was recorded as breeding in western Connecticut and northern New Jersey. By 1910 it was breeding in most of New Jersey, Connecticut, and Rhode Island as well as the lower Hudson River Valley and part of Massachusetts. In 1916 the bird crossed the Allegheny Mountains, and by 1927 had reached as far west as Kansas; as far south as Florida, Alabama and Texas; and as far north as Ontario, Quebec and Nova Scotia, and almost completely covered the Mississippi River Valley.

Even in areas where the starling is a common bird an uncertainty exists as to its identification. The great difference between young and old birds and the change in plumage of the old birds leads to confusion. There are several conspicuous marks of identification and, when known, one will have little difficulty in identifying the bird.

The starling is about eight and one-half inches long, and has a long sharp bill. Throughout the spring to the first of June, the bird is nearly black. By the first of October the bird has completed the molt, and each of the feathers of the head, breast, flanks, and underparts is tipped with white, giving a mottled appearance. The bird at this time is rather handsome with its iridescent reflections of purple, green, blue and bronze. During the winter the white tips of the feathers wear off leaving the bird

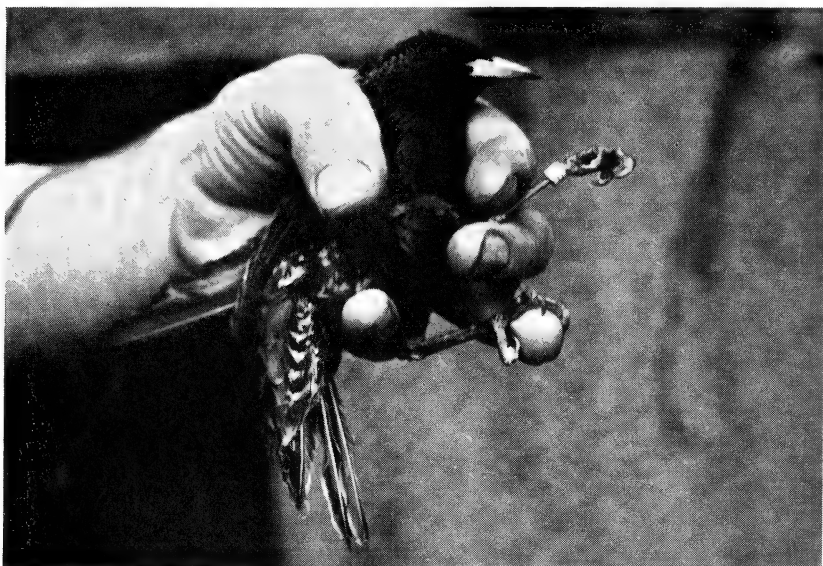


PHOTO BY EARL G. WRIGHT

A banded starling

a dark, nearly black, color. The young are a dark olive-brown until they are through with the molt, which occurs at the same time as the adults.

In flight the starling greatly resembles the purple martin by its habit of sailing along on fixed wings. When searching for food it walks in a zigzag course, stopping only long enough to pick up a bit of food. Although the call notes are anything but musical, the ability of the male starling to mock our native birds is excellent. The male starling is able to mock the bluebird, robin, blue-jay and grackle to perfection, and it is difficult to determine whether or not the song is coming from its proper source.

Early in April the starling prepares for nest building. It is an interesting experience to watch the birds make a thorough investigation of any possible nesting site. Their movements are methodical and no crevice or cranny escapes their utmost scrutiny. For the most part they are partial to human association and may be found nesting almost anywhere. I have found them nesting in bird-boxes, deserted woodpecker holes, under bridges, between the rafters in a barn, inside a house through a hole in the roof, behind window shutters, in a drain tile in the side of a bridge, and in an old tire hanging on a fence. The nest is made up of grass, straw, sticks, string, cloth, wire, feathers and any other material that is available. The pale blue eggs hatch in about thirteen days and the young remain in the nest for about eighteen or twenty days. Two broods of from three to six are raised each year, although occasionally a third brood is attempted but rarely turns out successfully. When the young of the first brood leave the nest they gather in large flocks. Early in September flocks of thousands may be seen in sections where they are common breeders.

At night the birds occupy large roosts in barns, church steeples, dense woods, along the windows of buildings, or under sheds. The establishment of roosts is one of their conspicuous habits. Robins, grackles, and some others occasionally share the roost. Their preference for large shade trees along the city streets, the noise made by the gathering birds in the evening, the early morning noise of departure, coupled with the filth made by thousand of birds confined in a small area, make the roosts a decided nuisance. After the arrival of cold weather the tree roosts are abandoned and the birds seek shelter in buildings, ventilators, open towers, and other protected places. Tens of thousands of birds gather in the trees and buildings in the down-town streets of many of our large cities. Buildings with large sheltering eaves and having protected sills and ledges are particularly attractive to the birds in their attempt to be sheltered from the cold and snow.

A few years ago I found a fair sized roost here in Chicago where there were at least 6,000 birds every night. In the last three years nearly four thousand have been banded at this roost, but because of the disturbance to the birds in the banding work, the number occupying this roost is continually decreasing. On February 11 of this year there were approximately 1,500 birds at the roost, 1187 of which were banded and 239 recorded as returns. Two weeks later only about fifty birds were at the roost, fourteen of which were banded and fifteen recorded as returns. Only four birds banded by others have been taken at this roost. Three of these were banded at Winnetka, Illinois. No report has been received on the other at this time.

The birds that have been frightened away from the roost have found another haven a few miles south under the roofs of open sided sheds. It is rather difficult to capture birds at the new roost, so only one real attempt has been made. At that time a few birds were captured that had been banded at the original roost a few days previous. This tends to prove that the birds move around from one roosting place to another if they are disturbed too much. Last year a few hundred birds were shipped away from Chicago in four different directions to a distance of about 200 miles. A few weeks later several of them were retaken at the roost, several have been found at the place to which they were shipped, and a few were reported on their way back toward Chicago.

More than half of the food of adult starlings is made up of animal matter, including insects, spiders, mollusks, suet and carrion, and in certain seasons this animal matter makes up their entire diet. About half of the insect food consumed is made up of ground beetles and weevils. One bird was found to have eaten forty-nine larvae of the clover-leaf weevil, while another had eaten twenty-six adult clover-leaf weevils along with six other weevils. From August to November grasshoppers form the bulk of the starling's food. Out of 772 stomachs examined during this period, 577 contained grasshoppers. From an agricultural viewpoint the starling with its insect-feeding habits rates with the best of the birds. Many of the most injurious insects are included in the menu and make up the larger part of its yearly food. The food of nestling starlings is principally caterpillars, grasshoppers, beetles and spiders. More than 95% of the food of the nestling is animal matter, largely insects. Cutworms and caterpillars are

especially attractive to the young birds, while crickets also form a good portion of their food.

Unfortunately the starling is rather fond of cherries, and its raids on the cherry crops in June and July make it an enemy of many farmers. Of course, the starling does not consume nearly as many cherries as the robin which consistently eats about twice as much cultivated fruit as the starling. Apples and pears are eaten in small numbers in late winter and early spring. This fruit is undoubtedly waste that has been left on the trees or lying on the ground. Isolated orchards are sometimes attacked by roving flocks of starlings, mostly the young birds that are just out of the nest and attempting to forage for themselves.

For the most part the starling does very little damage to small grain crops. The large flocks of red-winged blackbirds, cowbirds, and grackles that roam the country in the fall when the grain is ripe very often are mistaken for starlings, and it is accused of deeds perpetrated by its associates. Sweet corn, just ready for the market, is sometimes eaten in small amounts by starlings, while the red-wing's food at this time is made up almost entirely of the juicy kernels. Of 2301 starling's stomachs examined only fifty-two contained corn. Stomachs examined throughout the year in various parts of the country showed that corn and small grain makes up only 1.16% of their annual food, while weevils, ground beetles, may beetles, grasshoppers, caterpillars, millipeds, flies, ants and other insects make up 55.68% of the annual food. Animal and vegetable garbage constitute 14.79% of their food, while cultivated fruits make up only 1.75%. Wild fruits make up a rather large portion of their food with 23.86%.



PHOTO BY EARL G. WRIGHT

Removing a starling from a trap for banding

Unfortunately, the hole-nesting habits of the starlings have placed it in competition with native birds of similar nesting habits. Bluebirds, flickers and martins are the birds that are most often molested in their nesting operations. Occasionally, a pair of starlings will attempt to destroy the eggs and young of other birds that are nesting in the near vicinity of the starling's nest. The starlings are particularly fond of annoying the martins and will pull out nesting material and destroy eggs until the martin colony is finally driven away. Young robins are sometimes killed by starlings and occasionally a starling will find its way into a pigeon loft where the young are dragged from their nests and dropped to the floor. Because of the starling's habit of nesting near human habitation its activities in molesting other birds are very often observed. If it were to remain in deep woods many of its bad habits would remain unknown. Many of our native birds are anything but models of perfect ladies and gentlemen of the bird world. Just the mention of a few birds such as the house wren, blue jay, crow and cowbird is enough to make one realize that there are many other birds with equally bad habits.

In most cases the bird student forgets to consider the relative economic value of the starling and the birds that are competitors for breeding sites. The starling as an insect eater is far superior to the robin, flicker, and the English sparrow, while its food habits are fully as favorable as those of the house wren. Only two species that the starling competes with are of greater economic value — the purple martin and the bluebird. Many of the bluebirds have disappeared from the dooryards where they once were common; however, in sections where they are particularly abundant, they have managed to hold their own, and there is little danger that the race will be destroyed. Properly made nest boxes with an opening of $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches in diameter provide a safe nesting site for the bluebird with little danger from depredations by the starling. Flickers and robins are also driven from the vicinity of human habitations, but they also may find safety in the deep woods where the starling goes less frequently. On the whole, the acts of vandalism on the part of the starling are so occasional that the effect is negligible. As the country becomes more thickly settled the increasing scarcity of nesting sites available to hole-nesting species becomes apparent. Various projects designed to clean up our woods and forests, making them glorified picnic grounds, are particularly hard on them. Bird students may furnish ample facilities in the shape of nest boxes that will help to restore the balance of nature. It is a comparatively easy matter for those who wish to reduce the local breeding population of the starling to equip several nest boxes with a simple trap device.

Although a number of methods have been employed, the removal of objectionable tree roosts is an extremely hard task. Continual disturbance about the roost when the birds are coming in for the night will force them to re-establish the roost at some other point in the near vicinity. The use of shotguns, if permitted by local police, is quite effective. The frightening effect of the gun fire, coupled with misfortune visible to other members of the flock, is usually sufficient to cause the birds to move on. In places where the use of shotguns is forbidden, satisfactory results have been obtained through the use of powerful Roman candles. Bells, horns, lights,

and a stream from a fire hose have been used with some success. Serious thought must be given to removing the birds from a roost. Persistent application of any method will usually give satisfactory results.

The use of toxic gases for removing objectionable roosts is not recommended. A dose of one-third the human lethal dose or greater is necessary to give good results. This means that at the point of release, the amount of gas released would be far above the amount necessary to kill human beings. Furthermore, gas clouds are subject to air currents once they are released and might prove to be extremely dangerous to human beings, both in the near vicinity and at some distance. In buildings where toxic gases can be confined and controlled, it is possible to use them to good advantage. Only persons familiar with the use and handling of gas should attempt any fumigation. Because the food of the starling is largely insects, it is rather difficult to poison them. Poison placed in garbage heaps where starlings feed during the winter may result in the death of many gulls that also feed on the garbage when the lakes are frozen over. A few birds can be trapped. Most bird-banders capture a few starlings each year; however, the small number taken, if destroyed, make very little impression in the starling population.

Because of the strong, gamy flavor of the starling's flesh they are not readily recommended for food. For those who care to try them the following procedure is recommended. If the breasts of these birds are soaked in a soda and salt solution for twelve hours and then parboiled in fresh water, they may be used in a meat pie that will compare with a pie made from the breasts of blackbirds, sparrows and possibly "breast of snow-bird."

CONCLUSION

The starling is either beneficial to man or of a neutral character from an economic standpoint. The endless hours they spend in searching for insects far outweighs the damage to crops or the molesting of other birds. The United States Department of Agriculture feels that the influence of the starling in this country, in moderate numbers, is decidedly beneficial. The large number of beetles, weevils, cutworms, and grasshoppers that it destroys shows it to be more energetic than many of our protected native birds. The flocking habits of the starling together with its general increase in abundance have caused an insistent demand for a curtailment in numbers. A certain amount of damage is inflicted to cherries, other small fruits, a few garden vegetables, and late fruit and corn. It is also the direct cause of the disappearance of many birds from the dooryard. The factor of over-abundance seems to be the cause of most of the starling's bad habits rather than actual tendencies toward doing harm. Local control campaigns where the bird is decidedly a nuisance is the logical procedure rather than wholesale slaughter without due consideration of the economic value of the bird.

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Many Birds Are Here in Winter

By REVEREND GEORGE M. LINK,

Naturalist, Pere Marquette State Park

IN THREE different all-day hikes conducted the last week of December in the Pere Marquette State Area near Grafton, Illinois, a pretty good census of the winter birds for this region was finally obtained. Not often is so thorough a census made at this season. Summer lists are frequent, winter



PHOTO BY JOHN H. GERARD

*Rev. George M. Link (center) and party in
Pere Marquette State Park*

lists that cover certain groups of birds have been made, but rare it is that a nearly complete study of the birds is made in the dead of winter.

Such a counting of birds could as easily be made in any of the large State Parks of Illinois. Since all are advantageously located and include in their territory many different types of landscapes and habitat, they are apt to have as remarkable a count as this one at Pere Marquette.

Few people indeed realize the wealth of bird-life in winter time. So many stay indoors and shiver at the white sheet of snow over everything and forget that a special Providence is looking after the little ones outdoors. True some of the woods creatures fare badly in cold weather. We picked up a black-crowned night heron yesterday on our hike that was so emaciated it died in our hands. One leg was an angry red color from frostbite or

gangrene, and perhaps sickness killed it rather than cold. Anyway it was 'way past the time when herons should be here though great blues are seen occasionally, and it must have had a bad time.

Yet ten to one, so long as an animal finds food or can doze away, it does not suffer even in sub-zero weather. We saw a little bird apparently hanging as if in distress, a foot caught in a weed, we thought, upside down. Said I, is it starved? But when we came up to it it flew off with a saucy "dew-dew-dew" and flirited its tail in great, good spirits. It was simply getting an extra bite to eat from a spear of weed hard to get at. 'Twas a snowbird, junco the books call him, and nothing at all was wrong with him.

As people travel along the highway they see flocks of these and other birds busily feeding in the tire tracks. What the birds find, God knows: sometimes grain is scattered there, though it ought to be distributed farther away. When their feet get cold they squat awhile to relieve the pain, then proceed to fill up some more. Seldom are they identified for what they are. There may be flocks of horned larks among them, cousins of the skylark of Europe; they may be tree sparrows, they may be starlings. The important point is they are not all just one kind of bird, "sparrow." Along the fence will be a song sparrow or two, and rarely a field sparrow; in lower ground a swamp sparrow; in low woods white-throated sparrows, those aristocrats of the sparrow tribe, or fox sparrows.

Then when you reach a well-kept farm, or rather if you get around to the pig-pen and fodder yard you find many other kinds. Red-winged blackbirds, twenty — thirty at a time will be there, and some rusty blackbirds from the north, and one or two common blackbirds which the books call bronzed grackles. Alas a lot of European birds will be there too, the European starling, which looks like a stub-tailed blackbird, and the pestiferous house or English sparrow which isn't a sparrow at all, that is, does not belong in the family of sparrows and true finches but in an African and Australian outfit known as weaver finches and waxbills. A third European interloper, the European tree sparrow, is seen only around St. Louis where it was released back in 1890. It resembles the house sparrow both in appearance and habits, and at least two colonies have been established in our area.

Other kinds also mingle freely with the hogs and cows at this larking time of year. The mourning dove so gentle and dainty, in appearance at least, will get terrifically wrought up over some spilled corn or even a scrap of meat. We counted twenty on one fence wire waiting for the farmer to feed his cattle. Cardinals, of all things, drop down in the mud and juncos and native sparrows have a gay time, too, at the trough.

Back in a protected place near the custodian's residence is a famous feeding place called Birds' Breakfast Room. It is next door to their sleeping quarters and serves very well to fill up their craws before the day's work. Since suet is served up to them and mixed with grain and seeds, hordes of birds are attracted. Bobwhite whirr up as you approach and pheasants are not above paying a hasty call. Titmice, chickadees, nut-hatches, downy and hairy woodpeckers, they all come trouping in along with a terrified brown creeper, or a golden-crowned kinglet, though the latter does not get down to the feed-tray. It is here that a family of

mockingbirds has taken to staying and the bluebirds come also, and pine finches and goldfinches, the former only as rare winter visitants.

Best of all haunts for winter birds, however, is down by the water. Wherever a warm hole in the ice can be found near the mouth of a creek or at a spring, strange things go on. You may see twenty-five blue jays all at once disporting in the snow. Red-bellied woodpeckers drop down for a wee drop. Even a lone killdeer may be sighted, or a Wilson's snipe, though this year we saw neither. Their place is taken by several kinds of blackbirds wading out and lifting water-soaked leaves in gingerly fashion to catch scuds and water insects. At six in the morning with temperature down to 0° flat, many birds can be caught at their bath!

Then in open places in the river, rafts of ducks will be seen, resting from migration or dipping or diving for food as is their custom. Coots, called mudhens, are sometimes with them, while overhead weave back and forth from place to place, or in migration, other hordes of ducks or geese



PHOTO BY JOHN H. GERARD

The Birds' Dining Room

or gulls. With them, trying to feed on stranded fish, will be an eagle or two, believe it or not. A couple of cormorants may warm themselves in the sun.

But last and choicest of all places to hunt in is a deep swamp woods. We entered such a paradise this past week, with its hidden stillness and quiet nooks, but also with the rustle and music of many song birds in it,

full as it was of fruited trees, berried shrubs, loaded vines and seeded flower stalks. Winter does not reign here but a kind of perpetual twilight springtide. The birds are in finest fettle, feeling as proud of their domain as though they owned it. Dozens of red-headed woodpeckers chase hundreds of other birds from the hunting quarters. When a great to-do among bluebirds was heard it was found they were protesting the presence of yellow-bellied sapsuckers among their favorite winterberry or deciduous holly. Such pretty anger was gorgeous to see. Rollicking Carolina wrens sing every bit as vigorously as in March, but robins, dozens of them, were hardly behind with their voices. Song sparrows sang lyrics now and then, and tufted titmice whistled bravely. It is here too that we heard pileated woodpeckers, those crow-sized, shy, wild spirits of the tall timber.

In places like these your ordinary hiker seldom ventures. They are treacherous, wet marshes, and the recent ice formed over the water holes only serves to lure several of us on each trip to break through and get wet — up perhaps as high as the knees. So, because folks seldom venture where the birds lurk in winter they won't believe you when you say you have been in a never-never land just across the river where life is rich and abundant. Robins in winter? Bluebirds? No, that is hardly believable. And next week they will go on feeling that the birds are all gone in winter. Listen awhile as we relate the sum total of these wintry expeditions into a wonderland of birds. Over forty different kinds were seen in the one tract alone, yet other tracts like it are all over the state. The number of individual birds was some 600 at least. It was here we heard lispig cedar waxwings, busy swallowing whole red haws from the green haw tree. Flickers were berrying too, but on hackberry trees. And thrushes, if you please, two hermit thrushes, at least, minded not the season at all, while they could get wild grapes and inkberries. Had we looked longer we might have seen a catbird as the Nature League at Springfield did when they made their Christmas census.

All in all eighty-one different kinds of winged creatures were identified. This takes in nearly every bird except rare winter visitants which come when the snow stays long enough. The count tots up to 11,095. Some thirty-five persons took part in the toll, including Pere Marquette Nature Leaguers, Graftonites and members of the St. Louis Bird Club. Taking advantage of the example and work of the Illinois Natural History Survey, they were able to enjoy several unforgettable jaunts in the snow, and do a worthwhile job at the same time.

The list herewith follows. It is affidavited, notary publicized and inventoried to the hilt. Let no unbeliever cast his eyes over it, for he will be but strengthened in his unbelief. But let "men of good will" peruse it; and then go out in the gloriously bitter cold of winter and find in like manner what "was seen of so many."

Four double-crested cormorants, 1 black-crowned night heron, 200 (est.) Canada geese, 3000 (est.) mallards, 300 (est.) black ducks, 6 gadwalls, 9 baldpates, 3 pintails, 30 blue-winged teal, 12 green-winged teal, 8 shovelers, 5 wood ducks, 400 (est.) ring-necked ducks, 3 canvas-backs, 37 scaup ducks, 58 American golden-eyes, 20 American mergansers, 1 red-breasted merganser, 3 sharp-shinned hawks, 2 Cooper's hawks, 7 red-tailed hawks,

2 red-shouldered hawks, 1 American rough-legged hawk, 12 bald eagles, 5 marsh hawks, 1 pigeon hawk, 16 sparrow hawks, 45 bobwhites, 2 ring-necked pheasants, 4 coots, 1 killdeer (plover), 56 herring gulls, 73 ring-billed gulls, 12 rock doves, 48 mourning doves, 12 screech owls, 5 great horned owls, 4 barred owls, 8 kingfishers, 6 flickers, 1 pileated woodpecker, 15 red-bellied woodpeckers, 232 red-headed woodpeckers, 3 yellow-bellied sapsuckers, 16 hairy woodpeckers, 55 downy woodpeckers, 75 prairie horned larks, 3 northern horned larks, 83 blue jays, 300 crows, 22 black-capped chickadees, 23 tufted titmice, 10 white-breasted nuthatches, 5 brown creepers, 11 Carolina wrens, 4 mockingbirds, 33 robins, 2 hermit thrushes, 130 bluebirds, 3 golden-crowned kinglets, 4 migrant shrikes, 600 starlings, 1500 house sparrows, 26 European tree sparrows, 55 meadowlarks, 130 red-wings, 30 rusty blackbirds, 10 bronzed grackles, 400 (est.) cardinals, 3 purple finches, 37 goldfinches, 2000 juncos, 800 tree sparrows, 12 field sparrows, 12 white-throated sparrows, 3 swamp sparrows, 17 song sparrows.

In the winter of 1939, 2 golden eagles were seen, so also a flock of pine siskins, a single killdeer and a Wilson's snipe.

Grafton, Illinois, January 10, 1940



WARREN O. CLARKE, a farmer living near Edinburgh, Indiana, reports that he found a screech owl attacking his hens during the zero weather last winter. More than half a dozen hens had been found dead when one night, hearing a commotion in the barn, he went out to investigate and in a trough he found a hen struggling with a screech owl attached to its head and drinking its blood. The owl did not loosen its hold and he carried both to the house. He supposed that the long continued cold weather had made food so scarce that the owl was starving.



A CAPACITY audience of members and guests of the Society had the pleasure on the evening of March 18 of hearing a lecture by Dr. Alfred M. Bailey entitled "Where Falls the Yellowstone." He told us of the birds, animals and flowers of the Rocky Mountains in summer and winter, and illustrated his talk with beautiful color movies. Dr. Bailey is director of the Colorado Museum of Natural History, was a former director of the Chicago Academy of Sciences, and is an honorary member of our Society.



ON THE evening of April 22, the Society presented a lecture by Dr. Arthur A. Allen of Cornell University entitled "Birds of America." Several reels of kodachrome film took us through portions of Georgia, Florida, Louisiana, Texas, California, and Yellowstone and Glacier Parks. The object of the expedition was the recording of the calls and songs of many species of birds, some of them rare and in one case the first reported nesting in the United States. Between reels these sound records were given, accompanied by stills of the birds recorded. The lecture room of the Academy was taxed to overflowing by the audience which came to see and hear the splendid records which had been secured by Dr. Allen.

13
1940

Field Trip to Havana

THE RESPONSE to the notice of a meeting to be held at Havana, Illinois, and the letter which followed giving the program, was very gratifying to the committee who had planned this new activity of our Society. As we appeared on the north side of the Courthouse Square, we were greeted by Dr. Frison and directed to the landing stage on the river front. Our party made a capacity load for the *Anax*, the laboratory boat of the Illinois State Natural History Survey and, while awaiting the word to cast off, old acquaintances were renewed and many new ones made. A number of Dr. Frison's staff and the officers of the Illinois Audubon Society were introduced to the party and then each of those present rose and gave his name and residence.



PHOTO BY EARL G. WRIGHT

*The Anax, laboratory boat of the Illinois State
Natural History Survey*

The trip up the river gave a chance to look at many of the water birds at fairly close quarters. A view from the top of the levee showed how a great deal of land which had been covered by water is now under cultivation. The waste grain here is a source of much food for the migrating ducks and geese which at times reach an estimated total of 500,000 birds. Another stop was made at Chautauqua Lake where other conditions were disclosed. This area was at one time drained but was again inundated when a levee broke, and is now a federal waterfowl refuge. Returning to Havana, we were shown the headquarters of the local branch of the U. S. Biological Survey which is co-operating whole-heartedly with the Illinois Natural History Survey of which Dr. T. H. Frison is Chief.

The ladies of the First Baptist Church served a chicken dinner Saturday evening and Prof. Eifrig took this occasion to express our appreciation of all that the Survey staff were doing to make the meeting a success. Dr. A. S. Hawkins outlined the life of a waterfowl research worker through the year, with particular emphasis on their efforts to restore the wood duck, and illustrated his talk with lantern slides. Suitable natural cavities are not now readily found and they have placed some 350 nesting boxes in various localities, about three-fourths of which were occupied by wood ducks. In one area where twenty boxes were placed, nineteen were taken. A tree in the square in the village of Bath, directly opposite the bank, has been the nesting place of wood ducks for fourteen consecutive years. Dr. Hawkins' remarks were highly entertaining and instructive and he answered many questions from the audience. Two reels of moving pictures of wild animal and bird life completed a most enjoyable evening.

Eight o'clock on Sunday morning found the group again gathering near the courthouse and the route this time led us south to the town of Bath, where we saw the tree of which Dr. Hawkins had told us the evening before, and then to another area of marsh and open water where more of the life of the region was seen. The cavalcade then headed back to the laboratory of the Illinois Natural History Survey on the shore of Quiver Creek. A hike along the levee led to the duck traps, but the ducks chose to be the only ones that did not co-operate and the banding traps were empty. A hike in the opposite direction took us to the fish traps, four of which were pulled and some 3,000 fish of about fifteen different species were examined, displayed and released.

Each member of the group had provided himself with a box lunch before starting out and as a final act of courtesy and generosity, the staff of the Survey provided fried fish and coffee for everybody. The day ended with but one common expression that the trip had been an unqualified success.

A composite list of the birds seen shows the following: pied-billed grebe, double-crested cormorant, great blue heron, common Canada goose, mallard, black duck, gadwall, baldpate, American pintail, green-winged teal, blue-winged teal, shoveller, wood duck, redhead, ring-necked duck, lesser scaup duck, bufflehead, ruddy duck, red-breasted merganser, red-tailed hawk, red-shouldered hawk, broad-winged hawk, marsh hawk, duck hawk, sparrow hawk, greater prairie chicken, bobwhite, ring-necked pheasant, American coot, killdeer, Wilson's snipe, eastern solitary sandpiper, greater yellow-legs, lesser yellow-legs, pectoral sandpiper, least sandpiper, herring gull, ring-billed gull, eastern mourning dove, eastern belted kingfisher, flicker, red-bellied woodpecker, yellow-bellied sapsucker, hairy woodpecker, downy woodpecker, phoebe, horned lark, prairie horned lark, tree swallow, bank swallow, barn swallow, purple martin, blue jay, crow, black-capped chickadee, tufted titmouse, brown creeper, Carolina wren, catbird, brown thrasher, robin, wood thrush, bluebird, ruby-crowned kinglet, migrant shrike, starling, English sparrow, eastern meadowlark, red-wing, bronzed grackle, cowbird, cardinal, purple finch, goldfinch, red-eyed towhee, junco, tree sparrow, field sparrow, white-throated sparrow, fox sparrow, swamp sparrow, song spar-

row. An eagle was seen but at too great a distance to be definitely identified. Red-headed woodpeckers were very common.

Those present who registered were: Melwood Arthur Berry, J. M. Buese, H. Van Collei, Alton, Ill.; Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Barood, Berwyn, Ill.; Francis X. Lueth, Champaign, Ill.; Leona Draheim, Minnie M. Newton, Millicent Stebbins, Harriet A. Egger, Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Urbain, Frank O. Connor, Doris A. Plapp, Caryl D. Gustafson, James W. Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. C. O. Decker, Earl G. Wright, Mr. and Mrs. Walter L. Necker, Chicago, Ill.; James Schuyler, Earl A. White, Margery Scott, Mrs. Florence White,



PHOTO BY EARL G. WRIGHT

Some of the party about to board the Anax

R. C. Thomason, Decatur, Ill.; Louis G. Flentge, Desplaines, Ill.; Myrtle E. Hammonds, Dwight, Ill.; Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Langdon, Donald F. Hauser, Evanston, Ill.; Harold Ault, Harold Vernon Ault, Mavis Ann Ault, Fiatt, Ill.; Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Stofor, Glen Ellyn, Ill.; Rev. George M. Link, Grafton, Ill.; Horner L. Bradley, Havana, Ill.; Mrs. Ethel Schuyler, Macon, Ill.; Ferd Luthu, James H. Sedgwick, Peoria, Ill.; C. W. G. Eifrig, River Forest, Ill.; Ruth M. Woods, Charlotte A. Dubois, Lois Hopwood, Mrs. Guy Bonnie, Mr. and Mrs. Elmer H. Baum, Mrs. Charles R. Talbott, Beatrice Hopwood, Edith A. Sutton, Ivah E. Moore, Mrs. Irene Skinner, Springfield, Ill.; A. S. Hawkins, R. E. Yeatter, Urbana, Ill.

The directors of the Illinois Audubon Society have for some time been considering the question of holding meetings at various places in the state and are very much gratified at the showing made at this, the first of a series they purpose holding at dates to be announced later. They desire to express their great appreciation of the help of Dr. T. H. Frison and his entire staff in making this meeting one which we shall long remember.

Some Dunes Reminiscences

By LILLIAN CRAMP

ALL WINTER we had birds at our feeding shelf. The colorful blue jays, who brought all their friends, and the cardinals, five or six at a time. There were always downy and hairy woodpeckers, and some winters, depending upon the acorn crop, red-headed woodpeckers. One year we had a red-bellied woodpecker, but he was a rare visitor. A pair of nuthatches were regular and quarrelsome boarders. Chickadees and tufted tits were our favorites because they were such friendly little things. Juncos stayed all winter, though they were often so frozen that they could not stand on their feet but they soon thawed out after a breakfast of millet seed, and fought like little imps among themselves. The tree sparrows seldom came to the shelf. They preferred weed seeds. They sang and twittered, as happy and sweet natured as the juncos were unpleasant. A covey of quail came every morning, single file up the path. They sat down and ate steadily, as chickens do, to the consternation of the jays.

We saw other winter visitors such as pine siskins and redpolls. Some winters a flock of Bohemian waxwings was in the orchard. Often a small flock of cedar waxwings stayed through the winter. There was an Arctic three-toed woodpecker along the woods trail. He made as much noise as a man with an axe! He was another rare visitor.

We always felt better acquainted with our winter birds but we looked forward to the coming of the spring birds with longing. The first bluebird, the first meadowlark were events. The second day of March was our date for the first meadowlark. We expected to hear his loud song when we got off the South Shore train at Baileytown on that date, and we usually did. In the days before the new highways were built and before the swamps were drained and burned, there were interesting birds to be seen from the train windows all the way from Miller. There were coots walking jerkily among the reeds or swimming equally jerkily in the shallow water. Grebes, or helldivers as we called them, disappeared under the water as our train rattled by. Flocks of red-winged blackbirds swung on the cattails, showing their scarlet epaulets, singing "o-ka-lee-ah." There was always a kingfisher hanging expectantly over the water, and always a few black terns.

From the train to Oak Hill Lane we walked the track and watched for birds. Besides meadowlarks, we were likely to hear the soft "dearie" of bluebirds and see a flash of heavenly blue. There were chipping sparrows, vesper sparrows, house wrens, purple martins and to our dismay, in later years, starlings! At the entrance to Oak Hill Lane, which was high meadow ground, there would be field sparrows and indigo buntings and, farther along, dickcissels and song sparrows. We often heard the insect buzz of the short-billed marsh wren and stood still to search him out on the top of a weed. At the swampy end of the Lane we were sure to hear the long-billed marsh wren and, if we were quick enough, we might see him drop down into the cattails. A sora rail was one of our favorites and we listened from afar for his odd laughing note. The American bittern liked this swampy corner too. Sometimes he kept perfectly still looking as

much as possible like a stump. Again he flew trailing his long green legs behind. The tiny Maryland yellow-throats peered at us from bushes along the way, or sat boldly on the wires of the fence and sang "witch-i-ty." Sometimes one added an extra note making it "witch-i-tee-ah." There were sure to be some red-wings "o-ka-leeing" from the tree tops at the edge of the swamp and one time bobolinks sang from the fence posts. There were three of them evidently having some sort of test of musicianship. We stood almost breathless listening to as fine a concert as we had ever heard.

In the edge of the woods fox sparrows, white-throated sparrows and chewinks scratched among the leaves. Sometimes they stopped to sing and each song had its own distinctive charm. It was hard to say "This is my favorite song," but the sparrows are a family of great singers. The trail wound through the woods for a mile and each section had its bird life. The first part, where maples, tupelos and oaks came down to the edge of a peat bog which was then all great white pines, was a favorite place for warblers. There were woodpeckers, downy, hairy, red-head, flicker and sapsucker. Some beat a tattoo on a dead branch, others noisily told the world that spring had come. Flicker's "wick-up" could be heard half a mile. Sapsucker was more quiet but busy making rows of neat little holes in the trees of his choice.

There were great patches of bird-foot violets in one sandy valley. Up the slopes beyond, the ground was white with phlox. Here the mourning doves built their early nests on the ground, with only a few broken branches for protection. Later in the year they built in low trees. In a valley near the lake was an old hollow tree where the great horned owl had his nest. We seldom saw him during the day but at night he came out to hunt and his hunting call was a terrifying thing. Screech owls lived in a deep ravine back of us. Whip-poor-wills sang all night moonlight nights, just outside our windows. Ruffed grouse nested in the ravine, and the mother made the chicks hide when we came upon them. Chickadees stayed with us all summer, even building a nest in one of the feeding boxes. A wretched little wren destroyed the eggs and made enemies for life of our household! During the summer the cardinal nested near the cabin. We had prairie warblers winging their flute-like song from a dead perching tree at our window. Red-eyed vireo built his dainty nest in a small oak tree near by and wood pewee nested and sang his cool woodsy song all summer long. His, and red-eyed vireo's songs seem to go right on through moulting.

There were many other birds, catbirds, thrashers, thrushes, all the warblers, tanagers, orioles, swallows. One of the loveliest experiences was the song of a wood thrush just at dusk; and another was the song of a field sparrow in the middle of the night.

Fort Lauderdale, Fla.

The Illinois Audubon Society

was organized in 1897 for the study and protection of bird life. The Society disseminates facts relating to the importance of bird life and strives to increase interest in forest preserves, state parks, wild life refuges, and every movement concerned with the enforcement of State and Federal laws relative to birds. You are earnestly invited to join us in the work which demands the most thoughtful efforts of our people.



MEMBERSHIP FEES ARE AS FOLLOWS:

<i>Active members</i>	\$2.00 annually
<i>Contributing members</i>	\$5.00 annually
<i>Sustaining members</i>	\$25.00
<i>Life members</i>	\$100.00
<i>Benefactors</i>	\$500.00
<i>Patrons</i>	\$1000.00

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Nesting Habits and Behavior of Bell's Vireo

By A. DAWES DUBOIS

WHILE EXPLORING an old orchard in Logan County, in central Illinois, on the 4th of June, 1913, I heard a strange song issuing from an apple tree near the edge of a raspberry patch. The small singer was gleaning its food from the twigs and leaves. The field glass made manifest an iris so dark as to be indistinguishable from the black pupil. In short, my new acquaintance turned out to be *Vireo belli belli*.

Next morning both the singer and his mate were present, and by watching them I found their nest in the raspberries. One twig of the supporting fork was broken, so that the nest was hanging by only one edge. It still held four eggs, which the vireo was incubating despite their perilous situation. On the ground beneath was the empty shell of a cowbird's egg, about one-third of which had been broken away at the larger end. The nest was evidently doomed to failure, so I removed it.

The birds remained in the vicinity, the male continuing in song, as observed on the 11th and 13th of June. By the 21st of July, forty-six days after the removal of the first nest, these vireos had a family of well grown youngsters on the wing. The young were in the apple trees glean- ing most of their own food, but while I was watching, one of them was fed by a parent, whereupon it fluttered its wings delightedly. Their father was still in song.

I had no further opportunity to observe this species in Illinois until 1922. On the 17th of June I came upon a Bell's vireo talking in his intense manner from his station in an oak tree at the side of a road in the outskirts of Springfield. The next day I found the nest, apparently just completed, in one of the bushes of a thicket beyond the oak, and both birds of the pair were then in the vicinity. The male on this occasion accompanied his singing with a nervous fluttering of wings and tail. His mate remained very quiet and watchful. Ten days later I seated myself under a bush thirty feet from the nest. The male sang his customary song from a bush behind me, and also a squeaky gabble I had not previously heard. He delivered some interrogative sentences, and, in addition, used notes like the scolding notes of a wren. From a twig above he took a green larva half an inch long. Subsequent observations showed that the nest remained unused; it appeared that this bird had lost his mate.

BEHAVIOR AT NEST

In 1923 I heard a Bell's vireo in the same general locality, a tract of waste land north of the city of Springfield. Returning on the morning of the 1st of July, I found the bird singing in a large, bushy wild crab, in a strip of dense thicket close to a road. As this bush seemed to be his headquarters, from which to announce squatter's rights, I crawled under it and soon was examining a nest and one egg. His mate did not appear. I withdrew to a place in the open and sat down to watch developments. The vireo



Wrecked nest of Bell's vireo which had not been abandoned

spent much of his time in the nest bush, and usually, while at home, kept up his seemingly irate conversation. To human ears he might have been scolding his spouse, who was always silent, telling her repeatedly what a mess she had made of their affairs and then asking in emphatic and incensed tones how she expected him to live with her any longer. But to her ears I suppose this was all very charming. Occasionally the male flew away, but he soon returned to sing in the home bush or one near by.

There was no bird at the nest when I came within sight of it at 7:00 o'clock on the morning of the 6th, nor had there been any singing as I approached. Soon after I had entered my hiding place under the bushes near the nest the vireo began to sing in the nest bush. After he had continued for some time I caught a glimpse of the female, but she did not utter a sound or go near the nest. Finally the male slipped into the nest,

which now contained three eggs, and all was quiet. A little later, when I arose from my sitting position, the bird was quickly off and singing for dear life from nearby branches. I crept back to my place; soon the song ceased and in the same moment the bird was slipping into the nest again. Once more, after a short wait, I moved, and this time succeeded in seeing the bird leave the nest and immediately begin to sing.

The next morning at 7:00 I walked across the road toward the nesting place. Again all was quiet until I had entered the thicket. Then the singing began in rather short declarative sentences—the bird did not ask so many questions when I was near his nest. The nest could not be seen more than ten feet off, and no bird was on it when I arrived at that distance, but after I had been quiet for a time the female came stealthily and slipped quickly into the nest, facing northwest, which was toward the junction of branchlets forming the fork from which the nest was hung. Her mate, who had continued his singing, moved to another bush not far away and sang for a few minutes longer. I attempted to creep closer; this caused the female to leave quickly but silently. I waited again, this time within five feet of the nest, and occasionally saw the female watching me, but she could not bring up her courage to the point of entering the nest. Meanwhile the male sang and watched from different points, sometimes near the ground, sometimes in the top of the bush. Once, while in the tree-top he drooped his tail and spread it like a fan, at the same time singing—his throat vibrating: altogether a very pretty pose. The tail feathers were thus shown to be about even. When his mate was near he sang his series of up-and-down squeaks. A little later, while he was singing this unusual gabble, the female came quietly to the edge of the nest, and with a quick hop which turned her almost about face in the air, jumped into it so that her body was instantly hidden, leaving only her head and tail visible above the rim. She faced northwest as before. The male had a way of preening quite industriously during the short interval between songs. He wasted none of his spare moments—or was this his trick for holding the attention of trespassers upon himself, or merely a habitual nervous reaction?

Again on the morning of the 10th, at 7:15, I stopped on the road about fifty yards away. The vireo was singing at that time but he stopped a few minutes later. Before I had reached my observing station under the bushes the bird in the nest had left it and the male was singing again. His behavior was about as previously described, though there was none of his squeaky gabble. As before, he preened his feathers, especially on the breast, between passages of song. After some time the female hopped quickly and quietly into the nest. I moved closer; she "sat tight" for a few moments and then suddenly slipped away into a clump of blackberry briars nearby, from which, for the first time, she uttered a series of alarm or scolding notes. The scolding was repeated from the upper part of the nest bush.

My next visit was a short one, on the evening of the 12th, beginning at 6:50. The sitting bird slipped away unseen. Both birds moved about through the dense foliage but there was no singing; it was cloudy and probably too late in the day for song. As I reached the nest one of them

scolded a few times with a series of guttural *chur* notes. After both had watched for a few minutes from various places, never in plain sight, one of them entered the nest, first perching on its northwest edge, then hopping to the east edge and into the nest facing northwest. While sitting it moved its head slightly but frequently up and down.

The next evening I was present from 7:00 until 7:20, when the sun was setting. By softly whistling a little tune as I crawled to my place I succeeded in allaying the bird's fears so that she stayed in her nest; afterwards she even allowed me much closer than usual before she finally left. The mate was neither seen nor heard.

During an hour in the afternoon of the 14th (3:45 to 4:45) the bird left and returned two or three times. Once she flew quickly down into the briars, and a few moments later I realized that a black and white cat was watching me from a distance of two or three rods. No doubt the bird had seen the cat approaching and had left to avoid betraying the presence of the nest. I drove the cat away. During one of the absences of the female her mate came twice to examine the eggs and once got into the nest, but was quickly off again. While at the nest he swallowed something he had brought in his bill. He was not so quick or agile as his mate in entering the nest, but both birds always faced in the same direction, toward the union of the fork. When the female was in the nest there was noticeable a slight, regular up and down motion of her head, which I attributed to her breathing. She was ever alert, frequently lifting her head a little higher above the rim to look over, especially if some sound or motion called for investigation. If I moved she watched me but she seemed fairly assured so long as I kept seven or eight feet away. During this afternoon hour I was serenaded only sparingly. The vireo sang sometimes but his musical sentences were detached. Once he sang at some distance from home.

Two of the eggs, which had remained intact through the 15th, hatched before 7:00 P.M. of the 16th and the parents were sitting more closely than usual. The remaining egg had grayed and darkened.

The next evening, at 6:10, there was no trace of the unhatched egg in the nest or on the ground. One of the naked nestlings was on its back. A parent brought a very small green delicacy (larva?), held in the tip of the bill, gave it to the young, and then examined and watched the nestlings for a few moments before entering the nest to brood. Two minutes later this bird left and the other came with a small brownish insect, gave it to a nestling, and brooded for six or seven minutes. The latter parent, which I took to be the mother, showed some white margins on the tail while sitting in the nest, and had a way of erecting the feathers on its forehead and crown when feeding and brooding. The other parent did not erect the head feathers or show white margins; but its folded tail appeared slightly indented when sitting, due to slight separation of the central feathers. Soon after the one had left, the other brought food and brooded until I was preparing to leave, which was about fifteen minutes later. Upon disturbing the nest while the parent was off, I heard the scolding, wrenlike, *chur*. The male did not sing during my thirty-minute stay. Both parents, when brood-

ing, were very watchful of all around them, including the flies and other insects that flew near.

On the morning of July 22, when the young were five and a half days old, the comings and goings of the vireos were recorded in detail from 6:50 until 8:34 A.M. The notes for this sample of home life follow:

6:50 A.M. Observer arrives; there was no singing during his approach or while he was examining the young.

6:55 — Male(?) bird came to nest and looked at the young.

6:58 — Female(?) came to nest with a small green larva and gave it to one of the young.

7:00 — The male began to sing in the nesting bush, but his singing was not continuous.

7:05 — Female(?) brought a green larva about one-half inch long and gave it to the young; a moment later she took excrement and swallowed it.

7:10 — The female approached, without "churring", carrying a larger brownish or fuscous larva; but at a little distance from the nest she decided to swallow this herself. The male was singing elsewhere.

7:12 — One of the parents came back, but I was writing and failed to see whether or not he fed the young.

7:22 — The female came "churring" and fed a small brown mass to the young, examined them repeatedly, first with one eye and then the other, and flew away. A moment later the male sang a measure of his song from a position about thirty inches directly above the nest, and looked down carefully into it from that position.

7:29 — One of the birds came quietly to look at the young; then got into the nest, facing northwest, but stayed only a moment; and immediately when it had left I heard some squeaking in the blackberry briars (doubtless the male).

7:33-34 — The male came to the nest, examined the young very carefully, and put his head into the nest several times. While he was there his mate alighted on the twig which supported the nest; he went away and she fed some small matter to the nestlings. Then I heard the squeaks from the blackberries, followed by the more usual song from the nest bush.

7:43 — Female(?) came "churring". She had something relatively large which had been crushed, probably a smooth caterpillar. Four times she put it into the mouth of a nestling, and each time withdrew it and readjusted it in her bill before inserting it again, as the young one evidently could not manage it. The head of the youngster was held so high that I could see the food in its mouth. Evidently the parent did not attempt to push it down the nestling's throat but merely inserted the end of it in the open mouth. Finally she left it, and presumably it was swallowed. This morsel seemed almost half as big as the nestling's body.

7:58 — One parent came "churring", fed a crushed caterpillar and examined the nest. Then the male sang near by.

8:14 — The male arrived, examined the nest, and twice picked something from the inside of it; then he entered the nest and brooded. At first

he frequently raised his body but later settled deeper in the nest and became more quiet. He stayed there, facing northwest, for fourteen minutes.

8:28 — The male left, to go to the blackberry briars, and the female came "churring" to the nest with a pale green caterpillar. She fed the young, examined the nest and left; then there was a brief song from her mate.

8:32 — When I touched the young I was scolded — or they were warned—by a rapid *chee, chee, chee* or *chur, chur, chur*, (etc.), from one parent.

8:34 — Observer departed.

In the previous watches it had been noted that both parents took part in incubating the eggs, and in brooding and feeding the young. During this hour and forty-four minutes of watching, the young were fed seven (or possibly eight) times, mainly with smooth caterpillars; they were examined on four occasions without being fed, and were twice brooded. The male did not seem to "chur" during this watch. Both birds stood at the forked side of the nest, on one branchlet or the other (never on the unsupported edge), to inspect or to feed.

The voices of various neighbors penetrated the hidden sphere of vireo affairs this Sunday morning. House wrens were singing across the road; a wren came up behind me to investigate. Human neighbors, children and parents at a shanty perhaps a hundred yards away, were yelling at each other in angry tones. Then there were peaceful sounds: the puffing of a locomotive, the bell of a church, the delightful strains of a field sparrow singing in the distance. A yellow-throat sang frequently. Occasionally a song sparrow tuned in his diminutive organ. For a few minutes the notes of a Traill's flycatcher came to me from farther west. A catbird mewed and a goldfinch flew over singing his traveler's song.

I did not return until a week later. The nestlings were then dead, their bodies infested with maggots. The nest was swarming with mites. No vireos were anywhere to be seen or heard; nor was there any definite clue as to what had happened.

NEST

Situation: Nest number one was about two feet from the ground, in a raspberry patch at the edge of an old apple orchard. Number two was two and a half feet from the ground, in a haw bush at the edge of a brier patch. Number three was three feet from the ground, exceedingly well hidden, in a bushy wild crab, in a narrow but dense thicket.

Structure and Lining: Nest number two was composed of bark shreds, plant fibers, numerous thin, paperlike dried leaves, and some bits of newspaper; lined with fine grass stems and a very few coarse hairs. Nest number three was constructed principally of weed shreds and fibers, but included several old dead leaves and numerous bits of newspaper among the decorations. The lining was of fine plant stems about the size of horsehair together with two or three long blackish horsehairs. The Y-fork in which the nest was hung was near the end of a branchlet, the arms of the fork being about one-eighth inch in diameter.

<i>Dimensions (in inches) :</i>	<i>Nest No. 2</i>	<i>Nest No. 3</i>
Internal diameter at rim	1.50 x 1.75	1.75
Internal diameter at largest part	(somewhat } cupped) }	1.87
Internal depth	1.62	1.87
External diameter	2.50	2.50
External depth	2.50	2.75

YOUNG

The newly hatched young were of a pinkish or reddish color. When one day old they remained entirely naked. Examination through a reading glass disclosed no trace of down or filament on any part of the reddish flesh-colored skin. The lining of the oral cavity was slightly yellowish, without markings. The wings were slender but relatively rather long.

At the age of five and a half days, though the nestlings had grown much larger, their eyes did not appear to have opened, and they continued to be almost naked. A narrow blackish tract had started along the anterior portion of the median line of the back, adjacent to neck; edge of wing was thickly sprouted; and there was slight indication of sprouting on crown and hind head, and in the caudal tract. Nothing on rump or posterior portion of back. Under parts showed barely an indication of broad, extensive tracts along the sides, these showing whitish rather than blackish. At this age one of the nestlings demonstrated a lusty voice for so small a creature—a squeaking noise.

VOICE

The principal song of the first male was a rather long continuous sentence, usually declarative, ending quite emphatically, but sometimes ending with rising inflection as though asking a question. The form was somewhat on the order of a warble, but the effect was never very musical. The same bird had an entirely different song, with loud harsh squeaks as a prominent element—a performance difficult to describe, and certainly unique in bird music.

The second bird, when discovered, was talking in an intense excited way, very rapidly and in long sentences which were alternately interrogative and exclamatory. The next day, in the vicinity of the empty nest, the song was a rapidly delivered decisive statement of about a dozen notes, the last two of which were uttered with falling inflection. This was accompanied by a rapid, nervous fluttering of wings and tail. Then days afterward, when it appeared that this bird had lost his mate, he was singing both his customary song and a squeaky gabble on two tones only. The latter was made up of a series of up-and-down squeaks many times repeated. He also uttered scolding notes, quite wrenlike in quality.

Bird number three showed much variation in the quality and earnestness of his conversational song. He sang the series of up-and-down squeaks when his mate was near. On one occasion the female of this pair, after leaving her eggs, scolded me with a series of single notes, like *chick, chick, chick*, not very high in pitch. Another day one of the pair scolded a few times with wrenlike *chur* notes. When the nest contained young, the female

sometimes came "churring" while carrying food for them; and one of the parents, probably the female, uttered a rapid *chee, chee, chee*, (etc.) or *chur, chur, chur*, if I touched the young. A caterpillar held in the bill was no impediment to the utterance of these notes.

FIELD DESCRIPTION

Were it not for its emphatic conversation the Bell's vireo would indeed be an obscure little bird, of dull and merging hues. My impressions of the three pairs, observed in the field, may be summarized about as follows:

Head and neck, above, rather dark fuscous gray; crown darker. Side of head unmarked, with the exception that a faint eye-ring may sometimes be noticeable, especially above the eye; there is *no* loreal stripe. Iris appears black.

Wing, gray or fuscous, with two narrow whitish (or yellowish) wing bars; but sometimes only one (or none) is noticeable. Flight-feathers margined with pale edgings, making faint streaks in the wing.

Tail rather more blackish than crown; all feathers same length (but folded tail may at times appear slightly forked or notched, due to separation of mid-feathers).

Upper parts: Back gray or fuscous, tinged with yellowish or greenish; head more gray and darker; rump more yellowish than forepart of back, might be called light olive-green.

Under parts mostly whitish, tinged with yellow; especially yellowish on sides and belly. Throat whitish-gray blending into yellowish tinge of breast.

The male of pair number three showed slightly brighter coloring than his mate, but this was noticeable only when the birds were together.

Excelsior, Minnesota

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By the Way - -

THE FOLLOWING is taken from a letter written by Dr. T. E. Musselman, of Quincy, Illinois, under date of June 13, 1940, to Mr. Edward R. Ford, and appeals to us as of general interest:

"I have an interesting item or two. One is the discovery of a European tree sparrow at Hannibal, Missouri, twenty miles south of Quincy. These birds were brought to St. Louis years ago, and have remained almost constant in that vicinity. A few have strayed into southern Illinois and have been recorded at Horseshoe Lake. One was recently recorded at Alton, Illinois.

"I was speaking at Hannibal several weeks ago when one of the teachers asked me to identify a bird which had built outside her window. She said it looked like an English sparrow but sang very much better. I stood behind the blinds and watched, and sure enough, a male European tree sparrow perched on the wire and I had no difficulty identifying him because of the complete white collar around his neck and the black ear patch on the white on the side of his head.

"The other interesting item pertains to my prothonotary warbler

experiment; although I had fifty small boxes about half the size of my standard bluebird box, I put up only fourteen of them. They were placed north of the Florence bridge on the Illinois River. I placed them in the overflow willows about thirty or forty paces apart. Last Monday I stopped to see what luck I had, and found that out of fourteen boxes, twelve had prothonotary warbler nests, most of them with eggs. The last had a wasp nest which kept out the warblers. I expect to put up the remainder of the boxes in the near future, although I may not get additional nests this year."



Evanston Bird Club Hikes

By MRS. SETH C. LANGDON

THE EVANSTON BIRD CLUB, with Mrs. J. Benton Schaub as president, has always included in its program a series of bird walks designed to cover the spring migration during April and May.

With the exception of two trips this last spring, our walks were centered on a certain locality where each week we added to our list of migratory and resident birds. The Church Street Forest Preserve, a few miles west of Evanston, is a particularly favorable spot for bird observation in that it includes a stream, a small marshy spot, meadow land, tall trees, undergrowth and a hawthorn and wild crab apple patch. On May 17 several ruby-throated humming birds were feeding on the flowers of a large horse chestnut tree in the preserve.

This last spring we decided to widen our study to include water birds. Hence our first trip took us to a lake on the Alfred L. Eustace estate, southwest of Barrington, where Mr. Eustace has for some time been feeding a large number of different kinds of migratory waterfowl. The plan of the Bird Club now is to make an early spring trip to the Skokie lagoons with the view to learning what water birds stop there. On the 11th of last April several of us saw eight great blue herons at the edge of one of the lagoons. There were also grebes, mallards, coots and quite a number of lesser scaup ducks on the water.

One interesting sight always included in one of our earlier trips is a large colony of black-crowned night herons that nest each year in a grove of tall trees on Austin Avenue just north of Dempster Street, a few miles west of Evanston.

The final trip of the spring, at the end of May, is getting to be a tradition. We take a lunch and spend most of the day in Deer Grove Park. Usually by the end of May the migrants have largely moved on. This year, on account of rain, the Deer Grove trip was postponed until June 7. Though too late to get the migrants, we were well rewarded in seeing, among others, the following birds: green heron, black-crowned night heron, blue-winged teal, coot, black tern, black-billed and yellow-billed cuckoos, kingfisher, yellow warbler, prothonotary warbler, northern yellow-throat, red-eyed vireo, western meadowlark, dickcissel, grasshopper, Savannah and chipping sparrows and indigo bunting.

"Undesirable" Birds and Seventeen-year Locust

By PAUL B. RUS

SILENT WATERS, a country home in the true sense of the word, is situated several miles from one of the largest industrial cities in Illinois. For three-fifths of a mile its frontage borders a little traveled country highway. A two-million-gallons-a-day creek flows steadily throughout the seasons and meanders through a broad and pleasant valley in the northern part of the grounds, a valley which this stream has carved since the last ice sheet from the prairie plateau seventy-five feet above. Wooded hills rise sharply from the creek, hills that are abundantly covered with magnificent climax trees, of bur and white oak and a scattering of other monarchs of their kind, walnut, elm and maple. The forest floor is a remnant of native vegetation which has survived a generation of grazing. It is gradually recovering and repaying its protection with softly-gay colors peculiar to our native flora. Underbrush, thorns and nurse trees dwarfed by browsing are now thriving unchecked in woodlands and flowered glades. Thus Silent Waters, with its many native values, lends itself well as a well balanced retreat for wildlife.

A few sheep in a fenced pasture, domesticated mallards, colored muscovy and Rouen ducks enliven pasture and lagoon. Grass and brush fires are automatically controlled by broad cinder lanes. The cutting of grass is strictly confined to lawns, restricted human-use areas and hay lands. Four lagoons along the length of the valley floor, covering several acres with water, are supplied from a voluminous, deep well, their overflow alone in any way connecting them with the creek. Cat-tail, rush, flag, arrow-head, jewel-weed, vervain, sneezeweed, great lobelia, asters and golden-rod and many other native plants carpet the shores of the creek and lagoons, a glorified, native idyll, lush, verdant and bright with seasonal colors, untrod and unmarred by human occupation.

The procession of transient birds through Silent Waters starts with the early hawks, followed by the grebes, mallard, black duck, the teals, shoveller, pintail, wood duck, the scaups, golden-eye, bufflehead, sora rail, gallinule, great blue heron, woodcock, killdeer and many others. And there are the summer residents, which build and raise their brood here. Stridently the belted kingfisher plies his trade up and down the valley, red-winged blackbirds have chosen the reedy shores of the lagoon, the green and the black-crowned night heron, killdeer, solitary sandpiper, pheasant, quail, upland plover, loggerhead shrike, red-bellied woodpecker, cardinal and bobolink, successfully raise their young here.

Bird feeding at Silent Waters is a year round function. Stray cats and dogs are not tolerated and wildlife readily senses the security of this domain. Frequently we note fox, opossum, mink, weasel, skunk and muskrat; and deer twice left unmistakable tracks. The generous response to our effort is most gratifying. Thus the winter feeding table is bright with color of hairy, downy and red-bellied woodpecker, blue jay and cardinal, tree sparrow, junco, brown creeper, white-breasted and red-breasted nuthatch, tufted titmouse and chickadee. Sixteen blue jays once made a common call and it is not unusual to see ten or more at a time picking

up the grain. On fortunate occasions in the summer one may note under the dining room window the well rounded out medley of quail, mourning dove, blue jay, brown thrasher, red-bellied and red-headed woodpecker, cardinal and others feeding harmoniously, without the usual bickerings of jealousy.

And yet the human appeal of presence, color and song of wild birds is not the only reward for their protection here. Intangibles are not measurable like economic beneficence. We were, however, permitted realistic glimpses into the practical side of bird protection and saw many species of the so-called "undesirables" at work as a well-guided ecological force within constructive channels, a force instinctively held to an unexpected task. This happened so unmistakably as to cause the observer to here chronicle the general facts. Silent Waters, with its fine groves and woodlands, became the target for a concentration of the seventeen-year locust (*Magiceda septendecim*) in the spring of 1939. The combined chorus of the invaders, a coarse simulation of our resident peepers, called attention to their presence in the grove adjacent to the large lagoon. Ample spraying facilities,



A "Silent Waters" Pastoral. Grove in left background and center was scene of locust concentration.

if such should be needed, were at hand, but not enough was known about the methods and food habits of this periodic visitor to warrant action at this time, since the cost of labor and material would mount into considerable sums. Hence resort was taken to close observation and frequent checks. Almost from the outset there was noted an unusual flash of wings, of aerial activity, the coming and going of many birds. The locust arrival coincided with the feeding of the early nestlings and provided the parent birds an easy food at a time of greatest stress. Hence the presence of

crow, grackle and English sparrow could easily be accounted for. But there were many others classed as "undesirables", which had no immediate family cares, as in the case of the cowbird, notorious non-nesters. Their most active destruction of locusts could not be assigned to the unusual stress of the nesting season, yet they remained to the last locust in goodly and unusual numbers.

Silent Waters has its full quota of many birds, but never, except in flocking seasons, has there been such a concentration of many species engaged in so small an area. Identification was simple enough; among them were all of the better known insectivorous species coincident with a balanced bird sanctuary. The astonishing thing was the presence of so many birds erroneously classed as "undesirables". Popularly supposed to be harmful to man's interest, it was interesting to see them here, daily and for weeks unremittingly toiling to exterminate the locust. There they were, at all times, from dawn to twilight, on the ground, in the bushes and the trees, gorging on locust. There were the sparrow hawk, both the black- and yellow-billed cuckoo, red-headed woodpecker, blue jay, crow, cowbird, bronzed grackle, many English sparrows and starlings.

The smaller birds seemed to have difficulty in swallowing so large a morsel as the locust, but in all cases there was apparent a constant gulping, a trimming of wings and craning of necks to gobble down other victims. The birds seemed unafraid of the human presence, continuing lustily to prove their most harmful side to the locust. Daily we noted the distinct lessening of the hoarse chorus, until the day came when but a few locusts were left to carry on the irritating tune. These, too, soon disappeared and the grove again became silent and deserted.

In the meantime another swarm attained volume on the wooded hills. The birds, including the "undesirables", followed up their advantage of a continued easy food supply and, transferring their activity to the hills, remained until these, too, became silent. Still another swarm established itself in a detached woodland on the plateau, also to fall an easy prey to the faithful performance of the birds, the insectivorous and the "undesirables". The latter by far outnumbered the other birds, hence a good deal of the credit of extermination accrues to them. At last the locust chorus in Silent Waters died away, though others could still be heard in woodlands hereabouts. In the final check-up also we noted but isolated damaged twigs, where locusts had laid their eggs, while elsewhere the woodlands were badly damaged and sorely seared as by fire blight.

Unfortunately, time did not permit of leisurely observation or definite measurements of the number of birds and species involved in the destruction of the locust on Silent Waters. The most apparent thing after the locust and bird concentration was the great mass of locust wings scattered everywhere that attracted the attention of all visitors. Here at least a sort of measurement was possible that might indicate the density of the invasion. Sampling random plots of ground a foot square in the drives, grass and under the trees revealed a minimum of five and a maximum of twenty-three single locust wings. This would indicate a density of fourteen locusts per square foot. Inspection of the lower shrubs and branches

naturally would not reveal such quantity, but when multiplied by the height of the tree, such a result appeared very reasonable. Most plots sampled above fifteen wings.

Crows and jays still nest on Silent Waters, and welcome. Though they might pilfer eggs and nestlings of insectivorous birds during their nesting season, their season of greatest stress, to fill the insatiable maws of their fledglings, the nesting season is very short and a small account against the long season of usefulness to follow. Further, the pilfering of eggs and fledglings is a control measure ecologically evolved for the well-being of the victim. There are as yet no records of predators completely exterminating their prey, a role in which man stands alone. Thus cowbirds here may continue to claim the nests of wood thrush or song sparrows on Silent Waters, English sparrows may get away with the lion's share of grain at the feeding station without interference from the hand of man. While we may regulate and destroy floral weeds, evidences of neglect, the weeds have done their work to improve the soils for the higher floral successions. Our avian world is still in a state of flux in which lower beneficial forms of birds, the "undesirables" are a necessity.

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An Ornithologist's Criticism

By MARGARET MORSE NICE

THE BEEPS. THE FLIGHTS AND CRUISES OF THREE MISSOURI TREE SPARROWS. By Virginia Holton. John Day Co., N. Y., 1939. 6x6 in., 192 pp. \$2.00.

In "this true account" we are told that the birds followed Lieut. and Mrs. Holton "for nearly 50,000 miles even to the interior of China and back." It began in Kansas City where Mr. and Mrs. Beep were in the habit of following Lieut. Holton to the office every day and also accompanying the Holtons as they drove in the country. Later they followed the Holtons' car to New York City and back; then rode the train to San Francisco; stowed away on the boats to Hawaii and China and thence followed the Holtons in all their wanderings until at last their (the Beeps') descendants accompanied them to New York. These "tree sparrows" "married" "Chinese sparrows" in China and "California sparrows" and "New York sparrows" in this country. The Holtons never actually saw the Beeps on the ocean voyage to China, although they searched for them, (p. 87); on the return trips the Beeps are apparently assumed to have hid and fasted for two weeks at a time between ports (p. 190). This was a feat in itself, since Dr. Kendeigh (1934) found that English sparrows cannot live more than two days without food.

The adventures in the Far East were most amazing. The Beeps "told all the neighborhood birds about me" (p. 161), and persuaded a tailorbird to come along on the cruise from the Philippines to China. The Beeps did "not like to have me near evil people."

"The psychic Beeps enjoyed the Eucharistic Congress held in Manila. They seemed to sense the spiritual atmosphere. . . . The Eucharistic Congress seemed to the Beeps a very fitting thing in that many of the meetings were held just before sundown and the beautiful music of the choir blended in with the Beeps' evening worship." (p. 163.)

The Holtons declined to band the Beeps as that would have been "disloyal" to their little friends. They never tell us how they distinguished them from others of their kind, except that Beep (in China) had a tiny white spot on his forehead.

The photographs of the Beeps taken in China show them to be *Passer montanus*. Mrs. Holton is at pains to explain that they were *Passer montanus montanus*, and not one of the Chinese subspecies, the points of difference being the size of the cheek patch—large in the Beeps, a "tiny polka-dot" in the Chinese tree sparrow. Mr. E. R. Blake showed me two trays of skins of *Passer montanus* in the Field Museum; neither Mr. Blake nor I could detect any difference in the size of the auricular patch between *P. m. montanus* and *P. m. saturatus*, *malaccensis* and *taivanensis*.

To return to the start of the story in Kansas City; one small difficulty here is that *European tree sparrows do not occur in Kansas City*. Introduced in St. Louis in 1870 they have never been recorded more than 50 miles west of that city—some 180 miles from Kansas City. So the original Beeps must have been *English sparrows*. The Beeps in China were Chinese tree sparrows. The Beeps in San Francisco and New York were English sparrows, indigenous to each locality. Apparently wherever the Holtons went they found "Beeps".

This is a fairy story if ever there was one, yet it is presented as fact. "In recording this true story of the Beeps," writes Mrs. Holton, "I have endeavored to confine myself closely to scientific observations and not to let my mind wander into the fertile field of the imagination." (p. 15.) The Holtons seem to believe what they are telling us; they present it as a "beautiful true story of loyalty, courage, and unselfish devotion", with no conception of the amazing claims they are making for physical and mental performance by a sparrow.

The Holtons have various eye-witnesses, but never exhibited their extraordinary birds to an ornithologist. Nor, apparently, did the publisher ask the advice of any ornithologist. This book has made quite a stir in popular circles. All that is necessary is to point out that the Beeps in this country must have been English sparrows, since European tree sparrows do not occur in Kansas City, and that the Beeps in China were Chinese tree sparrows, and the whole story collapses.

Chicago, Illinois



Lincoln Park Bird Trips

THE ILLINOIS AUDUBON SOCIETY sponsored trips for bird study every Saturday morning during April and May. This was the second annual series of these Lincoln Park trips. They were very well attended and proved profitable in bird lore and fresh air exercise for both the director of the trips, Miss Doris A. Plapp, Secretary of the Society, and the other participants. The starting point was the Chicago Academy of Sciences, 2001 N. Clark Street, the group circling south for a time, later turning north and continuing through the park past Diversey Beach, Belmont Harbor, and completing the trip by circling the sanctuary at Addison Street. About eighty-two species were observed and identified. Following is the list:

Horned grebe, Canada goose, mallard, pintail, wood duck, redhead, lesser scaup, golden-eye, old squaw, American merganser, red-breasted merganser, coot, killdeer, spotted sandpiper, herring gull, ring-billed gull, Bonaparte's gull, common tern, black tern, mourning dove, yellow-billed cuckoo, black-billed cuckoo, chimney swift, belted kingfisher, flicker, red-



*On the
Lincoln
Park Bird
Walks*



headed woodpecker, yellow-bellied sapsucker, hairy woodpecker, downy woodpecker, phoebe, least flycatcher, wood pewee, barn swallow, purple martin, blue jay, red-breasted nuthatch, brown creeper, catbird, brown thrasher, robin, wood thrush, olive-backed thrush, veery, golden-crowned kinglet, ruby-crowned kinglet, red-eyed vireo, warbling vireo, black and white warbler, Nashville, yellow, magnolia, myrtle, Blackburnian, chestnut-sided, bay-breasted, black poll, palm, mourning, Wilson's, and Canada warblers, oven-bird, Louisiana water-thrush, Maryland yellow-throat, redstart, red-winged blackbird, Baltimore oriole, bronzed grackle, scarlet tanager, cardinal, rose-breasted grosbeak, goldfinch, towhee, Henslow's sparrow, slate-colored junco, tree, field, white-crowned, white-throated, fox, Lincoln's, song and English sparrows.

In May

'Tis May and on the trees are seen
Many tiny leaves of green.
The birds are busy as can be
Flying about from tree to tree,
As lively Mr. Robin sings
The welcome news he always brings:
It's spring.

The lilac bushes are in bloom.
Their lovely perfume fills the room,
While yonder in the pansy bed,
A purple flower lifts her head.
The irises that line the walk
To one another seem to talk
About spring.

An early morning in the park
You'll surely see the meadow-lark,
And blue jay with his crested head,
The cardinal with his coat of red.
You'll see another lively fellow
The goldfinch, he's all golden yellow
In spring.

Of warblers, you may have your choice,
And hear the catbird's funny voice,
The martin's song sounds like a flute,
The starling,—my, he's such a brute.
The red-headed woodpecker in the tree
Is drumming away so merrily,
In spring.

And let us all befriend the birds,
For we can never tell in words
How helpful they are to us all.
Although they are so very small.
They rid the trees of insect pests
So let us not disturb their nests,
In spring.

When all the trees are green in May,
Why don't you take a walk some day?
Be very quiet, and look around
Up in the trees and on the ground.
I'm sure, if you will only look
You'll find enough to fill a book
About spring.

—AUDREY RAMONA EGGERS (11 years of age)

(Written after attending the trips in Lincoln Park)

The Illinois Audubon Society

was organized in 1897 for the study and protection of bird life. The Society disseminates facts relating to the importance of bird life and strives to increase interest in forest preserves, state parks, wild life refuges, and every movement concerned with the enforcement of State and Federal laws relative to birds. You are earnestly invited to join us in the work which demands the most thoughtful efforts of our people.



MEMBERSHIP FEES ARE AS FOLLOWS:

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<i>Benefactors</i>	\$500.00
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Price List of Literature for Sale

Any of the items listed below may be obtained at the office of the Illinois Audubon Society or will be supplied by mail:

"Fifty Winter Birds"—post-card size in color.....	\$1.00
"Fifty Spring Birds"—post-card size in color.....	1.00
"Fifty Summer Birds"—post-card size in color.....	1.00
Pocket folder showing 63 birds in color, Northeastern states	.10
Pocket folder showing 82 birds in color, Southeastern states	.10
Field check lists for the Illinois region, per dozen.....	.10
Leaflets with separate page to be colored.....	.05
"The Hawks of North America".....	1.25
"Bird Portraits in Color"—Minnesota plates with text....	3.50
"295 American Birds"—Minnesota plates without text....	2.00
"Fifty Common Birds of Farm and Orchard." U. S. Bulletin	.25

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Golden Orioles

By MARGARET MORSE NICE

Illustration by JOOST TER PELKWYK

A BLACK REDSTART sang its simple song from a chimney and a barn swallow twittered just as ours do at home as I walked down the village street of Altenberg, between the low stucco houses—buff, blue-gray and cream colored—with thick walls and roofs that made me think of Quebec. Nearly every gate had a notice *Achtung. Bissiger Hund* (Beware. Biting Dog), while one said *Betteln und Hausieren Verboten*, a warning to beggars and agents. A spruce branch hanging from one house signified, according to an ancient custom, that here the peasant sold his own wine. Everything was neat and clean, from the lace curtains at the casement windows to the sweet little girl pulling a kitten in a wagon.

As I wandered along the road toward the Danube I heard my old friend the chiffchaff with his insistent *zilpzalp zilpzalp zilpzalp*; the Latin name, *collybita*, for this European warbler is well chosen, "the money-changer." It had been raining earlier in the afternoon and the path was full of snails, small, medium and large. There was the kind liked by song thrushes; they had gray bodies and lovely yellow shells, some pure yellow, others yellow with black stripes and still others white with black rings. Then there were the huge brown ones which are eaten by people. Most common of all were those that nothing eats—with dark brown shells and black bodies. One had to be careful where one stepped. I remembered the poem I learned as a child, which began "*Die Schnecke hat ein Haus*," and I did not wonder that this creature, so retiring and seldom seen in America, figures largely in European nursery rhymes and stories.

The flowers in the meadows were bewilderingly lovely. Many were friends of my childhood, buttercups, daisy and red clover. Then there were strangers, the rich purple meadow salvia, a white catnip, and here and there a lavender harebell. There is something very appealing in such a mingling of the familiar and the new.

The curious deep cooing of the turtle dove was followed by the melodious voice of the cuckoo, and then by a song which reminded me of the Bell vireo in Oklahoma, but I knew from past experience that it came from a white-throat, another of the European warblers, *Sylvia communis*. An earnest song thrush repeated his phrases over and over, reminding me of

a brown thrasher. A dear little yellow-hammer insisted *Wie, wie ich habe dich lieb!* Strange frogs lifted their voices from the ponds and at last I heard the skylark overflowing with incredible gladness.



Yellow-hammer

and black line through the eyes. The Germans call him *pirol*, the French *loriot*, and the scientists *Oriolus oriolus oriolus*. He is the original oriole, while our American orioles belong to the blackbird family, or *Icteridae*.

The next afternoon I explored further, following a backwater bordered by old polled willows, among the sprouts of which an array of plants had established themselves, grasses and blackberry bushes, buttercups and dandelions, and even a bush of fragrant snowball. Cowslips brightened the water and a blackcap (*Sylvia atricapillus*) gave his pretty song. In a nearby orchard I heard an insistent baby note and there was a bob-tailed youngster begging from its parent tree sparrow (*Passer montanus*), a bird related to our English or house sparrow.

On the last day of May Dr. Konrad Lorenz and I went to the meadows in the morning when the fields were golden with what I had called "morning dandelion" but later discovered to be goatsbeard. We saw a nuthatch gathering clay for its nest, and a goldhammer with dead grass in her bill. We heard the marsh warbler (*Acrocephalus palustris*), the most musical of its genus, and caught *Lacerta agilis*, the only lizard of the region. Dragon flies and damsel flies looked like those we have at home, but the one caddis fly we discovered was somewhat different from any I had ever seen before. It had made itself a long, slim tube of bits of green leaves. There were two kinds of newts or tritons in the pools, both with crests on their backs. *Rana esculenta* sang determinedly with a bladder puffing out each side of his mouth.



Tree sparrow

Most exciting of all to me was to discover the author of the most insistent sound on the Danube meadows—a low, musical *mmm mmm* that made me think of the sound of telegraph wires in the wind that I had

heard as a child. All this came from a *Feuerkröte* or *Unke*, *Bombinator igneus*, a creature that looked like a fat black toad. Dr. Lorenz fished one out of the water and it lay stiffly on its back with its legs held up and bright orange spots showing on its belly. It belongs to the Bell-toads or *Discoglossidae* and is a relative of the midwife toad. Around some water plants we found a ribbon of its eggs. It gives off a disagreeable secretion from its skin which makes it safe from snakes, turtles and birds. "If you go out to catch food for your birds," said Dr. Lorenz, "you will soon discover that many of the things that are abundant and easy to catch are not good to eat." *Bombinator* sings all summer long.

A week later, after tea, I again visited my meadows. Although it was a bright day, snails were out in force in the shade of an aspen grove by the side of a pond. The bell-like note of *Bombinator* seemed to come from every direction. I was delighted to hear once more the liquid whistle of the oriole.

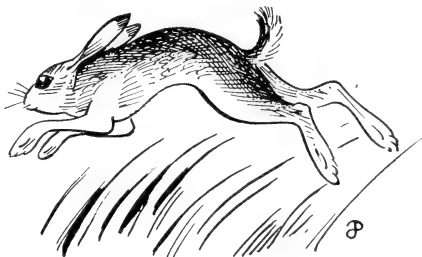


Golden oriole

From the grove ahead of me there issued outrageous squawks, harsh and snarling. I had just seen my first magpie since I had come to Austria, so I laid the discordance to her. Slowly I made my way through masses of bedstraw and a company of mosquitoes, but these creatures were so innocuous in comparison to their cousins in America that they hardly seemed related. The unpleasant noises continued, although no author was visible; I was

puzzled, but felt partly satisfied by the confident expectation of once more seeing the magpie. To my shocked surprise I finally made out the squawker to be none other than a golden oriole! Perched high in a tree she uttered her disapproval in this unmistakable manner and soon was echoed by her mate. She is less brightly colored than he—a greenish gold where he is pure gold, brown where he is black.

One afternoon Thomas and Agnes accompanied their father and me; the children were provided with field glasses for bird study and jars for collecting water creatures. We saw a kestrel darting at a hooded crow, while a green woodpecker with gorgeous green body and red head flew up from the ground. Dr. Lorenz seined the ponds for mosquito larvae and other tidbits for his ducklings at home. The most interesting find he made was that of a spider, *Arguroneta aquatica*, that lives under water; it has a little bladder of air



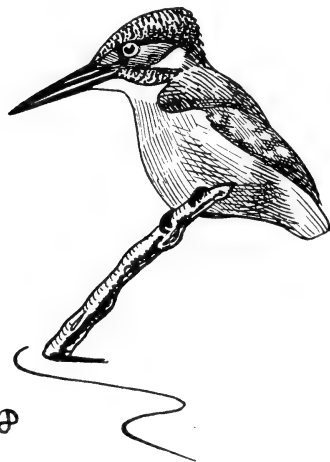
Hare

around it that makes it look as if it were covered with quicksilver. It builds itself a nest under water which it furnishes with bubbles of air from the surface.

As we passed an old orchard we noticed a large hare sitting quietly, but soon it hurried away. Dr. Lorenz told us that he used to bring his pet ravens down into these meadows and that the golden orioles used to dart at them, giving a kestrel-like alarm note.

On the way home we discovered, on a pond by the Danube, one of Dr. Lorenz' mallard ducks with eleven ducklings. He had raised her the previous year together with her six brothers and four graylag geese; the whole flock had paddled about after him. The mallards and geese flew together for awhile, the duck continuing to do so longer than the drakes; she and the geese would accompany their "father" to the meadows and in this way she became acquainted with this region. She mated with one of her brothers, and he was staying home. Dr. Lorenz said that she would return in the late summer as soon as the young could fly.

On another day Dr. Lorenz took me in his kayak across the Danube and into the back waters on the other side where everything is wild. Here we found kingfishers as brilliant as burnished beetles, mallards and garganies, and all the birds I had met on the south side of the river.



European kingfisher

Cormorants and gray herons flew down the river; common sandpipers (resembling our spotted sandpipers minus the spots) and cunning little ringed plovers ran along the sandy banks. We landed on an island in midstream, to the great indignation of some dozen pairs of common terns; here we found three nests with one, two, and three large, darkly mottled eggs, besides two young, one hiding in a bush, the other big enough to eject the fish it had just received and fly out over the water.

One afternoon in mid-June I was invited by a young ornithologist, Hermann Kacher, to go with him to see some nests. He led me further down the Danube than I had been by myself, through woods and tall wet grass to the bush that held a ring dove's nest. It was

empty; we wondered whether the family of noisy magpies nearby knew anything about it. Finally we came to Hermann's prize—a golden oriole nest high in a sapling too small to climb. It was pensile, but not half so deep as that of a Baltimore oriole. Both parents work together to construct it, in contrast to our orioles where the female is the architect. Hermann shook the tree, but nothing happened. Soon, however, mother oriole came and squawked at her visitors. "*Wie eine Katze*," said Hermann.

My last long walk along the Danube was on the 18th of June. There were poppies in the wheat and new flowers in the meadows, gold and pink

and white. I came to the woods and walked along a *Verboten Weg* bordered with fragrant elder and water hemlock and mints of many kinds, red and purple and magenta, with here and there patches of yellow touch-me-nots. It was like an enchanted forest, the woods full of bird voices, many of them mysterious. The ring dove gave his coo that has the rhythm of our barred owl, and a chiffchaff declaimed tirelessly. The prettiest songs came from a robin redbreast and a willow warbler.

All at once I discovered an oriole's nest myself! It was twenty feet up in an alder and looked like some giant vireo's nest. I shook the tree, but no angry parent appeared; so I waited, leaning against the alder, hoping to identify some more singers.



Hawfinch

I noticed a rather large brownish bird high in the trees; it was difficult to see it clearly, but it seemed to have an immense bill. Soon it hopped up to a ridiculous ball of whitish cotton with a big yellow bill. Hawfinches! The birds Dr. Lorenz had hoped I could find to raise because they made such charming pets! Well, I had found a baby hawfinch, but a bit late.

All at once a soft, sweet, flute-like note floated down from above. Never had the pirol's song sounded sweeter. I waited quietly. Then I jumped as an angry snarl exploded. The gorgeous father had discovered me.

As I walked home in the evening there was emphatic chattering in the willows; a great company of jackdaws, parents and young, rose and, with loud *kah kahs*, flew to their home under the roof of Lorenz Hall.

Chicago, Ill.



The Mysteries of Bird Migration

By ORPHEUS MOYER SCHANTZ

MANY LARGE animals migrate from one region to another, driven by the necessity of finding food and to avoid the rigors of climatic changes.

In the pioneer days of the settlement of the western states, countless herds of buffalo, estimated as numbering millions, migrated along definite routes, following the seasons from north to south and vice versa, in search of grasslands.

Present day migrations of caribou are among the most spectacular of great movements of animals. When on the trail they travel in such close formation that their wide-spreading antlers may be heard rattling against each other. These "wild brothers" of the domesticated reindeer swim arctic streams with ease, as nature has provided them with hollow hair which makes these large deer buoyant.

Another strange migration is that of a small rodent, the northern European lemming. Because of overpopulation and a consequent scarcity

of food, they come down from the Scandinavian mountains headed for the sea coast in great hordes, swimming streams and lakes, devastating the country across which they swarm, not stopping until they reach the sea, in which vast numbers are drowned. During these dreaded migrations farmers from elevations or tall trees signal the coming of the lemmings so that as much of their crops as they can protect may be saved from the hunger-driven rodents. During their migration they are preyed upon by hawks, owls, weasels and foxes.

The regular migrations of seals to their breeding grounds and the migration of salmon to the head waters of streams to spawn are well-known phenomena.

All of the migrations so far mentioned are easily explainable, but the migrations of birds from regions where food is abundant, across great bodies of water, thousands of miles of tropical forests and barren deserts, to the inhospitable arctic regions for their nesting are an unsolved mystery. Many plausible reasons are given by ornithologists. Some appear reasonable and others merely guesses. Whatever the origin of this tremendous movement of birds each spring and autumn may have been, we do know where most of them spend the winters and when to look for their return to the United States. But why, remains an unsolved mystery.

Long before the weather becomes definitely springlike, the birds have started and they often arrive too soon, for no one provides food sufficient for their needs. Consequently in a land of abundance, frozen ground, snow and ice may make them go on enforced fasts. Severe storms take heavy toll of migrating birds and at intervals are so destructive that certain species, such as bluebirds, may become scarce for a number of years before they regain their normal population.

Several routes are used in the great northward trek from South America. Strong flying birds boldly cross the Gulf of Mexico, a 700 mile non-stop flight. Others use the peninsula of Florida as a "way station," definitely shortening the "over water" trip. Still others follow Central America to avoid the water hazard. Many birds however, such as robins, meadowlarks, blackbirds and others, spend their winters in the southern states.

The valley of the Mississippi River and those of its more than two hundred tributary streams make the most traveled north-south highway for the smaller migratory birds on the North American continent. We are accustomed to say that food and water are the most important life factors. The late Dr. Robert Ridgway, world famous ornithologist, reversed the statement, saying that water was more important temporarily than food. The Mississippi-Illinois-Desplaines Rivers route furnishes the necessary water and food and uncounted thousands of large and small birds use this incomparable natural highway.

Just how soon the urge to migrate "back home" starts the vast throng moving north we do not know, but in February and March the presence of robins, meadowlarks, song sparrows, grackles, killdeer and many other hardy birds advises that migration has started. Weather is naturally a

controlling influence; a warm spell may accelerate the movement, and a cold snap slow it up.

In checking new arrivals it is difficult to identify many of the smaller birds without a good bird book, as members of the sparrow family, the flycatchers, vireo, thrush and warbler families, while having distinctive differences, at a distance are not so easily identified. Close acquaintance with bird songs is also a great help. Most of the better bird books print migration charts, giving average dates of arrival so that it is possible to know within a few days when the different birds are due to appear. The late Wells Cooke, during his lifetime, by personal observations and the aid of many correspondents, made over 1,000,000 card index records of bird migrations. Since the scientific use of bird banding has been developed the movement of birds has been better understood.

The peak of spring migration in the Chicago region is usually reached in mid-May. If the weather happens to be favorable, birds that are headed for the far north make only short stops as they have far to go. Woodlands and gardens then become welcome "filling stations," the birds paying for their lunches by destroying insects and their eggs and larvae. If, however, they are overtaken by inclement weather the smaller insectivorous birds that migrate only on clear nights are frequently delayed, sometimes for several weeks. During the delayed time they "pile up" so that they may be found everywhere, in gardens, parks, woodlands and on the open prairies. At times they are held back by cloudy and rainy weather until after the first of June. Then suddenly the weather may clear up and, after the first suitable night, those whose passage to the far north was arranged for, disappear as if by magic.

During the autumn migration, as the birds born during the spring and summer have not acquired full adult plumage, they are much more difficult to identify.

The writer's cycle of years goes back to the time when passenger pigeons congregated in such numbers that the flocks extended from horizon to horizon and frequently darkened the sun like clouds. When roosting they broke branches of great trees by their weight. The time was the late seventies of the last century, the place, central Ontario in the forested region south of Georgian Bay and north of Lake Erie. In addition to the passenger pigeon, other birds have become scarce or have entirely disappeared.

Later, between 1881 and 1888, in Iowa, along the Cedar River the spring migration of waterfowl made a never-to-be-forgotten impression. Wild geese, ducks of many kinds, white pelicans, great blue herons, gulls and terns, silhouetted against the deep blue sky, made a marvelous "moving picture."

While the Mississippi Valley route is the most popular and most used migration highway, there are others in the west and along the Pacific Coast where species of birds not known east of the Mississippi may be identified. Many western birds have the same characteristics as their eastern kin, but through long separation have acquired different plumage. Thrashers, jays, bluebirds, robins, the Arkansas kingbird, warblers, many sparrows, etc. at first glance seem the same but close observation shows the differences.

More than fifty years of active study have not spoiled the zest that comes from meeting old friends, or making a new "find" during the spring and fall migrations. Spring is the time of song and autumn the time of growing new traveling suits for the long trip to winter resorts.

Many migration problems await solution and who knows but new arrivals may be seen in our own region, as frequently storm-tossed birds are driven far inland from either side of the continent and new records made.

The concentration of great numbers of birds, particularly purple martins, barn swallows and others of the swallow tribe, just before the fall migration, at certain locations year after year; the immense mixed flocks of red-winged and other blackbirds that mass in the great elm trees along the Desplaines and other rivers; great geometrical flights of wild geese under visible leadership; mixed swarms of warblers, sparrows, and the August flight of nighthawks, are all fascinating phases of the autumn movement of birds to southern climes.

In the 1923 Fall number of the Audubon Bulletin is an account of the first convention called for the purpose of discussing the future of bird banding. Among the participants in the meeting were E. Prentice Baldwin of Cleveland, Amos Butler, Alden H. Hadley, Percival Brooks Coffin, Richard Lieber, S. E. Perkins III, Herbert Stoddard, F. C. Lincoln, in charge of the bird banding work of the Biological Survey in Washington, D. C., the writer and the late, affectionately remembered Will I. Lyons, most of whom were active contributors to the knowledge of migration facts through bird banding.

Since the development of bird banding as a definitely valuable scientific branch of bird study, many hitherto unsolved puzzles in connection with our feathered population have been unraveled.

Among the many active students of bird migration, the work of Jack Miner of Kingsville, Ontario, with the migrations of geese and ducks deserves especial mention. That Jack Miner, a man of little education but a keen and accurate observer, should from a humble beginning achieve international reputation for his novel experiments with migrating waterfowl, is one of the outstanding examples of what can be done by patient and persistent application.

The years since 1923 have yielded much to the known facts of bird migrations but the end is not yet. Many noted investigators have passed on but others are taking up the unfinished task. The names of Robert Ridgway, Amos Butler, William Isaac Lyon and many others will have a permanent place in the long list of contributors to the altogether delightful avocation, the elusive and never completed search for the solving of the mysteries of bird migration.

Riverside, Illinois



A LIMITED number of wildlife stamps are still to be had at the Society's office. Sheets will be broken if particular sets are desired.

The Illinois Audubon Society at Savanna

By DORIS A. PLAPP

SUNDAY MORNING, November 3, members and friends of the Illinois Audubon Society boarded the Zephyr in the Union station for a swift and comfortable ride to Savanna. City and towns were soon left behind and the train sped on through the open country. At eleven o'clock we arrived (140 miles in two hours), hiked up the hill to a crest overlooking the Mississippi, at a height of about 400 feet, where were spread before us tables loaded with sandwiches, pickles, and hot coffee — nice planning on the part of Mr. Baroody and his friends in Savanna. One doesn't always find luncheon spread out on the top of the first hill.

With sandwiches under our belts, we proceeded to hike along the roads to the entrance of the Palisades State Park and on over the hills and through the woods, drinking in the balmy air and absorbing the sunshine.



A stop for refreshment

A few birds came to our notice and trees abounded. Audubon members proved to be interested in them too and were delighted to discover and identify such trees as river birch, chestnut, butternut, black walnut, etc. At one place along our walk a wonderful display of walking fern covered a rock surface. Some members discovered liver-worts while walking along the none too dry creek bed. The whole afternoon was thus pleasantly spent and five o'clock found us returned to Savanna to the Community Church and a delicious chicken dinner topped off with angel food cake a la mode.

Mr. Earl Wright then showed townspeople and Audubonites together

several reels of delightful movies in color taken by members of the Beaty-Offield scientific expedition to Arizona. They included pictures of birds, reptiles, insects, cacti, and the picturesque hills of the Southwest, and were accompanied by an entertaining running comment by Mr. Wright.

At eight o'clock some of our hosts kindly transported us in their cars back to the station, where the Zephyr promptly picked us up and carried us on the return journey. We wish to acknowledge gratefully the thoughtfulness and kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Baroody and their friends in Savanna in arranging and conducting so successful an outing, and of Mr. Wright in showing the films. We also wish to thank Mr. Beaty for driving all the way with the reels and projector.

The birds observed during the day were as follows: cormorant, black duck, red-tailed hawk, red-shouldered hawk, red-bellied woodpecker, downy woodpecker, bluejay, crow, chickadee, titmouse, white-breasted nuthatch, cedar waxwing, starling, English sparrow, meadowlark, red-winged blackbird, rusty blackbird, cardinal, goldfinch, junco.

Those who were not kept behind by the season's scattering of colds were: Dorothy Ann Kohls, Alma Hunneman, Vera Woods, C. O. Decker, Emily Koelling, Margaret Hoing, Ina A. Flessner, Betty White, Marie Plapp, Doris A. Plapp, G. H. Watson, A. W. Garbett, T. A. Scherer, Mr. and Mrs. F. Wagner, Jr., Dr. Alfred Lewy, J. W. Ephraim, Jack Cowen, Earl Wright, Anna Beaty, John Beaty, Elizabeth Baroody, E. T. Baroody, Anna Fagan, Hermine K. Schramm, Millicent Stebbins, Christine Bedner.



Coming Lectures

THE MEMBERS and friends of the Illinois Audubon Society are to have an opportunity to hear two interesting lectures this season and it will be a cause for regret if you fail to attend either of them.

Friday evening, December 6, the speaker will be Dan McCowan, F.Z.S., of Banff, Alberta, Canada and his subject "A Naturalist in the Canadian Rockies." It deals with the natural history and scenic beauty of the region around Banff and Lake Louise and will be illustrated by many fine pictures in color. The bird life of the district will be given particular emphasis and we can promise you a very pleasant evening. The lecture will be given at the Chicago Academy of Sciences at eight o'clock.

Monday evening, February 3, the speaker will be Dr. Olin Sewall Pettingill, Jr., instructor in zoology at Carleton College, Northfield, Minn. and instructor in ornithology at the University of Michigan Biological Station. His lecture, appropriately called "Birds that Haunt the Waterways," will be illustrated by motion pictures in natural color and will cover a range from Maine, Michigan and Minnesota to Louisiana and Florida. Those who heard Dr. Pettingill when he spoke before the Society last year will not willingly miss him this time. This lecture also will be given at the Chicago Academy of Sciences at eight o'clock.

The usual post card notices will be sent to our members and it will be definitely your loss if you are not present at both of these offerings.

At Last, the Ivory-bill

By BELLE WILSON

OFTEN I HAD read of the ivory-billed woodpecker and longed to add it to my life list. While I was in Florida, I was told repeatedly that the bird was now extinct in that state, and that it could be found only in remote forests of Louisiana. But I was determined to see the bird.

May 6, 1940, I left St. Petersburg, Florida, after waiting a week for a letter that never came, granting me permission to enter the Singer Tract in northeastern Louisiana to hunt for the ivory-bill. I spent some days in Biloxi, Mississippi, going out with a friend who collects birds for the museum at Jackson, Mississippi. Among other birds, she collected two specimens of the red-backed sandpiper. These red-backs I had seen but twice before in breeding plumage.

Five more days, and no letter from Louisiana. My "dander" was up. I hopped into my car and drove to New Orleans, arriving the day before the new governor was inaugurated. I waited until the day after the inauguration, then called upon the gentleman who had ignored my letter to him.

His alibi was, "Well, I told Mr. Tanner, who spent two years in the Singer Tract on a National Audubon Society Fellowship, that he was not to tell anyone how to secure permission to enter that Singer Wild Life Refuge."

I asked him how many ivory-bills there were in the tract.

His reply was, "Oh, around fifty."

Fifty! I knew he did not know his birds. Only seven, I had been told, had been found by Mr. Tanner. I rehearsed in as glowing terms as I dared my experiences in the study of birds, and enumerated the bird preserves I had already visited in his State. I closed with the remark, "I carry no fire arms, never shoot birds, only look at them and count them."

Finally he asked, "All you want is permission to go into the Singer Tract?"

I replied, "That is all, except I want a game warden who knows the deep woods where the ivory-bills are to accompany me."

He immediately requested the stenographer to make out the necessary permit. But, when he handed it to me, he warned me the permit might not be recognized when I arrived, for, you see, all the old crowd expected to lose their heads under the new governor.

Believe me, I hastened to Talulah, Louisiana.

Early in the morning, in Talulah, I found the chief game warden of the Singer Tract. He was very courteous and arranged for me to go at once in my car with a splendid up-standing man, a game warden about forty, whose wife I met before starting. I had already secured a cottage at a tourist court, changed to boots, crash skirt and long-sleeved blouse.

When I suggested carrying lunch, my guide said, "Well, a grocery store lunch, then." I asked him to choose such cooked meat, crackers,

cheese, cookies, et cetera, as he desired, and with a gallon of cold water, away we went with my guide at the wheel.

It was a distance of some fifteen miles to the entrance, then two miles or so into the woods before we parked the car. Deep in the woods was a short make-shift bridge that I knew my heavily loaded car could never cross. My guide got out, shifted some planks about and said, "Now I think we'll make it." The damp stream-bed was but two feet or less below the bridge, but even a shorter distance is enough to make plenty of trouble should the car go through. In the middle of the bridge down went a back wheel and the car stuck! Again the warden got out, shifted planks once more and then called out, "We'll have to back up. You back the car, and I'll direct you where to steer." Inwardly, I thanked my stars that all winter in St. Petersburg I had been forced to back from the garage at the rear of the lot, some fifty or sixty feet to the street. Along the way I had to avoid an ornamental bush and a tree on the left, the projecting corner of the house and two trees on the right. I now fairly trembled, for I had to back my loaded car off that shaky bridge, up hill, over big roots of trees and keep my eye on the guide so as to avoid crashing into a tree. But, by fairly standing on the accelerator, I made the grade. We left the car and continued afoot.

This great southern forest, I was told, covers eighty-two thousand acres in the Singer Tract and twenty-five thousand acres in the adjoining Ayers Tract. Think of that! One hundred seven thousand acres of magnificent southern forest trees. As we walked along, ever alert for the ivory-bill, I noticed that huge branches formed an arch far overhead and often supported long banners of gray southern moss, which swayed in a gentle breeze. Here and there we had to change our direction to avoid pools of water almost overgrown with plants and shrubs.

The day was overcast, and so the woods were dull. We discovered a southern pileated woodpecker early on the trip. We also discovered early something less pleasant—wood ticks and tiny mosquitoes in hordes. For the next three hours, we searched back and forth for the ivory-bills, but found none. We returned to the car for lunch, and removed as many wood ticks as we saw on our clothing, and such as crawled out at neck or sleeves, all the while keeping up a constant switching to keep off swarms of mosquitoes. It was while we ate that my guide discoursed on wood ticks. He said there were three species about us and caught one of each kind as it descended below his sleeve, pointing out the most pleasing characteristics of each. Only one such I remember. One tick had a yellow spot in the middle of its back. Oh, yes, another never grew up; it was very tiny indeed, but its diminutive size did not hinder it from doing a great work.

My guide could see, evidently, that I was down hearted, for he said, "Some young fellows from the University of Wisconsin were here two weeks or so ago, and they searched two whole days before they found one ivory-bill."

After lunch, we spent three more hours searching. Not an ivory-bill could we find! We returned to town, and, upon the warden's advice, I stopped at a drug store to buy rubbing alcohol, said to be good to induce

wood ticks to release their hold. I knew I had a band about four inches wide above my boot-tops completely covered with mosquito bites, but was not prepared to see hundreds of wood ticks fastened to my anatomy.

First, I rubbed the alcohol over me generously, according to the directions of the game warden, next lathered well with soap and took a shower. Again, I rubbed on alcohol and then began to pick. I picked off one hundred ticks before I stopped counting. Each I drowned under the faucet and continued picking. Finally, believing I had pulled out all, I turned my attention to my underwear, which I had covered with water on removal. Many more were drowned. My skirt and blouse I had put into a big paper bag, which I had tied near the top. I now discovered three more ticks crawling on me. A glance at the clock showed me I had spent two hours drowning ticks. I was a wreck and went to bed. In the morning, I hung my skirt and blouse on a tree, removed three ticks from the bed and one from the top of a box that had been in the car.

I was utterly discouraged, but determined to make one more effort to see those elusive birds. I drove to the Sarkey Road, the gravel crossroad which we had followed the day before on our way to the Singer Tract, and stopped where we had on the previous day paused. At this point, there was an old over-grown road leading out of the woods on either side of the highway. The ivory-bills, I was informed, had occasionally been seen flying through the woods and crossing the highway at this place. While parked, I saw the prothonotary warbler, red-eyed vireo, yellow-breasted chat, indigo and painted buntings, and a wood pewee building its nest, but no ivory-bill!

I was blue, indeed, when I returned to camp, but cheered a bit when I talked with a young man, Mr. Theo Killian, who helped his relative, owner of the camp and the near-by grocery store. He said that if I would stay until Sunday he would go with me to a tract of woods fifty miles away, near his father's farm, where he had seen ivory-bills many times when a boy—had even shot one. I questioned him closely and was convinced that he knew what he was talking about. It was now Thursday, and in the next two days I would have time to rest, see that all my clothes were clean, and enjoy scratching.

At nine o'clock Sunday morning, Mr. Killian, his young wife and I left Talulah, all three in the front seat, the man driving my car. After crossing Macon Bayou and driving through Delhi, we stopped at the farm home of Mr. and Mrs. Killian's friends, French people who served French coffee at once, coffee quite black and bitter, but good, if you please. Then on to the woods. (This tract of trees, known as The Little Swamp, lies east of Killian's Ferry Landing, Macon Bayou, Franklin Parish, Louisiana. The owners of the tract were said to live in Chicago, Illinois. The adjoining tract of woods, I learned, is the property of Mr. S. D. Gravell of Swampers, Louisiana.) We remained in the woods until about two o'clock, going here and there to sections where woodpeckers were heard.

When we first entered the woods, far overhead in a live oak tree I had a momentary view of an ivory-bill, but, as I was handing my binoculars to one of my companions, the bird suddenly departed. Mr. Killian said he

had recognized the bird without the glasses, but I was determined to have a more satisfactory view, both for myself and my witnesses. Hence we continued our search.

These woods, which contained many live oak trees, hung with southern moss, were not so dark as those of the Singer Tract, for they were a bit more open and the day was bright and clear. Hence mosquitoes as well as ticks were much less in evidence.

We identified two southern pileated woodpeckers. Three more great woodpeckers saw us first and flew before we could determine their species. Then there was a tremendous sound, as if a rivet were being driven into steel. You've all heard it when passing a new construction where steel girders were being riveted. Even I, whose ears are not attuned to the songs and calls of birds, heard the great noise as distinctly as I would if a rivet were driven into steel directly in front of me. Mr. Killian nodded toward the top of a tall bare tree trunk, forty or more feet up. And there, clinging to the trunk with its back toward us, drilling away, was a magnificent male ivory-billed woodpecker. Comparing its length with that of a hairy woodpecker in the same tree, I judged this great woodpecker to be over twenty inches long. Its tall pointed red cap showed distinctly in the sunlight; the white areas of the closed wings caused the back of the bird to appear half white. When the bird shifted position slightly, the cream colored bill came into view. Quickly, I now handed the glasses to Mr. Killian, who, after looking until satisfied, passed them on to his wife. But when she looked, the bird was not there.

On our return trip, was I downhearted? Wood ticks and mosquitoes, a long dirt road and a poor dinner, counted for naught; for at last I had seen the ivory-billed woodpecker.

San Diego, California



The Year's List

By CORA CLARKE MCELROY

A WOMAN GUEST who was having breakfast with us on our screened porch once said, "What kind of bird is that on the ground there, the one with rusty breast?" Astonished at the question, I said, "Why, that's a robin. You can hear him singing about four o'clock every morning." To which she replied proudly, "I never heard a bird sing at four o'clock in the morning in my whole life, and I hope I never shall."

In contrast with this sub-zero interest in birds is that of another woman I know, a well known ornithologist, who went into her garden by the light of Arcturus and Jupiter one May morning to find out just how many songs a favorite song sparrow would sing during the day. With note book in hand and a watch she sat there until after sunset, counting and recording the songs—how many a minute, how many an hour, not leaving her post for breakfast or lunch lest a song be missed.

Between these extremes are many gradations of interest in birds, but it seems safe to say that most people are supposed to have some interest,

since almost any robin who has chosen to spend the winter in our Chicago region can make the front page of a leading newspaper by coming out from his retreat some snowy day in search of food. A few of the most interested become amateur ornithologists, to whom bird study is a sport, a hobby. If they have houses and gardens they may be content with studying the birds they have at hand, but if they live in apartments they are more likely to search the parks, the cemeteries, the shore of the lake, or the outlying sloughs, trying to learn the identification of as many species as possible. Their game is the making of lists—life lists, year lists, day lists. These they keep with as great a sense of honor as a conscientious golfer keeps his score, putting down no bird if there is any reason to doubt its identification.

There is a gulf between these amateur ornithologists and the professional ornithologists. The former have the fun, the latter the work. The attitude of one is emotional, that of the other factual. The professional bands his birds and weighs them morning, noon, and night; or he kills them by the thousand for their skins, which he wants either for his private collection or for that of some museum. He opens up their stomachs to see what they have eaten, counting and identifying the bugs and seeds he finds there. The amateur may admit that science makes these demands but he shudders at them nevertheless. He thinks of the birds as friends and is revolted by the idea of peering into their little insides.

Since bird study with me is only a hobby, and since I live in an apartment, my interest has been centered in the year's list. Once when I was a beginner my goal was the identification of one hundred different species for the Chicago area. Last year for the first time I set it at two hundred, which was only thirty-five short of the best that has ever been reported in this area. But now that the year is ended and the goal has been reached, I find as I turn back over the pages of my note book that the game was a small part of my satisfaction.

As I sit looking over the record, it seems in my reverie like a Chinese picture scroll, one day wide and three hundred sixty-five days long. The background is a neutral color made up of the common birds seen so often and in so many places that they do not stand out in memory—the Herring gulls, the common ducks, the robins, the juncos, tree sparrows, even blue-birds and meadow-larks. On this background are the vivid figures of the rarer birds, seen perhaps for the first time, or of some bird not rare in itself but which has furnished a rare experience. These figures scattered throughout the scroll represent moments common to all ornithologists, when the spirit stands free from its imprisonment and they are conscious only of the elation of the present—such moments, though achieved in various ways, as we all live by and for unless the routine of life has beaten us into hopeless and continual dullness.

The first figures are those of crossbills, both the white-winged and the red. They bring back the Sunday a group of us spent in the Morton Arboretum in January—the rolling, snow-covered landscape, the many snow-laden clumps of evergreens, the out-door picnic lunch about the open fire. But for me the climax of the day was coming upon these beautiful

birds from the far north, busily feeding on some small pines, their gay plumage vivid against the green and white background. They do not come this far south every year and they were the first I had ever seen. In the afternoon of this day we found some barn owls that stared at us quizzically, and a little saw-whet that permitted us to come so close that the small boy of the group tried to catch it in his hat, which indignity, however, it escaped. Another trip to the Arboretum stands out because, although not yet the middle of February, the day was like spring and migration had started. Tree-sparrows, robins, and bluebirds were singing. For the first time I heard the song of the prairie horned larks.

One misty day in April a friend and I were looking for birds in Oak Woods Cemetery. She stopped suddenly, took my arm and said under her breath, "Look there!" We had nearly stepped on a tiny bird threading its way through the wet grass. "Why, it's a Henslow sparrow," I exclaimed. To our astonishment it was not the least afraid of us. When we came closer than two or three feet it would fly a short distance and resume feeding. After nearly half an hour of watching we tried to catch it by dropping my hat over it, but it slipped out under the brim.

During the first week of May I was at our Indiana farm. A cousin and I decided to walk to an adjoining farm that had been our grandparents'. They had been dead for fifty years but the house and barn they had built when first married were still being used. Though I had my binoculars I was only partly interested in birds, my cousin not at all. We wanted to satisfy a nostalgia for the places we had known so well in childhood. We stopped for a brief visit at the house with the tenant's wife, then went out to the big barn. Its threshing floor and hand-hewn beams were still staunch. We recalled the story our mothers had told us so often of how grandfather had determined to raise it without serving liquor to the neighbors who came to help. He did so and it became known as the first barn in the country round about to have been raised without hard drinks. In the pasture beyond the barn was a flock of small birds feeding on the ground. They were constantly rising a few feet from the ground to settle in a new spot, as though they were leaves blown about by sudden gusts of wind. At first I could not identify them, but gradually by a process of elimination I decided they were pipits. Sure enough when I returned to the house and looked in my bird books I found I had been right, also that I had been lucky as they stay only a day or two in one place during migration. On two previous occasions I had seen a single pipit when it had been pointed out to me but here I had a whole flock all to myself.

The emotional high tide of the year came one evening in early May when I was looking for birds by myself in Oak Woods Cemetery. I was just entering a willow thicket by a small stream when I flushed a woodcock nearly under my feet. I looked at the ground where it had been and my startled eyes seemed for a moment to see only a tiny whirlwind in the dead leaves. Five newly hatched woodcocks were running off in as many directions. I stooped, picked up one, and cupped it in my hands. Weak with excitement, I sat down on the bank to study the tiny brown and tan ball

with its comical long bill. It did not seem afraid and when I set it down beside me on my coat it remained for some minutes.

Bitterns made another May day memory. In the morning as I entered Oak Woods through the main gateway I saw a couple of friends a short distance away, pointing excitedly at a spot to my left. There not twenty feet from a busy city street stood a bittern "frozen." We walked to within a few feet of it and it never batted an eye. With its long outstretched neck I thought it would have served Alice in her strange game of croquet quite as well as her flamingo. Later in the day we were driving in the country and saw another bittern in display not far from the highway. I had never guessed he owned the beautiful plumes now spreading over his shoulders as a part of his wedding suit. People seldom see them, since they are hidden except in his hours of courtship.

As I follow through my year's scroll I find that, next to May, August and early September furnish the most pictures, for then the shore birds return from the north, many having gone beyond the Arctic Circle to nest. From the south come the young of the American egret and the little blue heron. They wander far from home, out to see the world before settling down to adult life.

The city dump at Lake Calumet was long the paradise of the least squeamish of the local ornithologists because there could be found many species of shore birds and such unusual ones as dowitchers, knots, turnstones, and phalaropes. But recently a new highway has been put through the slough where they congregated and few come any more. This year we found that a dump for the near-by city of Hammond is quite as good for birds and much better from an esthetic standpoint, as it does not seem to have been used for garbage for a number of years, the odor is gone, and it is partially overgrown with vegetation. There is a fairly large body of shallow water and here the ducks, teal, and shore birds gather by the hundreds. It is a lonely and desolate place and my memory of it at sunset with its little white clouds of sandpipers, and darker ones of teal, rising and settling again on the water, the snipe and king rails slipping from their hiding places into the open, the indescribably lovely calls of the shore birds, haunts me like a poem.

Near the close of every year I say I probably shall not make a list for the next year, but down in my heart I know that New Year's Day will find me somewhere in the park or along the lake, looking for a gull, a junco, a cardinal, or even a winter robin with which to begin the coming year's list.

Chicago, Ill.



THE PERIOD for the annual Christmas census is at hand and we should be glad to receive reports from any of our readers for publication in our next number.

Membership List

FOLLOWING IS a list of members of the Illinois Audubon Society as shown by our records and whose dues have been received for the current year. We would appreciate immediate notification of any omission or corrections of names or addresses.

HONORARY MEMBERS

Bailey, Mr. Alfred M., Denver, Colo.
Bailey, Mrs. Ezra H., Streator
Gault, Mr. Benjamin T., Wheaton
Schantz, Mr. Orpheus M., Riverside

LIFE MEMBERS

Blaine, Mrs. Emmons, Chicago
Blakeley, Mr. John M., St. Paul,
Minn.
Carmack, Mrs. E. H., Chicago
Fraser, Mr. Norman D., Chicago
Loeb, Mrs. Albert H., Chicago

SUSTAINING MEMBERS

Besly, Mrs. Charles H., Hinsdale
Blakeley, Mrs. John M., St. Paul,
Minn.
Borden, Mrs. John, Chicago
Carter, Miss Helen L., Chicago
Colson, Mr. Harry G., Chicago
Conover, Mr. H. Boardman, Chicago
Cudahy, Mr. Joseph M., Lake Forest
Curtis, Mrs. John F. L., Lake Forest
Delano, Mrs. Frederic A.,
Washington, D. C.
Doering, Mr. O. C., River Forest
Ewing, Mrs. Hazle Buck,
Bloomington
Gifford, Mrs. Robert L.,
Pasadena, Calif.
Goodrich, Miss Juliet T., Chicago
Gregg, Mrs. Jessie A., Chicago
Hair, Mrs. Thomas R., Evanston
Hinchliffe, Mrs. W. E., Rockford
Jones, Mrs. Lester M., Whittier, Cal.
Kerwin, Mrs. Hope E., Wilmette
Metzenberg, Mr. L., Chicago
Plapp, Miss Doris Anne, Chicago
Powell, Mrs. Ambrose V., Chicago
Pearsall, Mr. Gordon S., River Forest
Rudolph, Miss Pauline D., Winnetka
Schwab, Mr. Martin C., Chicago

Wells, Mrs. Frederick L., Wheaton
Van Zwoll, Mr. H. B., Chicago

CONTRIBUTING MEMBERS

Ainsworth, Mrs. Harry, Moline
Barnes, Mr. R. Magoon, Lacon
Bentley, Mrs. Cyrus, Chicago
Bilharz, Mrs. O. M., Kenilworth
Bowen High School Biology Club,
Chicago
Boisot, Mrs. Louis, LaGrange
Burkhart, Mr. Oliver M., E. Moline
Chicago Outdoor Art League, Chicago
Craigmile, Miss Esther, Maywood
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VARIOUS MIGRATORY birds from the United States are to be found in Chile over a period of from five to seven months. Dr. Rodolfo A. Philippi, an eminent Chilean ornithologist, prepared for T. Gilbert Pearson the following list of 32 species of North American birds which have been recorded in Chile: barn swallow, black-poll warbler, red-tailed hawk, duck hawk, osprey, golden, black-bellied, semipalmated, and upland plovers, turnstone, surf-bird, sanderlings, greater and lesser yellow-legs, red, northern and Wilson's phalaropes, Hudsonian godwit, marbled godwits, Eskimo curlew (formerly), Hudsonian curlew, Baird's, pectoral, white-rumped, stilt, spotted and semipalmated sandpipers, knot, Arctic tern, black tern, Franklin's gull and parasitic jaeger.

There is no law in Chile to prevent the killing of any of these feathered visitors, nor is there any legal limit to the number that may be shot in a day. Rather, one can legally kill there any bird not specifically listed as a protected species, and no instance was ever found where a man was fined for killing a non-game bird.

The Illinois Audubon Society

was organized in 1897 for the study and protection of bird life. The Society disseminates facts relating to the importance of bird life and strives to increase interest in forest preserves, state parks, wild life refuges, and every movement concerned with the enforcement of State and Federal laws relative to birds. You are earnestly invited to join us in the work which demands the most thoughtful efforts of our people.



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"Fifty Winter Birds"—post-card size in color.....	\$1.00
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Our Friends the Owls

By AMY G. BALDWIN

THERE IS something very thrilling when one sees an owl flying or roosting in a tree. With those cat-like faces peering at you, you just can't feel the same toward them as toward any other bird, and when they give their calls or "hoots" many are made nervous, especially when walking through the woods.

What a delight it is to go exploring for owls, stealing quietly along, looking up through the branches of spruce or other pines to see an owl sitting close to the trunk of the tree getting his forty winks. Some of the owls sleep during the day, others sleep partly by day and partly by night. Their work is done during the evening and night hours when other birds have gone to roost. If discovered in the daytime by a person or by crows or blue jays they will fly, but it is usually against their will. They fly quickly away to shelter and seclusion, seldom flying far so that many times one can locate them again without much trouble.

Mr. Bent says "Owls have always been victims of ignorance and superstition, believed to be birds of ill-omen and harbingers of misfortune and death. The barn owl in particular has been responsible for many reports of haunted houses."

The barn owl has several local names, among them being white owl, stone owl, monkey-face and golden owl. Monkey-face is quite descriptive of him. I have a skin of this owl from a bird found dead and its plumage is exquisite, soft, fluffy and beautifully marked. The softness of the plumage accounts for the silent flight of owls. I should far rather see him in a barn or tree, though, than as a specimen in my box.

Owls begin their nesting in February, which is much earlier than most birds. Barn owls make their nesting sites in hollows of trees, burrows under ground, sides of old wells, dove-cotes, barns, water tanks, abandoned mining shafts, etc. They lay from five to seven eggs which are pure white. Nests have been found with seven to eleven eggs but seldom are so many brought to maturity. Both birds assist in the incubation which requires from twenty-one to twenty-four days. Both birds have been seen nesting together, with eggs under each bird.

This owl is one of our most useful birds of prey. Its food consists almost entirely of various species of rodents. They do their hunting in open fields rather than in the wooded sections. When the evening shadows creep over the land the barn owl goes to forage in the meadows and marshes.

The flight will be swift and silent, returning to the nest at short intervals carrying various kinds of mice, shrews, bats, moles, muskrats, young rabbits, gophers, squirrels, rats and frogs, besides grasshoppers, beetles, crickets, katydids and occasionally birds. As many birds live or roost in the marsh their movements when disturbed by an owl may be the cause of their being caught, not so much that the owl would be hunting birds. Hunting through the night, it has an acute sense of hearing which helps it locate its prey. Then when daylight comes it finds its roost in a well sheltered place, becoming drowsily inactive all day, sleeping so soundly that it is not easily awakened, but if disturbed it flies with a bewildered flight.



Screech Owl Takes a Sun Bath

If barn owls linger too far north during severe winters they have been known to perish, but man is their greatest enemy, killing them because he thinks they destroy chickens and game birds. The owls are also used for mounted specimens and are fast diminishing in number. What a shame that man is so blind as to be his own worst enemy in destroying such valuable rodent killers.

One of three treasured experiences with saw-whet owls occurred May 15, 1932, on a C. O. S. trip to Mr. Lyon's in Waukegan. He had caught one in a banding trap and had kept it for us to see before banding and releasing it. Some time after that, on April 4, 1934, Miss Newton and I were going along a trail in the Dunes when, as we came to a thicket in a swamp, we saw a long-eared owl right in front of us. It flew. On going

back to the same spot to try to see it again, we failed but just over our heads perched under a pine branch, almost like an umbrella, we saw the loveliest saw-whet fast asleep. We were within two feet and could have caught it without any trouble. Our talking aroused the owl but it just looked at us without flying and we went on our way happily satisfied that we had had the opportunity of seeing it. The third time was on January 22, 1939, at Morton Arboretum on a C. O. S. trip. Six of us stood right in front of a saw-whet. It was too cute for words, turning its head from one to the other of us, until in our enthusiasm we ventured too close and it flew a short distance away. The flight seemed very much like that of the woodcock.

The saw-whet has a great variety of calls. In Roberts' *Birds of Minnesota* we read "The calls are soft, musical, whistling, tinkling or cooing sounds, others harsh, rasping and metallic, sounding to some ears like the filing of a saw, whence the common name." The measurement of the saw-whet is eight inches and three inches of that is tail. It is remarkable that a bird so small can kill animals and birds larger and stronger than itself, for it isn't much larger than a plump common sparrow.

Screech owls, though more common than the saw-whet, are nevertheless as much prized by us when we see them. We have found them in Jackson Park, Oakwoods and Oakhill Cemeteries and the Dunes. A pair nested in Jackson Park for two or more years and many bird lovers made the trip to the Park to see them when the word went out that they were there. It was there that I heard the screech owl give his call and purring notes, after seven in the evening. At that time a certain man used to go over to the Park to feed the pigeons, sparrows and grackles, of which there was an abundance. Because this man saw one of the owls catch a pigeon, he destroyed the young and adult owls as well as the nest. When he told me what he had done I reminded him that the stockyards were making a business of killing animals so he could have meat three times a day if he wished. He said "Well I never thought of it in that light before. I guess you are right at that." Nature has a way of balancing its over-production and when man tries to interfere only harm can come of it.

The most remarkable peculiarity of the screech owl is its tendency to develop two very distinct phases of plumage, a red and a gray. This tendency seems to have nothing to do with sex, age or season and has never been satisfactorily explained, so far as I know. On New Year's day of last year Mr. Bartel and I saw one in the red phase at the Arboretum, sleeping in a pine tree right out on an open branch in full sunlight. Was the owl trying to keep warm? It was a perfect subject for a snapshot and who knows but that it might have taken a prize, but camera and I were in different places.

Short-eared owls are well distributed, being found in every continent except Australia. They prefer open plains, marshes and sand dunes rather than thick forests and are seen hunting by day. This owl nests mostly on the ground, making its nest of marsh grass ten to eighteen inches across. The young wander from the nest in about two weeks, each day going farther afield. A. A. Saunders writing in 1913 says he was always able to find the

young by the action of the parents in feigning injury nearby. This is an interesting thing about birds. Many have seen the killdeer act like a wounded bird. At the Dunes one time I saw the redstart warbler do this same stunt right at my feet. Although I did not find the nest or young I must have been very close to them.

Mr. Ketchin writing of the short-eared owl in 1919 says "We were treated to a most ridiculous performance of a 'wounded-bird' act by the male bird. While watching a female we suddenly heard an awful groaning and chuckling sound behind us. This was the male and he was mad clear through, darting back and forth and uttering these awful sounds. Finally he could stand it no longer and literally dived into a bunch of high weeds, where he twisted and turned, and to watch the tops of the weeds one would think that nothing less than a death struggle was going on."

On one of the C. O. S. trips to the Dunes a Say's phoebe, as yet unidentified by us, was being followed when a short-eared owl flew up unexpectedly just over a dune. Our attention being diverted to the owl, we might have lost the highlight of the day, as Say's phoebe is scarce in this locality.

It was interesting to read that the short-eared owl has a flight song of courtship, going up into the sky and then returning to earth again, reminding one of the song-flight of the woodcock. I have seen the prairie horned lark perform in the same way.

The long-eared owl has a wide distribution over nearly all the United States and the timbered regions of Canada. It is not of the deep forests, but frequents the dense growth of tree belts along streams where it finds shelter for its nest and concealment during the day. It may be more common than is generally supposed. Hunting in the dusk of evening and early morning, in the moonlight or on dark days, it is not seen very often so little is known about it. It is more strictly nocturnal than some of our other owls. Due to its coloration and the way it poses, it can be easily overlooked. Unless one is familiar with its haunts it would scarcely be seen during the daytime hours. Its flight is rather wavering and uncertain, something like that of the whip-poor-will. This owl does not often make a nest of its own but uses the old nests of crows, night herons, squirrels and hawks. It has been known to nest on the ground, but that would be only where there is a scarcity of suitable tree nests to be found. The nest may have three to eight white eggs, but four or five is the common number to incubate. This owl is very bold in defense of its young and will carry on the "wounded bird" act to distract intruders from its nest and young. Sometimes both birds join in the onslaught. Long-eared owls are worthy of protection for from eighty to ninety percent of their food is injurious rodents.

An owl regurgitates the fur and bones of its victims, forming pellets which may be found at the base of roosting trees. One pellet which I found contained the skull of a mouse with the teeth still intact. It is the examination of these pellets which has proved beyond a doubt that owls should be classified as beneficial birds.

Of the six owls commonly resident in our section of the country the



PHOTO BY COURTESY OF CHICAGO ACADEMY OF SCIENCES

Long-eared Owl

long-eared, short-eared and screech owl have ear-tufts, while the barred, barn and saw-whet have none. Once in awhile the snowy owl is seen. Mr. Bartel saw one at the Arboretum in winter but it cannot be classed as a bird of the region as it visits us only in very severe seasons when the food supply becomes scarce in its range.

Chicago, Illinois.



Hawks and Owls Vindicated

(From the St. Louis Post-Dispatch)

ARE HAWKS and owls harmful to wildlife and poultry or are they friends of the farmer and hunter? The question has long been debated, and now an actual test in Missouri produces evidence in favor of the big birds.

Members of the Macon County Conservation Federation, believing that quail were being killed by the hawks and owls, staged a two-week drive against them last month (January). The campaign, in which the Missouri Conservation Commission co-operated, netted 195 hawks and 45 owls. An examination of the birds' stomachs at the Co-operative Wildlife Research Unit at the University of Missouri produced the following data:

Remains of field mice and other small animals were found in 183 stomachs, bird remains in 18, traces of insects and grass in nine, and 43 stomachs were empty. Unmistakable signs of quail were found in only

one specimen, a marsh hawk, and a feather or two that might have been those of quail in two others. The Conservation Commission's report points out that marsh hawks and red-tails feed on carrion, that neither is capable of catching a healthy, vigorous quail, so it is likely they eat only dead or crippled birds.

The case is plain enough, the commission concludes, that hawks and owls "are mostly mousers and should be protected as valuable allies to the farmer." Of course, it is pointed out, the farmer has a right to kill any marauder that is taking his chickens, but any widespread campaign against the two species would be harmful both to wildlife propagation and to agriculture.

☞ ☞ ☞

First Aid for Birds

By CONSTANCE NICE

READING LATE one evening, I was startled by a bang at the window. On the floor I discovered our tame song sparrow, who, apparently seized by migration restlessness, had flown so hard against the window that his heart and respiration had stopped. I applied artificial respiration with thumb and forefinger, pressing down on both sides of his chest to expel the air and releasing the pressure to draw the air back into the lungs. In a few minutes his heart began to beat, he began to breathe feebly and then more normally, and, after a quiet night in a cage, was pretty well recovered, although he did not recover his normal enthusiasm until later in the day.

I suggest to my readers that, if they find a bird that has apparently just "killed" itself against a window or some other obstacle, they try artificial respiration to see whether heart action and breathing cannot be restarted.

Chicago, Illinois.

☞ ☞ ☞

Lecture by Dr. Bailey

WE ARE pleased to announce a lecture to be delivered by Dr. Alfred M. Bailey, Director of the Colorado Museum of Natural History, a former Director of the Chicago Academy of Sciences, and an honorary member of the Illinois Audubon Society. His subject will be "The Desert Islands of Mexico" and will be given at the Academy of Sciences on Monday evening, March 17, at eight o'clock. Our members are well acquainted with the splendid quality of Dr. Bailey's photography and know that we may expect an excellent talk and an altogether enjoyable evening. Don't forget the date and bring your bird-minded friends.

☞ ☞ ☞

SCATTERED OVER the State of Illinois are no less than twenty state parks ranging in size from 3200 down to 21 acres and all are wildlife preserves where we have the opportunity to study our favorite subjects, whether it be birds and small mammals or flowers and trees.

Bird Visitors

By ELIZABETH BAROODY

AS USUAL the birds have helped during the past year to make life most interesting at 3130 Wenonah Avenue, Berwyn, Illinois. During that time we have seen within our gates 75 different species that we could definitely identify and several others, particularly fall warblers, that we could not.

Winter, of course, is the dull season, but cardinals came daily to our dining room window box for sunflower seeds, and the downy and hairy woodpeckers visited our suet baskets. So did the less welcome English sparrows and starlings.

It was in March that the northward procession began with the grackles, the robins, and the juncos. More birds came in April, some to stay for but a day, some to linger for weeks. Among the latter, thrice welcome were the white-throated sparrows with their clear, sweet song; the wood thrush, which all during its stay was a delightful alarm clock; and the towhees that visited us spring and fall. The male towhee drew our attention first on the rainy day of April 8 by his loud singing. The female did not appear until the sixth of May. Also among the April comers was the mourning dove which nested precariously high up in the neighbor's elm tree. In May two baby doves sought shelter beneath our shrubbery. Only one pair of birds, robins, nested in our yard, and two of their nestlings came to grief in spite of our best efforts.

May Day was memorable for purple finches amid the snow. We put cracked corn and millet seed under the evergreens for the white-throats, but no sooner did we turn away than a little flock of purple finches as well as white-throats came for the grain. Five days later white-crowned sparrows came to tarry for several days before going on northward. All during May the warblers kept coming. One scarcely dared to leave the window and knew not which window to choose for a vantage point. The first of the warblers was the black and white on May 5. The last was the mourning on May 30. Another very interesting visitor was a female eastern whip-poor-will which on May 13 fluttered up like a big brown moth from our bed of myrtle and alighted on a branch of a bush near a bedroom window.

Spring was the busiest season but the summer was not lacking in interest. Apples (Jonathans preferred) and grapes on the lawn and abundant water enticed many birds to come in. On August 20 I recorded in my journal "a delightful hard working day in the yard." I marvel that I got anything done for I also wrote, "And the birds! The robins, many young ones, brown thrashers, and the catbirds ate grapes. The cardinal family ate sunflower seeds and chipped lustily. A female or an immature redstart fluttered about. A black and white warbler inspected the magnolia tree. A yellow-throated vireo searched among the leaves of the mountain ash, while a female rose-breasted grosbeak and a pair of orioles ate the ash berries. Robins and catbirds ate the blue berries of the *Viburnum lentago*. A downy came in. A flicker dug for ants. Blue jays ate everything in sight."

A Philadelphia vireo was an interesting September visitor. We found him enjoying the grapes put out on the grass and those growing on the vines. He thrust his sharp bill through the skins and drank until only a limp skin remained to dry on the bunch. He seemed almost fearless, allowing us to come near indeed before he would leave the grapes. Our only cedar waxwing came to the pool on October 13. Unfortunately a robin saw him at once and, with astonishment and indignation written all over him, he sailed into that strange newcomer and chased him out of the yard.

Our last transient was a male towhee which came on November 18 and left on the same day after a good meal of cracked corn. Now only one faithful pair of cardinals, downies, three this morning, and an occasional hairy woodpecker come to us. With luck on our side and greater watchfulness we hope to improve our record in 1941.

Following is the list of our visitors during 1940: Eastern mourning dove, yellow-billed cuckoo, black-billed cuckoo, screech owl, whip-poor-will, hummingbird, flicker, red-headed woodpecker, yellow-bellied sapsucker, hairy woodpecker, downy woodpecker, crested flycatcher, phoebe, Acadian flycatcher, least flycatcher, wood pewee, blue jay, brown creeper, house wren, winter wren, catbird, brown thrasher, robin, wood thrush, hermit thrush, olive-backed thrush, gray-cheeked thrush, veery, bluebird, golden-crowned kinglet, ruby-crowned kinglet, cedar waxwing, starling, yellow-throated vireo, red-eyed vireo, Philadelphia vireo, black and white warbler, golden-winged warbler, parula warbler, yellow warbler, magnolia warbler, Cape May warbler, black-throated blue warbler, myrtle warbler, black-throated green warbler, Blackburnian warbler, chestnut-sided warbler, black-poll warbler, oven-bird, Northern water-thrush, Connecticut warbler, mourning warbler, yellow-throat, Wilson's warbler, Canada warbler, American redstart, English sparrow, Baltimore oriole, rusty blackbird, bronzed grackle, cowbird, scarlet tanager, cardinal, rose-breasted grosbeak, indigo bunting, purple finch, goldfinch, red-eyed towhee, Henslow's sparrow, slate-colored junco, chipping sparrow, white-crowned sparrow, white-throated sparrow, fox sparrow, song sparrow.

Berwyn, Illinois.



Two Western Records

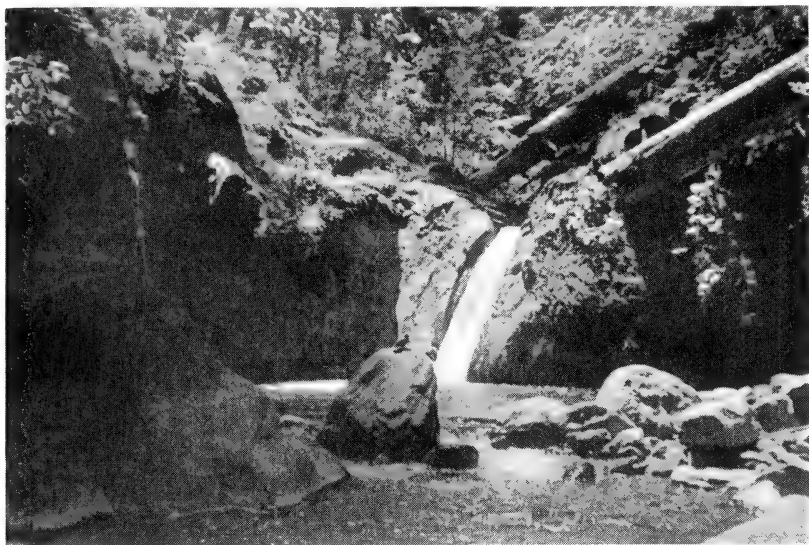
By ESTHER A. CRAIGMILE

IN AUGUST, 1939, the floral beauty, architecture, and exhibits of Treasure Island were incomplete without a day at Golden Gate Park. I went directly to the beach where the rocks had their usual quota of seal plus myriads of brown pelicans and gulls. Playing tag with the waves were several strange birds in the surf. I watched them for some time, then visited the museum to learn that surf-bird is the common name for *Aphriza virgata*.

On consulting Florence Merriam Bailey's *Handbook of Birds of the Western United States* I still knew little more of my new record. I have my late friend William Leon Dawson to thank for definite information of *Aphriza virgata*. The December, 1928, number of Nature Magazine has a

delightful account of Dawson's acquaintance with these surf runners at Santa Barbara. His photography deserves praise.

It was Professor Joseph Dixon of the University of California, in 1927, who found the surf-bird nesting in Alaska after four futile quests. After seventeen years of search the nest was located in McKinley National Park.



Ouzel at Dead Indian Soda Spring

Dead Indian Soda Spring, in the heart of the Cascades, is about twenty-five miles from Ashland, Oregon, as the crow flies but the round about Crater Lake Highway makes it a fifty mile trip. While my nephew waded up a mountain stream among huge rocks and fallen tree giants, catching a nice string of cutthroat trout, we visited another canyon where the water ouzel nested. I had previously seen their nest behind a waterfall in Ashland Canyon and had risked my life crawling over slippery rocks in Yosemite to find one. Ouzels are frequently seen from the train window along the Sacramento River.

Two ouzels were busily feeding under the water or bobbing nervously on the huge white washed boulders. We sat quietly on the shore a few feet distant and watched them for an hour. They were not disturbed by our movements. We did not succeed in photographing them but a guest from Glendale, California, caught this picture.

Mrs. Jack Tyrrell who lives between the trout streams says ouzels' songs in mid-winter in the presence of ice and snow amaze one. Dr. Allen of Cornell has reproduced their songs to the great satisfaction of those who have not heard them. Ashley Hine found ouzels in song in extreme weather along Bow River in Canada.

Maywood, Ill.

Murder of the Innocents

By E. T. BARODY

ONE SUNDAY morning in the month of December, 1940, I went to the Northwestern station in Chicago to meet my daughter who was coming home for a short visit. While waiting for her train to arrive, the new Streamliner, City of Denver, arrived at the station. As the train stopped I began to notice bird wings and heads attached to its sides and especially the front part of the engine, which is made like the front of an automobile, with grillwork. Upon further investigation I discovered scores of bird bodies, heads, and mangled legs frozen to the front of the train. I stepped forward and carefully examined many of the remains, and to my horror found them to be bodies and remains of western meadowlarks. Very few of the bodies were intact. In the grill of the engine I found remains of many wings and tails, and inside the grill there were several bodies that I could not reach. On one side of the engine I found several bodies frozen to the body of the car with their heads crushed and their entrails held tight to the steel frame of the locomotive.

In talking with the men who work at the station I was told by one of them that it was a daily sight at certain times of the year. It so happened, he informed me, that on the day I was there the number of dead birds was very limited in quantity.

I picked up several of the bodies to determine whether the species killed in this manner vary or are the same. I found that all the birds I picked up were of the same family. Evidently these birds light on the tracks, are frightened by the whistle of the engine, and when they fly are sucked in by the locomotive, which in some of the sections of the west travels at 70 to 80 and more miles per hour.

Berwyn, Illinois.



Do Wild Birds Recognize People?

By CONSTANCE NICE

A PAIR of robins that I studied at the University of Michigan Biological Station certainly did. Their nest was in a tree in front of my cabin on the main street of the camp. The study involved removing the young from the nest once a day to weigh and measure them.

Each day the parents became, if possible, more indignant and apprehensive every time I saw them, until I wondered how they could stand hundreds of people passing beneath their tree every day. However, a fellow student who was watching a pair of goldfinches next door told me that, although the robins crossed the road shrieking to meet me when I approached, they ignored other passers-by. No matter what costume I wore, they recognized me immediately and screamed indignantly whenever I approached or left my cabin.

Chicago, Illinois.

Illegal Plumage

EARLY IN January several of the Directors of the Society were invited to meet with Mr. Richard H. Pough, director of the department of persecuted species for the National Audubon Society, and at a dinner conference he told us of his investigation into the revival of the use of illegal feathers in the millinery trade. A federal law enacted in 1913 had outlawed the sale or importation of the plumage of other than domestic fowl, and an Illinois law also prohibits the sale of feathers of "wild birds." But the millinery trade has recently been encouraging their use and the inquiry set on foot by Mr. Pough had, after a study over a period of fifteen months, definitely established that many varieties of feathers were being commonly used that were outside the law.

In his capacity as a federal deputy game warden and accompanied by local, state and federal officers, the Chicago wholesale and retail dealers were visited and their stocks examined for contraband goods. Following is a list of the illegal species found and identified by him: Formosa teal, falcated teal, common teal, golden eagle, griffon vulture, Laysan albatross, blackcock, golden pheasant, Cooper pheasant, Lady Amherst pheasant, great bustard, rhea, great horned owl, eagle owl, grey hen, starling, silver pheasant, snowy owl, grebe, crested screamer, bald eagle, common crane, Reeves pheasant, magpie, mallard, sooty tern, glossy starling, peacock, and ring-necked pheasant. Several were from species that are facing extinction if the killing for plumage is permitted to go on, and it is to be hoped that the whole campaign which preceded the enactment of the 1913 law will not have to be again undertaken. At that time the beautiful American egret was hunted for its plumes and had been killed off to the point where the reestablishment of the species seemed almost impossible, but it has been accomplished, and after many years is once more fairly common.

The cruelties that accompanied the destruction of that day have, unfortunately, been pretty much forgotten and must again be brought to the attention of our ladies. Their refusal to wear such ornamentation in their millinery is the one great force that will stop the trade which is on the way to be disastrous for many of our large species, especially. The condor, for example, is limited in this country to probably less than a hundred individuals and would soon be exterminated if this is allowed to continue. Let us wake up and see that the public conscience is aroused to the point where the wearing of such feathers for ornament will no longer be considered proper or in good taste, and not depend upon the enforcement of law to stop this destruction of our birds.



A Friendly Tanager

By GORDON STASTNY

ONE DAY last spring, while we were in the midst of a baseball game, one of the boys saw a red bird pecking at something in the grass. I, being interested in birds, was called to identify it. It was a beautiful male scarlet

tanager. This was the first time I had ever seen one on the ground. It had rained recently and worms were plentiful, so I gathered a few and threw them near the tanager. He didn't seem at all frightened and soon came right up to me in pursuit of more worms. On my previous observations of tanagers they had always seemed shy and very cautious, but not this one. I began to believe that something was wrong with his wing, so I took off my jacket and threw it over him. While carrying him home he got away from me, but was easy prey for my jacket once again. When I got him home I examined him carefully, but found nothing wrong. I then decided to give him his freedom, but as before he flew only a short distance and began to scratch around again. My opinion was that he was someone's pet before venturing north and, therefore, was not afraid of human beings.

Gordon Stastny is a freshman at Morton High School.



An Observant Cardinal

By HARRIETTE A. EGGER

SOMEONE TOLD me last summer that cardinals could be attracted to a feeding shelf with sunflower seeds. I live in the city away from wooded lots, but my son built a small table to be placed under a tree in the back yard, and, to our great delight, it was visited by not only cardinals, but other birds as well. On several occasions when that shelf was empty, thanks to squirrels, sparrows and blue jays, the cardinals flew to a tree near our back porch and whistled, which we interpreted as a call for seeds, so I felt we could coax them to a shelf on the porch. My mother's greeting when I returned from a vacation was, "What do you think has happened?" and to my great joy, she told me that the cardinals were feeding on the porch. They became so tame that they would sit in the tree over the shelf and whistle.

This fall I took my car out of the garage to go on an errand and when I returned and was closing the door, I saw the mother cardinal sitting in a tree in front of the garage. When I came out the side door, she was watching there for me and flew over my head to the porch where she waited until I came out with seeds. She seemed to know that I would come back to the garage and waited there for me.

It has been a lovely sight in winter to see these beautiful red birds outlined against the snowy background and their visits have been among our greatest joys. Our porch feeding shelf has been a great delight to many people and several have become interested in feeding at their own homes.

In the spring orioles and robins also come to the porch and one year we welcomed a rose-breasted grosbeak. I feed the orioles bananas, the robins raisins and apples. It is quite a job at times to take care of the bird menus but I find it well worth the trouble.

Chicago, Ill.

November Bird Meeting

By CONSTANCE NICE

OUR DRIVE to the Wilson Ornithological Club Thanksgiving meeting at Minneapolis was a particular pleasure because we passed through country new to us. Western Wisconsin is much wilder, boggier country than I had realized, punctuated by abrupt crags, all that remains of the layers of sandstone which formerly covered the territory several hundred feet thick.

The University of Minnesota, where the meeting was held, is built on a huge scale. Perhaps the great open spaces between buildings and the vast size of the buildings themselves explain the muscle of Minnesota's football team.

The meeting concerned itself with bird behavior in a manner as interesting to the amateur as to the professional. The symposium on wildlife management was particularly encouraging. Dr. Lawrence Hicks, Director of the Ohio Wildlife Research Station, described the great increase in the pheasant crop in northwestern Ohio, which has been produced by combining scientific research and publicizing of the results with a state game refuge management system and the interest and cooperative organization of the farmers in raising and harvesting more pheasants.

Prof. Aldo Leopold, of the University of Wisconsin, described the progress that had been made through Farmer Cooperatives in interesting Wisconsin farmers in wildlife. Farmers, after all, own most of the suitable country and determine by their farming practices whether wildlife will be able to exist. In the case of most species of resident game, the population is not limited so much by overshooting as by lack of winter food or winter shelter or the "housing situation." The practice, advocated by foresters, of cutting "wolf" trees (the partially hollow or injured veterans) has made many otherwise desirable squirrel and raccoon residential sections undesirable. Another requirement for wildlife, privacy, or the ability to escape from the attack of an enemy to the barbed or mazy entanglements of a briar patch, grape bower or evergreen thicket, is now being provided by many Wisconsin farmers. Their interest in game is extending itself to non-game species, and pride in their neatness in burning pasture junipers is being replaced by pride in the growth of their junipers and pines.

Warren Chase, of the U. S. Conservation Service, spoke of the benefits to wildlife of contouring for erosion control due to the variety of "edges"—the more irregular the patches of cover, the more birds and animals. Therefore the leaving of fencerows to halt erosion is of immense value to wildlife.

As a climax to the two-day meeting, motion pictures showed us the life of many birds which it would require hundreds of miles of travel and many hours of cramped watching in a blind to see half so well. Bird photography in color is so beautiful that there is some danger of forgetting the scientific for the artistic value. I mention in particular Dr. O. S. Pettingill's exciting pictures of the birds of a great western marsh refuge, hundreds of eared grebes fleeing from their nests, avocets brooding, etc. Earl G. Wright's motion pictures of the "Wildlife of the Arid Southwest,"

scorpions, snakes, ground squirrels, and butterflies, as well as birds, are some of the most fascinating I have ever seen. They will be shown at a meeting of the Chicago Ornithological Society at the Eleanor Club in the Stevens Building, eight o'clock P.M., April 15. There is no admission charge to these meetings and visitors are cordially invited.

Chicago, Illinois.



Annual Spring Bird Hikes

THE SECRETARY will be pleased to conduct for the third consecutive spring migration season a series of hikes through Lincoln Park on each Saturday morning, beginning April 5 and concluding May 24, with the exception of May 10. Hikers will meet at the office of the Society, 2001 North Clark Street, at 7:45 A.M. A slight change in itinerary will be made in the interest of increasing the list of birds observed. The group will circle south through the Park as before, then turn north, visiting the garden sanctuary, Diversey harbor, Belmont harbor, Addison bird sanctuary, and continue to Montrose harbor, where we hope to add shore birds to our list of observations. The party will disband here instead of returning to the Academy of Sciences. The exception of May 10 is made because of the scheduled trip of the Society to Quincy, Illinois, on that day.

We hope for a fine reunion of former hikers, and we welcome all interested, new or experienced. Bring field glasses if you have them, and pencils. Paper for your observations will be furnished. We saw 82 birds last season. Let's make it 100 this year.



Spring Meeting at Quincy

THE ILLINOIS AUDUBON SOCIETY is pleased to announce its second annual spring week-end trip for bird study. The meetings will be held May 10 and 11, and this year we are to be the fortunate guests of Dr. T. E. Musselman of Quincy, Illinois.

Dr. Musselman is a Director of the Audubon Society and a well known ornithologist and conservationist. He is planning a week-end that no one can afford to miss. Full details will be mailed to each member of the Society (are your dues paid?) in due season. If you were one of the lucky ones to be the guests of the Illinois Natural History Survey at Havana last year you will want to continue "tripping" with the Audubon Society. If you were missing last year don't let it happen again. See Illinois and the birds of Illinois with the Illinois Audubon Society.



THE AUDUBON Nature Camp at Todd Wildlife Sanctuary, Muscongus Bay, Maine, was filled to capacity this season during its five two-week periods. Since the camp was first opened in 1936, a total of 985 teachers, youth leaders, research workers and hobbyists have attended from 37 states, four Canadian provinces and one European country. A similar camp is to be established in California not later than the summer of 1942.

Christmas Census, 1940

BAILEYTOWN, PORTER COUNTY, Ind. At The Friends of our Native Landscape and four miles of lake front, December 21, 10:45 A.M. to 3:00 P.M. Ground bare, clear, south wind, temp. 39°, nine miles on foot. 1 loon (dead), 150 American golden-eyes, 5 old squaws, 500 American mergansers, 25 red-breasted mergansers, 10 bob-whites, 1 parasitic jaeger (dead), 1 herring gull, 20 ring-billed gulls, 4 Bonaparte's gulls, 5 crows, 1 starling, 10 English sparrows, 2 juncos, 3 tree sparrows; also about five sets of longspur tracks in the sand along the beach (fresh). Total 16 species, 738 individuals. Karl E. Bartel, Jim and Seymour Levy.

Blue Island, Cook County, Ill. In the vicinity of Blue Island, Oak Hill banding station and fields west of Blue Island, December 21 to 31, ground bare, cloudy with no sun at all, temp. ranging from 32° to 45°. Birds listed show largest number of individuals seen in one day. 1 Cooper's hawk, 1 red-shouldered hawk, 1 sparrow hawk, 10 bob-whites, 35 herring gulls, 2 screech owls, 1 red-bellied woodpecker, 1 hairy woodpecker, 6 downy woodpeckers, 2 blue jays, 6 crows, 2 chickadees, 5 tufted titmice, 1 white-breasted nuthatch, 2 brown creepers, 2 golden-crowned kinglets, 200 starlings, 25 English sparrows, 12 cardinals, 4 goldfinches, 30 juncos, 10 tree sparrows, 2 song sparrows. Total 23 species, 361 individuals. Karl E. Bartel.

Dixon, Lee County, Ill. Lowell Park, December 29, 8:00 A.M. to 11:30 A.M., ground bare, cloudy, southwest wind, temp. 36°. Three miles on foot and five miles by auto, stopping at suitable localities for walks. 1 red-tailed hawk, 2 red-bellied woodpeckers, 1 hairy woodpecker, 3 downy woodpeckers, 1 blue jay, 6 crows, 8 chickadees, 3 tufted titmice, 4 white-breasted nuthatches, 6 English sparrows, 3 cardinals, 1 purple finch, 2 goldfinches, 2 juncos. Total 14 species, 43 individuals. Mr. and Mrs. C. O. Decker and Karl E. Bartel.

Holland, Ottawa County, Mich. Ottawa Beach State Park, Lake Macatawa, Iylwild (my home), to city limits of Holland, January 3, ground bare, clear at start and cloudy later, west wind, temp. 32° to 38°. Seventeen miles by car and four miles on foot. 200+ American golden-eyes, 1 white-winged scoter, 850+ American mergansers, 1 bald eagle, 250+ herring gulls, 750+ Bonaparte's gulls, 2 downy woodpeckers, 2 blue jays, 1 white-breasted nuthatch, 7 English sparrows, 1 junco, 1 tree sparrow. Total 12 species, 2065 individuals (est.). George Kent, Harvey, Ill.

Joliet, Will County, Ill. Pilcher Park Arboretum, January 5, 10:30 A.M. to 1:30 P.M., light snow on ground, clear, west wind, temp. 8°. Seven miles by car and four miles on foot. 1 long-eared owl, 1 hairy woodpecker, 1 downy woodpecker, 15 crows, 2 chickadees, 1 starling, 12 common redpolls, 20 juncos. Total 8 species, 53 individuals. Karl E. Bartel.

Lisle, DuPage County, Ill. Morton Arboretum, December 15, 9:30 A.M. to 4:00 P.M., snow here and there, cloudy, drizzle of rain, west wind, temp. 34°. Six miles on foot. 1 goshawk, 1 Cooper's hawk, 2 red-tailed hawks, 1 American rough-legged hawk, 1 sparrow hawk, 25 pheasants, 4 herring gulls, 5 long-eared owls, 1 flicker, 2 hairy woodpeckers, 4 downy woodpeckers, 1 blue jay, 20 crows, 10 chickadees, 2 tufted titmice, 8 white-

breasted nuthatches, 6 red-breasted nuthatches, 1 robin, 1 golden-crowned kinglet, 1 starling, 9 English sparrows, 15 cardinals, 4 purple finches, 4 pine siskins, 6 goldfinches, 30 juncos, 3 tree sparrows, 4 song sparrows. Total 28 species, 172 individuals. Chicago Ornithological Society, Karl E. Bartel, Field Chairman.

Lisle, DuPage County, Ill. Morton Arboretum, December 22, 9:00 A.M. to 4:00 P.M., ground bare, clear, southwest wind, temp. 42°. Six miles on foot and four by auto. 1 Cooper's hawk, 1 red-tailed hawk, 1 red-shouldered hawk, 1 American rough-legged hawk, 52 pheasants, 1 herring gull, 2 downy woodpeckers, 1 blue jay, 164 crows, 5 chickadees, 3 red-breasted nuthatches, 5 golden-crowned kinglets, 2 starlings, 5 English sparrows, 8 cardinals, 31 common redpolls, 6 pine siskins, 9 goldfinches, 21 juncos, 2 tree sparrows. Total 20 species, 321 individuals. Karl E. Bartel and Seymour Levy.

Oregon, Ogle County, Ill. White Pines State Park, December 29, 12:30 P.M. to 3:15 P.M., ground bare, cloudy, southwest wind, temp. 38°. About three miles on foot and five miles by auto, stopping at suitable places for walks. 1 red-tailed hawk, 1 red-shouldered hawk, 1 flicker, 2 downy woodpeckers, 20 blue jays, 60+ crows, 15 chickadees, 3 tufted titmice, 4 white-breasted nuthatches, 15 cardinals, 5 purple finches, 17 American goldfinches, 20 juncos, 1 tree sparrow. Total 14 species, 165 (est.) individuals. Mr. and Mrs. C. O. Decker and Karl E. Bartel.

Orland Park, Cook County, Ill. Orland Wildlife Preserve, December 25, 11:00 A.M. to 3:30 P.M., ground bare, rain and fog, south wind, temp. 40°. Five miles on foot. 400+ mallards, 600+ black ducks, 10 pintails, 5 lesser scaup, 1 red-tailed hawk, 1 red-shouldered hawk, 1 herring gull, 2 flickers, 1 hairy woodpecker, 5 downy woodpeckers, 1 blue jay, 350+ crows, 4 chickadees, 1 white-breasted nuthatch, 3 brown creepers, 8 starlings, 6 English sparrows, 1 cardinal, 10 juncos, 2 tree sparrows, 2 song sparrows. Total 21 species, 1414 (est.) individuals. Karl E. Bartel.

Waukegan, Lake County, Ill. Waukegan Harbor, lake shore north of Waukegan, and Public Service Co. pond, January 4, 11:00 A.M. to 3:30 P.M., snow on ground, clear, west wind strong, temp. 3°. Seven miles on foot. 1 mallard, 2 black ducks, 8 ring-necked ducks, 2 canvas-back ducks, 40 lesser scaup ducks, 100 golden-eyes, 6 buffleheads, 2 old squaws, 125 American mergansers, 5 red-breasted mergansers, 2 marsh hawks, 1 sparrow hawk, 100 herring gulls, 1 Bonaparte's gull, 6 crows, 35 juncos, 40 tree sparrows. Total 17 species, 476 individuals. Karl E. Bartel, Frederick C. Labahn, Jr., and Seymour Levy.



How MANY know that the State of Illinois has a state bird? In 1929, based on a ballot by school children, the cardinal was chosen by a vote of 39,226 over the bluebird which received 30,306 votes. Others with a large following were the meadowlark with 16,200 votes, the quail with 15,800, and the oriole was fifth with 15,400 votes. At an earlier date, 1908, the oak had been selected as the state tree and the violet as the state flower.

Aims of the

ILLINOIS AUDUBON SOCIETY



THE SOCIETY was organized in 1897 for the study and protection of wild bird life, and with the following as its objectives and principles:

FIRST: To create and keep alive a consciousness of, and to encourage the study of, our native wild birds.

SECOND: To disseminate knowledge of the birds and their economic value to our agriculture and forests through literature, pictures, lectures, and any other available means.

THIRD: To conserve as far as possible their natural environment, and to work for their safety through education and the betterment and enforcement of State and Federal laws relating to birds.

FOURTH: To establish, and to assist to the best of our ability in the establishment of, bird sanctuaries in Illinois.

FIFTH: To interest children through the schools.

SIXTH: To discourage in every possible way the destruction of wild birds and their eggs, or the wearing of any feathers other than those of domestic fowl.

You know what an important part birds play, protecting crops and all plant life from the attacks of insect pests, and adding to the music of the out-of-doors and to its color and beauty. The economic and aesthetic values of birds demand that the most thoughtful and far-reaching effort be exerted for their protection. We ask you to consider our cause and to join us in an effort to realize the ends toward which we work. All fees and bequests other than those paid annually are held in an Endowment Fund, only the income from which is used for current needs. No officer or director is paid and all money received is used for the advancement of the aims of the Society.



MEMBERSHIP FEES ARE AS FOLLOWS:

<i>Active members</i>	\$2.00 annually
<i>Contributing members</i>	5.00 annually
<i>Sustaining members</i>	\$ 25.00
<i>Life members</i>	100.00
<i>Benefactors</i>	500.00
<i>Patrons</i>	1000.00

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THE AUDUBON BULLETIN



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For the Protection of Wild Birds

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An Expedition into Northern Canada

By JOHN R. CRUTTENDEN

LAST JUNE I had the opportunity to make a trip to Churchill, Manitoba, a territory which has been rather recently opened, and which is the breeding ground of some of our rarer birds that most of us know only during migration. We traveled the 2000 miles northward in order to study certain of these rare birds and collect and photograph their nests and eggs.

Since I am an oologist and the trip there was made for the purpose of doing scientific collecting of eggs, I feel it advisable to go into this subject a little before telling you further of our trip and some of the interesting species we had a chance to study. With many of you there no doubt exists



Hudsonian curlew at nesting site

a prejudice against the egg collector. Probably some of you may feel that it has an adverse effect upon the bird population. This can hardly be correct since most of our species will lay a second set of eggs almost immediately if the first is taken or disturbed. Then, too, most of you are aware of the

fact that one must possess both federal and state permits before eggs may be collected or even in one's possession. These permits are issued only to those qualified to make use of them, and an annual report must be made to both branches of government.

The work of the oologist in relation to ornithology is often overlooked. Most of you, however, are familiar with the "Life Histories" written by Mr. Bent of the Smithsonian. Mr. Bent himself was an oologist, and you will find that a great deal of the information in his books has been furnished from private egg collections throughout the country. A great deal of the nesting data compiled in these books has been supplied from the records of oologists. My interest in oology has taken me to many nests of our birds of prey, nests with young as well as eggs, and the food found at these nests provides helpful data of use in educating the public to the good done by these birds. On the whole, I believe the oologist is among the staunchest of conservationists. No one can make a study of the home life of anything without taking a more personal interest in its welfare.

And so for study along these lines we set out for Churchill, Manitoba, on the first of last June. Churchill was established in 1686 as a trading post of the Hudson Bay Co., and during the next 250 years very little change took place in the settlement. In 1930 a railway was constructed which terminated at that point. This was built in order to ship grain from the Canadian Northwest to this point, which is only 3000 miles from Liverpool and the only port on the west side of Hudson Bay. Ocean liners come in here through Hudson Straits during July and August, the only two months the ice permits entrance. Churchill is located about the center of the west side of the bay at the mouth of Churchill River, on latitude 58, which is the same parallel that cuts the mainland of southern Alaska and the northern tip of Labrador. This point is the farthest north in the interior of North America that is accessible, and this section itself has been opened for only a short time.

The ground work for this trip was of the utmost importance and took several months of planning. It was first necessary that we obtain scientific permits from the Canadian government, requiring some time and much correspondence. Then, too, we were going into a country we knew nothing of and were to study birds, some of which we had never seen, none of which we had ever seen in their breeding plumage. Published information on some of these species was meager or lacking, but we made an effort to take advantage of all the information we could find. We then enlisted the aid of a person in Alberta who had done more work along ornithological lines in this section than anyone else. He was most kind in furnishing us with information and small scale maps. These were of the greatest help to us, and with this as background we left on our trip.

We were able to drive our car as far north as The Pas, Manitoba. This in itself has only been possible since 1939 as the road had not previously gone this far north. Our last three or four hundred miles were over gravel roads of not the best type. From the time we left home we camped every night, not having an opportunity to take a real bath while we were gone. During the first week we didn't need one too much, the next two weeks

there wasn't any place to take one and the weather too cold, and the last week—well, why spoil a perfectly good record?

At The Pas we took the train for Churchill—and what a train it was! It was composed of about 20 freight cars and two old-time coaches called immigrant cars. We averaged about 18 miles an hour and took three days to cover the 510 miles to Churchill. Most of the passengers were Indians or half-breed trappers, although we carried a few white men who were going to work in the port. At night we made our beds on the seat, sleeping in our sleeping bags, often right across the aisle from an Indian. It is remarkable that during the ten years the railroad has been built never has



Nest and eggs of Arctic loon

anything been stolen from the train, yet at times the baggage car carries \$30,000 worth of furs. Trappers brought many furs to the train, among them being such rare skins as the silver fox, otter, mink, and the more common muskrat. In this section the law of the frontier holds true; the people are hard-boiled but honest and willing to help a stranger in every possible way. Things must be that way in such a country in order that one may survive the hardships encountered by those who live there.

Game is in abundance to within a hundred miles of Churchill. We saw a number of caribou from the train and they told us that in the winter it is often necessary to stop the train for these animals.

During the first two days of our train journey we traveled through a heavily wooded section known as "muskeg swamp," but on the third day as we neared Churchill we commenced to run out of the trees and get into what is known as the "barren grounds." We arrived there on June 10 in a driving blizzard and were forced to spend our first night there on the train. The

next morning we transported our equipment to our base camp three miles out of Churchill. We secured a small one room shanty used by natives for putting up ice. It was hard for us to understand at first why it was necessary to put up ice in a climate such as theirs, but we soon learned that it was not for refrigeration, but rather to melt in the winter so they would have drinking water.

Having established camp, we proceeded to look over the country. It isn't a pretty place, being nothing more than a vast tundra, interspersed with small shallow lakes which freeze to the bottom during the winter. The ground seems not to have soil, it being just a thick layer of moss with a little grass in the marshy places. Beneath about three feet of this moss there is a layer of ice which never melts. An ice box can be made anywhere by just digging down a few feet. There are a few scrub spruces around the lakes. These trees have limbs only on the south side, and after facing the wind there a few times it is easy to understand why.

The most abundant species of shore bird we found in the Churchill territory was the Hudsonian curlew. These nested in profusion on the tundra, their nests being just a hollow in the moss, usually situated on a hummock in fairly marshy sections. Eggs of this species, as with nearly all the shore birds for that matter, blend so perfectly with the surroundings as to make them impossible to see unless one knows the exact location. Likewise, this bird cannot be flushed from the nest, so the only practical method of locating their nests is to watch a pair of birds until they lead one to it. A nesting pair is easily found since they fly out to meet an intruder and scream until he vanishes. The tundra is dotted with small clumps of spruce which make perfect natural blinds and the birds return to the nests very shortly, making the locating of them a comparatively easy task. In a fairly good sized section of tundra a dozen or more pairs may be nesting.

The stilt sandpiper has been considered the most common shore bird at Churchill by some; however, our observations did not show this to be true during the 1940 season. Frankly, we were never able to figure out the most satisfactory way to locate their nests. Certain individuals would sit very close and one permitted me to photograph her on the nest at not over two feet. Others we found by watching through binoculars from concealment. These individuals apparently left the nest in advance of our approach and usually showed no sign that they were nesting. We watched a number of birds that did not return to their nests while we watched them. This was not true of the curlews. We were able to find the nest of every curlew which we watched from concealment.

The most common duck was the old-squaw. These birds nested often on the islands or at the edge of the shallow tundra lakes, their nests being a hollow in the moss, covered over when the birds were away with the black down from their breasts. This made the nests most inconspicuous.

We found four nests of Bonaparte's gull, although there were a great many more of the birds in the section. We made a thorough search and probably did not miss any nests since the suitable locations were not plentiful and the birds plainly showed by their actions when they were

nesting. The majority of these birds were non-breeding individuals. The nest was very beautiful, being constructed of caribou moss and placed in the small, wind-blown spruce trees.

Arctic terns nested in great profusion on the islands in the lakes. These are shot extensively by the Indians and their eggs often taken for food. The Indians will eat any egg, even those as small as the red-poll, and likewise find the flesh of gulls and nearly any other bird to their liking.

Both the semipalmated and least sandpipers nest in the Churchill section. These species we had thought might be rather hard to distinguish since the sure way is by the color of the legs, a difficult field identification, and it is against our wishes to have to kill any bird in order to identify it. We found, however, that after flushing either species from the nest it would fly only a short distance and alight, often walking back to the nest while we stood motionless, thereby making positive identification easy. Also, as a general rule we found the semipalmated to be a little more shy when flushed from the nest. The eggs are so similar that identification can hardly be made from them. The eggs of the least average slightly smaller and weigh a little less; however, individual sets might not always run true to form and consequently we always make identification from the bird itself.

Red-backed sandpiper nests were not so common as the others and they were found through using the same general methods. The red-backed is a slightly earlier nester than other shore birds.

Nests of the semipalmated plover were hollows in the gravel ridges and in the gravel along switch tracks in the townsite, or else a hollow in the tundra moss. The only way to find nests of this bird is by watching it from concealment.

We found Pacific loons nesting on the shores of several of the larger tundra lakes, the nests being nothing more than matted down grass within a foot or two of the water. We were never able to see the birds leave the nests or return to them, although we saw them in the lakes near the nest sites. They apparently go some distance to obtain their food since there are no fish or other forms of life in these small lakes.

The northern phalarope was another species which we were unable to flush from the nest, and the finding of these nests was rather difficult, demanding some search, although they nested commonly.

The nests of the eastern tree sparrow, which were built in the small pines, were a great deal different from those found on the ground. The ground nests were mostly of grasses and quite bulky, while the tree nest, of which we found but one, was very beautifully constructed of caribou moss and lined with ptarmigan feathers. The single nest of the Lapland longspur which we found was built in the side of a hummock in the open tundra.

Our rarest find was that of the eastern dowitcher, a species whose nest had been found but a few times previously in the Churchill section. I must confess that we stumbled on this nest purely through accident, flushing the sitting bird in front of us. The nest was simply a hollow in a grassy hummock in a marshy section of tundra. This was one of the few shore bird sets which we found that was complete with three eggs.

The rough-legged hawks apparently were not nesting at Churchill during 1940; however we found several old nests. We also failed entirely in our efforts to locate nests of Harris's sparrow, lesser yellowlegs, and other species that were there. Possibly we shall have better luck on our return to Churchill next month.

During our two-week stay at Churchill it was necessary for us to maintain a fire at all times since near-freezing weather was common. We wore winter clothes nearly all of the time while in the field. The days there are nearly 24 hours long. The sun set at 10:00 o'clock, but it was still light enough to read or work in the field at midnight. The settlement of Churchill itself is interesting since it is so different from what we are accustomed to. Only a few white families live there the year around, most of the population being Indians. There are of course no streets or roads, the houses and one



Nest and eggs of eastern dowitcher

or two stores are widely scattered, and each family has its team of huskies chained near the dwelling. Most of the settlement has not changed since it was established. Now one of the largest grain elevators in the world is situated there and a settlement of its own has been built near it. Before the war some few men were employed to work in the elevator, but since the war

began they are not doing any shipping. In one respect Churchill is of the most primitive and in another the most modern.

One of the interesting sights is the vast schools of white whales in the mouth of the river and the bay. They are similar to porpoises and the natives harpoon them for dog food. The remains are usually left to rot in the Indian's yard after he has stripped them of what he wants.

In closing I want to bring out one point which I believe becomes clear to all of us who make a serious study of nature, and that is that everything here has its place and that place becomes clear when we make a study of any form of life. Nature has done a fine job of caring for her wildlife and she doesn't need the interference of man. Nearly every species that has become extinct in North America has perished because of the hand of man alone. We need to educate the public to these facts and stop unnecessary control of many beneficial species.

The Audubon Society has probably done more for the conservation of our wildlife than any other source and I should like to have the members of this Society think of the sincere oologist, not as a menace which should be stamped out, but as a friend who believes in its principles and tries at all times to further its work and the work of conservation.

Quincy, Illinois.



The Bird Bath

By GENEVRA B. DOW

OUTSIDE OUR front door we have a little homemade bird bath and feed tray, consisting of a small box on the back of a platform with a pink petunia in full bloom. Having a weakness for geology, a couple of concretions rest on the edge of the box. Below on a platform is inserted an ordinary aluminum pie tin for the bath and at the end, a small tray for seed or other food.

All kinds of birds enjoy this bath, including the common English sparrow, white-throat, white-crown and fox sparrows, goldfinch, wood thrush and many kinds of flycatchers. It is with much pleasure and interest that we watch these little feathered friends share this bath. Ofttimes three or four sparrows will bathe at one time, fluttering with happy chirping.

It was most amusing to see a white-throat try to take his bath with the selfish little English sparrows. Every time he tried to edge in, he was promptly driven away in a very authoritative manner for it seems priority of ownership makes these little creatures, the English sparrows, feel they have first rights. The poor little white-throat decided the next best thing was to sit underneath on the bricks and catch the drip and spray thrown off by the bathers, for he quite placidly sat there and took his shower.

The trees and leaf-strewn grass are alive with the quick little darts of these many kinds of birds and the air filled with a thrilling chorus of their dainty bits of song. The weather is beautiful and sunshiny and with all these dear little feathered friends to entertain so charmingly, it makes quite adequate compensation for the thought that fall is again with us and wintry winds not far away.

Florida Audubon Tours

By LILLIAN CRAMP

SIX MEMBERS of our local (Fort Lauderdale) Audubon Society went on each of the tours this year. The first one, which came early in March, was to Tavineer, on Key Largo. The boat was to leave Tavineer at ten o'clock, so we started at seven, doing some birding on the hundred mile drive down. We saw a flock of wood ibises, the usual herons and egrets, hawks, and such birds as may be seen from a rapidly moving car. The smaller birds just don't register under such conditions.

When we got to Tavineer we found a strong wind blowing and storm warnings up. Fortunately for my peace of mind and enjoyment of the trip, I didn't realize that the tattered red flag flying from the one rooming house meant storm signal. The captain was dubious about taking more than four because of the rough weather, but we were being eaten up by mosquitoes, our stockings all blood spattered, so we were not keen on waiting for a second boat load. We finally compromised, agreeing to keep two of our party down in the cabin for balance—or ballast! Our main objectives were two small islands where the spoonbills are making their last stand in Florida. We anchored off shore of the first one, and the captain struck the top of the boat sharply with his hand to scare the birds up. I saw one big pink bird rise and shouted to the others. Then six more flew up and circled around. Some of us had cameras and we were so excited that one member tried to take his pictures without removing the lens-cap!

Meanwhile we had been seeing one and two man-o'-war-birds, close enough to get the white throat of the females and immatures. There were a few of the great white herons, too, close to the island. They are seen only down on the Keys. The captain looked over each sandbar carefully for a possible reddish egret. But the wind was too strong. We went on to the second island, where a warden stays during the breeding season to study the habits and enemies of the spoonbills in the hope of adding to their numbers. But there were only four young birds this year. Storms had destroyed their nests. Last year, small Florida raccoons came across at low tide and ate the eggs.

Some of our party went in by our small rowboat to see and talk with the warden. He is glad of company. He lives in a tent on a platform set high on posts. It is a mangrove island and the trees grow in water, standing up on their long roots at low tide. He has no place to walk except on his landing platform. There are only 26 birds in the colony and we saw 17, which was not bad. Over this island a flock of 30 man-o'-war-birds were floating, with no motion of the wings. Someone asked the captain if they were watching for fish. He said "No, they are just settin' up there restin'." They set there by the hour." I got as much of a thrill out of them as in seeing the spoonbills. They are powerful flyers, and, though not much larger than a cormorant, they have a wing spread of from seven to eight feet. Because of this enormous length of wing they are said to be unable to take off from water and so never light on the water.

We got back to shore without any mishaps more than shower baths, though it was getting pretty rough. The real storm did not break until that night, however. It was called "a mild tropical disturbance."

The other trip, to Lake Okeechobee and its surrounding swamps and prairies, was made late in March. The road there (Fla. 26) is new, through swamp land, following the canal all the way. We saw a good many water birds on the drive up, including the anhinga. There had been one lone old-squaw on the canal all winter, but he had gone by now, along with most of the scaups. There are always plenty of Florida gallinules and coots, but the large flocks of egrets and herons move into the glades for nesting.

We started out at eight the next morning. There are two station wagons, each carrying six passengers. This first day was the prairie trip, which is over sand roads, along a river, and sometimes right out over the grass land where the cattle range. There are extra wide tires on the rear wheels to pull out of sand, or, after rains, to pull out of mud holes. We were fortunate in having dry weather. We wanted especially to see the sandhill cranes which nest in the prairie. Their call is distinctive and can be heard a long way, so we were all listening when we got into the crane country. They stand so still that they are hard to see in the tall grass, but we heard them and saw a number quite close. In one of our side runs into a pasture a very small calf came running to meet us. The mother, a gaunt, long-horned, half wild thing, saw it and came from the other side. Several other cows joined her, but the calf turned back to its playmates and the mothers circled around until they were between us and their babies. They were not a bit friendly acting and I, for one, was glad when we drove back to the sand road.

We stopped at a wooded place farther on where, thanks to the keen eyes and ears of our guide, we saw a pileated woodpecker at work. Our woodpecker list just about covered the family: flicker, pileated, red-head (not often seen in south Florida), red-bellied, downy, and red-cockaded. The hairy was the only one missing from our list. In a big pine grove we saw the little brown-headed nuthatch. It was my first. There were also our first bluebirds of the year, and a pine warbler gathering nesting material. There were plenty of the burrowing owls, always in twos, bobbing outside their nesting holes. There were but few warblers, the ones most common being parula and yellow-throat, the latter a beautiful little thing not seen in the north. The white-eyed vireo was singing his snappy song in every wayside thicket. Sparrows were scarce, only savannah, grasshopper and swamp. It seemed strange not to hear or see a song sparrow.

The second day was not so fortunate as the weather was bad and our guide was new on that route. We did it over the next day in our own car and had better luck. We saw a flock of about 900 glossy ibises. They rose from the feeding grounds like a flock of mosquitoes. There were also large numbers of wood ibises and white ibises and all the egrets and herons. We were close to Lake Okeechobee all day but seldom had a glimpse of it because of the huge dikes built around it after the hurricane that swept its waters over two towns and the country around. At one of the places where we did get to the lake we saw white pelicans and limpkins. The name

"limpkin" has always intrigued me, and I found him as good as his name. He has a peculiar trick of flying with his head and neck stretched downward that identifies him at a distance. His call is like the crying of a baby. Another outstanding find was a small flock of black-necked stilts. They lighted near us and we all got out and looked at them. They are very handsome birds with their long red legs and distinct black and white bodies. There were boat-tailed grackles, common to us in Florida. A glimpse of an everglade kite at a distance was not very satisfactory. But we had our fill of the caracara. He was everywhere that carrion was to be found, quarreling with the black-headed vultures where butchering had been done, sitting on fence posts, standing in the road and haughtily refusing to move till we were almost on him. But he is a regal looking bird, and looks exactly like all the pictures of him.

The most amusing thing we saw was rows of fish crows sitting on fence posts, each with a yellow orange in his beak! The most terrifying experience was being chased by a semi-wild boar. We four women were walking on a narrow path atop a canal bank, looking for the black-crowned night heron. The youngest member was in the lead. Down the bank was a razor-back boar and, as we came near, he started slowly up the bank, gnashing his teeth, his hackles raised. Those long tusks looked pretty wicked. I called to Mrs. H., "Watch out for that hog. He is ugly." She called back, "I'm not afraid of him." But I saw that he was speeding up and sort of roaring. I called again, "Look out! He is going to charge!" He charged all right, and not a tree large enough to climb on the whole bank. She screamed, and so did the rest of us. She was too near to run, and dodged behind some bushes. The men came running, picking up sticks and stones, and with all the commotion the hog turned and ran away. But it gave us all a good scare.

Our list for the trip was 92 birds, a good record for this part of the country. We did not see a robin or a goldfinch. There were no catbirds, and only one kingbird. Chuck-will's-widows were singing all night near the hotel, but I was too tired to stay awake to listen. It was a strenuous two days, but well worth while for the unusual birds, some of which are found only in that region.

Fort Lauderdale, Florida.

(NOTE—The National Audubon Society has a number of bird sanctuaries in Florida. During the late winter months they have conducted tours through two of them. Only a limited number of people can be taken care of, so it is necessary to make reservations through the National Society in New York City.)



A VERY rare visitor to the Chicago region was discovered in a lagoon in Jackson Park by Seymour Levy on March 27. It was identified as an Iceland gull and was in the park for two or three days, associating with the herring gulls and feeding upon the minnows which were plentiful. It was also studied at very close range by Robert Smart, Director of the Jackson Park Sanctuary, and others, all of whom were happy to add to their "life lists" such an unusual number.

A Summer Evening at the Sanctuary

By BOB SMART

I ARRIVED at the sanctuary just as the pink flecked clouds of the evening sky and the lengthening shadows of the trees on green verdured islands were reflected in the mirror-like surface of the lagoon. Young rabbits were playing and feeding on the grass near my feet, oblivious of my presence. A flock of wild ducks flew by silhouetted against the setting sun, banked, turned into the gentle night breeze, and on set wings skidded to a stop not far away.

A hummingbird moth is busy sipping the nectar from the blue vervain which grows at the water's edge. Across a narrow bayou I see several birds darting in and out among the mountain ashes and sumacs. The dusk clothes them in mystery and their identity evades me. Their flight is like that of the swallows but they are too small. Their backs seem light brown and they are lighter underneath, but their constant, silent flight gives no further clue to their identity. My curiosity aroused, I push off in the boat and with silent oars approach for closer observation. Another glimpse, somewhat closer, makes me wonder if they could be vireos, those mysterious denizens of the tree tops which we often hear but so seldom see. Can this then be their way of giving vent to pent-up energies so apparently lacking in their usual personalities? One last glance as they disappear into the gathering dusk leaves a question posed, but unanswered.

Other things beckon me onward. The twittering of robins settling down for the night in the bushes can be heard. My shadowy craft disturbs them from their chosen perch among the highbush cranberries and honeysuckles whose berry-laden branches hang to the water's surface. The quick chirp of the brown thrasher gives notice of his presence in the wild grape vine which is strangling out some less aggressive shrub.

I round the end of an island into the last warm glow of a sky whose sun has set. Startled by my sudden appearance, several broods of half-grown ducks waddle from the bank and swim off in quacking protest.

As the shadow of my boat moves slowly along the nearby shore I see a statuette apparently carved from the snag on which it stands. Perhaps a passing sculptor wrought this bit of art and left it among its natural surroundings—but no, it has come to life in the form of a little green heron and expertly wings its way through narrow air lanes between the poplars. It disturbs a kingfisher, whose harsh rattle shatters the stillness of the evening as he finds his way to a new perch.

On another island a short distance to the westward, the dead limbs of an ancient poplar stand in relief against the waning light. Stork-like, a great blue heron clings to his airy roost. A few quiet strokes with the oars bring me drifting nearer to him. His day's work done, he stands preening his feathers with his scissors-like bill. His crest, held erect, is clearly outlined against the sky. His preparations for the night completed, with his long neck drawn in close to his body, he looked like a large ear of corn held perpendicular on two long spindly stilts. In a nearby tree a black-

crowned night heron with less complacency observed my approach. His nocturnal habits made him well aware of my presence, and with awkward flight he stole away into the night.

A star appeared in the eastern sky as I started my return. Three spotted sandpipers with rapid wing beat chased each other back and forth above the surface of the water, accompanied by the oft-repeated high-pitched "peep, peep" which is so characteristic of them. They headed directly toward the boat, but veered off just in time to avert a collision.

A woodcock, on whirring wings, passed on its way to probe for worms along a muddy shore. A nighthawk passed close to my head in its undulating flight. Though capable of seeing and catching insects, in full flight, in the dusk, it had taken no notice of me. Darkness had made me a part of this harmonious setting.

Jackson Park Bird Sanctuary, Chicago, Illinois.



New Members

THE FOLLOWING have become members of the Illinois Audubon Society since the publication of the membership list in the December, 1940, *Bulletin*:

- Miss Marian Boud, 867 Morningside Drive, Lake Forest.
- John R. Cruttenden, 1652 Kentucky Street, Quincy.
- Delbert Easton, Greenup.
- Mrs. Pauline Esdale, 5847 Fillmore Street.
- L. A. Frank, 6920 Ridge Avenue.
- Garden Club of Morgan Park, Mrs. R. M. Gaston, 2128 W. 108th Place.
- Mrs. Wm. Gerdes, Jr., 2111 Aldo Boulevard, Quincy.
- Miss Emily D. Goode, 1427 Greenleaf Avenue.
- Mrs. Edward Hill, 3026 Payne Street, Evanston.
- Rocco Ierino, 1607 W. Jackson Boulevard.
- Wm. F. Kunke, 904 S. Elmwood Avenue, Oak Park.
- J. P. Marsh, 5620 Woodlawn Avenue.
- Mrs. Catherine McQuilkin, 444 Wrightwood Avenue.
- Edward H. Moeran, 541 Bronx River Road, Sherwood Park, Yonkers, N. Y.
- Ida M. Mueller, 439 Sixth Avenue N., Quincy.
- Mrs. H. N. Osgood, 822 Windsor Avenue.
- Mrs. Margaret Rehberg, 1235 Glenlake Avenue.
- Harry Rich, 43 E. Ohio Street.
- Miss Mina Ropp, 4132 N. Keeler Avenue.
- Harry R. Smith, 809 Michigan Avenue, Evanston.
- Russel Smith, 8 S. Louis Street, Mt. Prospect.
- Paul Springer, 417 S. Kensington, La Grange.
- Allan Gonnerman, 3077 Palmer Square.
- William Turner, 400 S. Wille Street, Mt. Prospect.
- Miss Claudia Whitaker, 180 E. Delaware Place.
- Frank Whetsell, 636 Grace Street.
- Hilgard B. Young, 911 Forest Avenue, Evanston.
- C. E. Zuercher, 3933 N. Leavitt Street.

April Trips in Lincoln Park

By DORIS A. PLAPP

BIRD TRIPS in Lincoln Park have been conducted each Saturday morning in April and May. The director of the walks and those attending have enjoyed them very much. Some people in Chicago seem to be under the impression that birds can be seen only in the open country. The accompanying list proves otherwise. Our large parks are excellent places for bird study because the birds are there and because trees, bushes and undergrowth are not too thick. Those who are first learning to know birds have an excellent



opportunity here. Following is a list of birds seen on the Saturday walks in April: Mallard duck, pintail duck, wood duck, lesser scaup duck, American merganser, red-breasted merganser, American coot, herring gull, Bonaparte's gull, common tern, flicker, red-headed woodpecker, yellow-bellied sapsucker, phoebe, barn swallow, purple martin, blue jay, crow, brown creeper, ring-necked pheasant, brown thrasher, robin, hermit thrush, golden-crowned kinglet, ruby-crowned kinglet, starling, English sparrow, red-wing blackbird, meadowlark, bronzed grackle, cardinal, towhee, Henslow's sparrow, junco, field sparrow, white-throated sparrow, fox sparrow, swamp sparrow, song sparrow.

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The Meeting at Quincy

A GROUP of members of the Illinois Audubon Society and their friends gathered at the Chamber of Commerce in Quincy at ten o'clock Saturday morning, May 10. Dr. T. E. Musselman, who had made all arrangements for the meeting, greeted us in the name of all friends of conservation, to which our President, C. W. G. Eifrig, responded for the Society. Introduction

of all those present by name followed, and on this friendly basis the program proceeded and continued to the end on Sunday afternoon.

Mr. John R. Cruttenden, nationally known oologist, related some of his experiences while searching for the little known nests of some species known to us only in their migrations. Mr. Cruttenden has kindly consented to the publication of his very interesting paper and it will be found elsewhere in this number of the *Bulletin*.

After a few comments by Dr. Musselman we took to the automobiles and were led to South Park, the location of several Indian mounds which have never been opened. From the summit of one of these mounds we had a splendid view of the Mississippi River and one of the 28 new dams that have recently been built to control its water level. The possible effects of the dams on wildlife in general was briefly commented upon by Father George M. Link, to the accompaniment of a chorus of bird songs from the surrounding trees. From there the trail led to the north, where we viewed the George Rogers Clark Memorial, an impressive statue looking over the river to the great territory which his explorations made known to the people of his day. A short visit was made to the river bottoms, where other and different birds were found, and we returned to town for luncheon.

The afternoon session began with a paper by H. Brooks Terrell, teacher of biology in Quincy High School, on "The encouragement of bird study in the public school." He compared the lack of system of the typical school previous to 1938 with the courses which are being worked out at the present time, and introduced Miss Matilda Altheide, who explained and commented on some very interesting ideas which she had used and the results obtained.

Robert Evers, biologist and science instructor in Quincy Junior High School, spoke on "The bluebird project and suggestions for other similar projects." They started in 1933 with 22 boxes and gradually increased the number until in 1937 there were 305. Records show that when properly placed about 70% of the boxes were occupied by bluebirds, the remainder being taken by sparrows, bees, squirrels, etc. The unseasonable weather of last year resulted in the killing of about 50% of the young bluebirds.

Father George M. Link, state naturalist at Pere Marquette State Park, discussed "What the State of Illinois is doing for the preservation of bird-life." He is one of three full-time naturalists maintained by the state, and has an enviable reputation for his work in Springfield and at Pere Marquette. He suggested the state's support of wildlife education through the 4-H clubs, the establishment of sanctuaries, and the Illinois State Museum as examples of the state's interest in its wildlife.

The remainder of the afternoon was devoted to a visit at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Cruttenden and an inspection of his very fine collection of more than 635 species of bird eggs. Mr. Cruttenden also repeated his morning talk for the benefit of quite a number who had been unable to attend the morning session.

The dinner at the Lincoln-Douglas Hotel gave an opportunity for the renewal of some old acquaintanceships and the making of some new ones, and was a thoroughly enjoyable affair. After adjournment to the Chamber of Commerce, Dr. Musselman showed a series of colored slides made almost

entirely from pictures taken by himself, and demonstrated why he is such a popular lecturer before schools and clubs of southern Illinois, eastern Missouri and Iowa.

Sunday morning a cavalcade of cars was formed at the Lincoln-Douglas Hotel and we drove to Florence, Ill., stopping at various places along the way to inspect bluebird boxes which contained a variety of things, including a family of young bluebirds that were of an age which permitted banding, and this "T. E." proceeded to do. At Florence we stopped at Ocean Trail Park, on the Illinois River, and several boxes put out for prothonotary warblers were visited. It was too early to know what the success of these may be, but we hope for a report to be given in some later number of the *Bulletin*. Here a dinner featuring either snapping turtle or fish was served, at the close of which President Eifrig expressed the appreciation of all those present for all the energy and thought that had been expended by Dr. Musselman and his associates in arranging for and conducting us through a schedule that proved to be most instructive, highly entertaining, and in every way thoroughly enjoyable.

The various groups then again took to the cars and went their various ways, carrying with them some new ideas and, we hope, a strengthened will to support the conservation of our wildlife whenever and wherever the opportunity presents.



Wild Bird Pets

By DORIS A. PLAPP

OUR BIOLOGICAL laboratory has always had animals living in it — kept clean, well fed, and properly handled. We have sought to teach boys to appreciate lower forms of life. One way they have responded from time to time is by adding to our little menagerie. Long is the list of pets which have come and gone, to give happiness and understanding to high school lads.

Among these pets have been four outstanding wild birds — birds that forgot their wildness and adapted themselves beautifully to strange conditions. Three of them could not fly. They had met with accidents either at the hands of hunters or predatory animals. The fox sparrow had but one wing; the robin and the Brewer's blackbird had one wing each badly crippled. We called the blackbird "Rusty" because before considering his classification carefully I took him to be a rusty blackbird. Rusty was very fond of meal worms. He would eat them out of my hand, but only when I had my smock on. If I came to feed him on my arrival in the morning with my coat still on he would not come to me. He sang cheerily from his large cage. At Thanksgiving time he was ill — his eyes closed. I took him home with me for special treatment which consisted in bathing his eyes with argyrol. He was soon better and I decided to experiment in giving him his freedom in my room at home. How he enjoyed it! It makes me feel sad to think that to do this didn't occur to me sooner. He walked and

climbed over everything and looked around as lord of all he surveyed. When I put him back in his cage, he would permit himself to be carried on my finger but showed resentment by gently pecking that finger. Back at school Rusty had the run of one end of a long table in front of the windows. He bathed vigorously and ate well. We had to keep him from the little canary which also had its freedom for he showed plainly that two birds around were one too many in his estimation. He distinctly recognized me among all the others he saw as I was the one who provided his needs. His knowing me was so evident that it touched me considerably. I sacrificed good *Cecropia* cocoons to give him an extra tid-bit. My association with Rusty has given me an appreciation of blackbirds in general. I like them for their intelligence, adaptability and aggressiveness.

The robin would perch in front of the window most of the day. He too would bathe very vigorously. Among the foods he ate were meal worms. He looked them over so thoroughly before eating that if the fox sparrow was at hand they disappeared down the latter's throat. I never realized before how insectivorous a seed-eater can be. The cheerful notes of the robin's song were heard from time to time. We hoped his singing signified that we were giving him good care.

The fox sparrow was a nervous little fellow, hopping about constantly, never still a minute. He too had his freedom all day long. At times he would get on the floor, but in short order we developed a technique for getting him back to the table. I would slowly approach with my chair. He would hop to the lowest rung, after which I would slowly lift the chair and he would hop off at the proper "floor." At the end of the day we felt it necessary to cage him. Three different cages we gave him, each one a little roomier than the preceding. It took him only a few evenings of gentle coaxing to teach him to enter his new home. We never took hold of him to put him in.

The crow, Jim, was not an injured bird. A pupil with a strong desire for a pet crow had located a nest, climbed the tree and fulfilled his wish — later bringing the bird to school. Jim was too big for any cage at our disposal. We had to let him have exercise during the day. His wings were clipped. He walked from table to table, grabbing yellow pencils, breaking off their points, and destroying the whole thing if given a minute or two to work at it. He was any boy's excuse not to work. After some amount of destruction the bird was not always a welcome visitor. When fed green peas he would hide them under a paper or in a brief case. In eating them he always removed the seed coat. We gave Jim his bathing water when we went out for lunch. He splashed water half way across the room. We wiped up the tables upon returning. Jim hated to be put into his cage at the end of the day. I think he never forgave me for helping to incarcerate him a number of times. I soon decided he was intelligent enough to go to his roost himself, so we placed my chair beside his cage and guided him over to it. He would hop to the seat, then to the back, and in, of course under protest. When summer came we sent him home with one of the teachers, where he continued his roguish tricks.

Chicago, Illinois.

Aims of the

ILLINOIS AUDUBON SOCIETY



THE SOCIETY was organized in 1897 for the study and protection of wild bird life, and with the following as its objectives and principles:

FIRST: To create and keep alive a consciousness of, and to encourage the study of, our native wild birds.

SECOND: To disseminate knowledge of the birds and their economic value to our agriculture and forests through literature, pictures, lectures, and any other available means.

THIRD: To conserve as far as possible their natural environment, and to work for their safety through education and the betterment and enforcement of State and Federal laws relating to birds.

FOURTH: To establish, and to assist to the best of our ability in the establishment of, bird sanctuaries in Illinois.

FIFTH: To interest children through the schools.

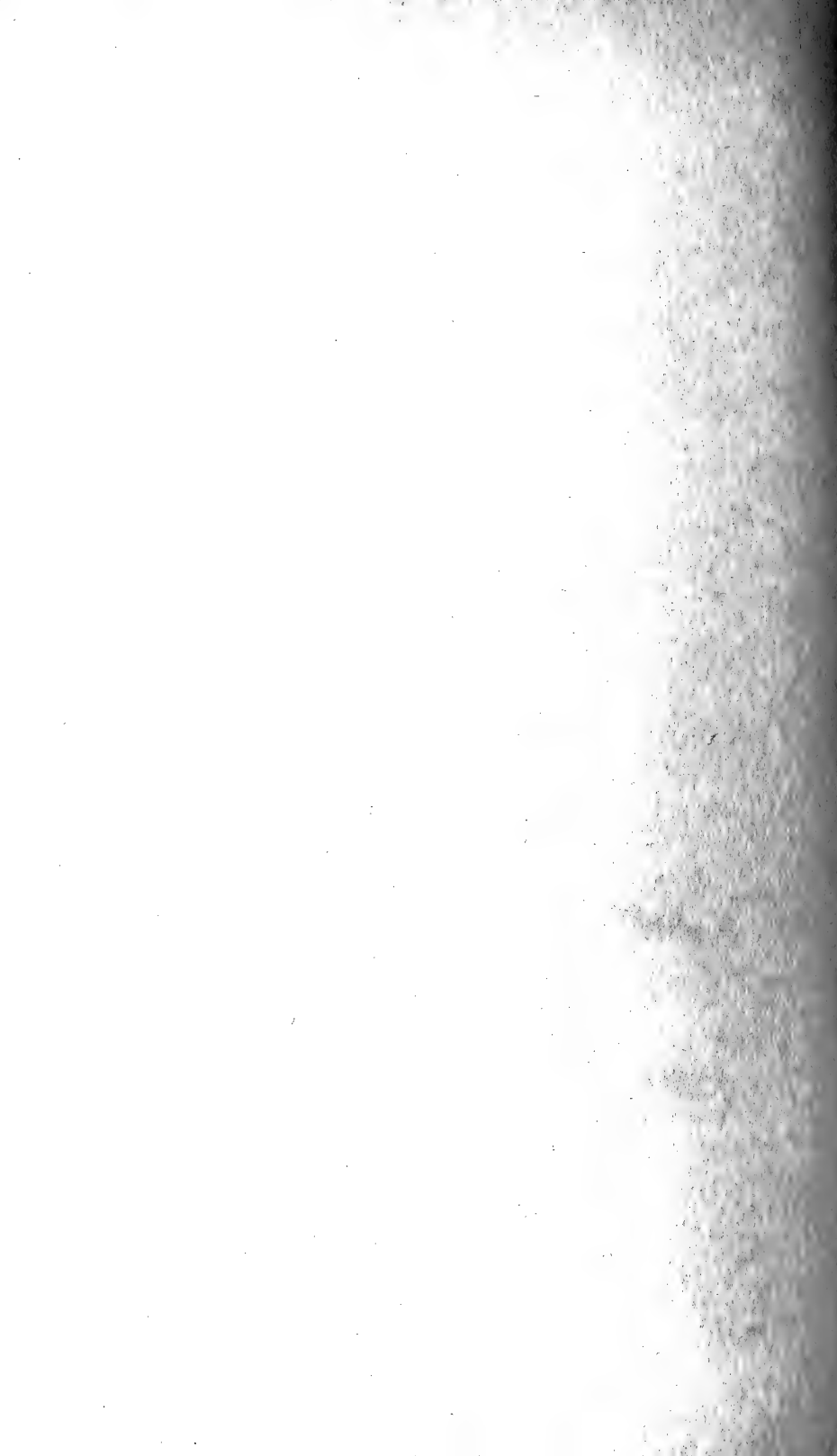
SIXTH: To discourage in every possible way the destruction of wild birds and their eggs, or the wearing of any feathers other than those of domestic fowl.

You know what an important part birds play, protecting crops and all plant life from the attacks of insect pests, and adding to the music of the out-of-doors and to its color and beauty. The economic and aesthetic values of birds demand that the most thoughtful and far-reaching effort be exerted for their protection. We ask you to consider our cause and to join us in an effort to realize the ends toward which we work. All fees and bequests other than those paid annually are held in an Endowment Fund, only the income from which is used for current needs. No officer or director is paid and all money received is used for the advancement of the aims of the Society.



MEMBERSHIP FEES ARE AS FOLLOWS:

<i>Active members</i>	\$2.00 annually
<i>Contributing members</i>	5.00 annually
<i>Sustaining members</i>	\$ 25.00
<i>Life members</i>	100.00
<i>Benefactors</i>	500.00
<i>Patrons</i>	1000.00



THE AUDUBON BULLETIN



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Large Nest Boxes: A New Aid in the Restoration Program

By ROBERT E. HESSELSCHWERDT

Illinois State Natural History Survey

EVERYONE HAS heard of house wrens, purple martins, and bluebirds using man-made boxes for nesting, and most everyone has made small houses and put them up for these little birds; but the idea of building such boxes and putting them up in trees for ducks to nest in is something new. Yet it is now a fact that every summer hundreds of mother wood ducks lay their eggs and hatch them in specially designed boxes placed in trees along the bottom lands of the Illinois River valley. The use of these boxes by wood ducks is a behavior just as normal as that of the house wrens nesting in wren houses. Under natural conditions the wood duck has always nested in hollow limbs and other cavities in the trees. Since so many natural cavities have been forever lost, why shouldn't these ducks readily accept man-made cavities designed to imitate their natural ones?

A few years ago, Mr. Gill Gigstead, who was stationed at the Chautauqua Waterfowl Refuge at Havana, Illinois, designed some wood duck nesting boxes and installed them in trees in areas where he knew wood ducks nested each year. Needless to say, the boxes were a success. Since that time Mr. Gigstead's boxes have been modified. Many new designs were built and are still being built.

By spring of 1940 over 1,000 of these boxes had been installed along the Illinois River by game technicians of the Illinois State Natural History Survey. Also in 1940 as many as 275 of the boxes contained wood duck nests.

It was during that same season that the first complete motion pictures were made showing how a mother wood duck gets her young brood down from her lofty nest which is usually 20 to 30 feet above the ground. It was my pleasure to do this photographing in color, and the total 35 hours I spent in my blind were among the most exciting that I have ever experienced. I watched four broods of little ducklings come down, and the procedure was generally the same each time as follows: When the mother duck was ready to bring her brood to the ground, she didn't carry them down on her back nor in her bill. She simply made sure that the ground was free of natural enemies below and then she perched on a nearby limb and called them out. The call was a soft, low whistle audible for a distance of at least 50 feet. Usually the ducklings responded immediately and soon appeared in the entrance singly and in twos. Without much hesitation they jumped out and

fluttered down as if they had done it a thousand times before. Several times while photographing them I was left with the impression that they actually spouted out of the entrance. Now fluffy little wood ducks not more than 24 hours old are not very heavy, and they fall lightly. Although they often bounce several inches when they strike the ground, I have never seen one even slightly hurt from the fall. The female duck waiting on the ground below calls continually and gathers them around as they come tumbling



Hauling up a wood duck nest box to be fastened in place by means of lag screws or large spikes.

down. It all takes place in about 12 minutes. When the brood is down the mother and young melt into the underbrush as they start their journey overland to the nearest body of water. Wood ducks may nest as far as a mile from water, and often the overland route is a hazardous one leading across busy highways or over deep sand ruts which detain the little ducks, or through many places where natural ground enemies are on the prowl.

But the story of the wood ducks and their nest boxes is a long one and can be fully told only by Mr. Arthur Hawkins and Mr. Frank Bellrose. They are the men who have developed the wood duck nesting boxes and

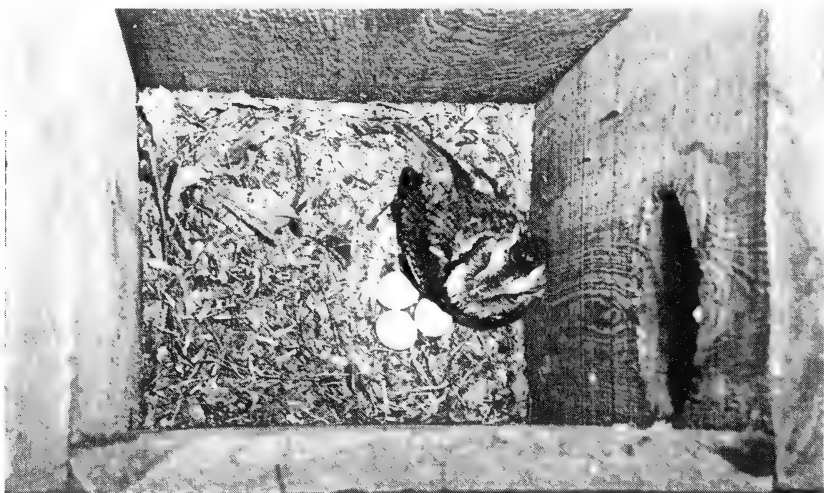


Female wood duck sitting in entrance of nest box just before bringing out a brood of young. Chautauqua Waterfowl Refuge, Illinois River near Havana, Illinois.

installed them along the Illinois River and watched them during the past three years. Their work will be heard of far and wide because it is new and interesting and important.

Aside from filming the wood ducks, most of my experience with nest

boxes and den boxes has been confined to a prairie region where the experimental use of large nest boxes has been extended to an area of very intensive farming in the center of the Illinois corn belt. Here natural tree cavities are very rare or entirely lacking. On the Urbana Township Wildlife Restoration Area in Champaign County where a Pittman-Robertson Project has been set up for research studies, 56 nest boxes were installed in fence-row trees, osage hedges, and small farm woodlots during November, 1939.



Female screech owl incubating eggs in a nest box on the experimental area in Champaign County.

These boxes were patterned after the wood duck boxes but were designed with larger openings and deeper cavities to accommodate such species as opossum, raccoon, and fox squirrel. Constructed of rough cypress lumber, these boxes are three feet deep and ten inches square inside.* The tops are removable so that the contents may be examined at any time. Dry leaves were placed in the bottoms of some of the boxes, while others were lined with fine dry bluegrass. At the time they were installed no one knew exactly what part they would play in benefiting the bird and mammal species that were present on the area. The results have been interesting and have extended beyond our early expectations.

Screech owls began using the boxes within three days. They have been among the most abundant and constant users of these box cavities. The boxes used by these little owls have yielded valuable data on the food and nesting habits of this species. About the time of hatching, the male owl carries in a surplus food supply. In one instance five freshly killed house mice were found stored neatly in one corner of a box in which the last of a clutch of five owl eggs had just been hatched. In another box at the time of

*Blueprint plans for building den boxes are available from the Illinois State Natural History Survey, Urbana, Illinois.

hatching each of the four corners of the bottom of the box contained a white-footed deer mouse freshly killed and laid in place neatly and systematically. The nests were always kept free of foul meat, droppings, and pellets.

The usual number of eggs per screech owl is five. In every instance in which a pair of adult owls were found together in a box, one would be of the gray color phase and the other would be of the red. This difference in coloration is not a sexual character since it was found that a red or gray owl may be either a male or female. In this area the color ratio between the red and gray individuals is about 50-50.

During the two seasons that these boxes have been on this four-square-mile intensively farmed area, 32 young screech owls have been successfully hatched and reared in them. These young have been banded. Approximately 60% of the owls using the boxes for nesting during the second season were young owls reared in the boxes the previous season. Since it is known that the bulk of the winter food of these owls is made up of mice and shrews,



Female sparrow hawk in nest box with brood of five young just hatched. Urbana Township Restoration Area.

and that the bulk of the summer food consists of insects, the aid furnished by these boxes in raising the screech owl population is of high import to farmers.

Sparrow hawks are also among the important users of the boxes for nesting. Nineteen of these young hawks have left the boxes safely during

the two nesting seasons. Five nests have been observed and each nest contained five eggs. Of these 25 eggs, all were hatched successfully although one brood of young was destroyed by an arboreal predator, and one other young hawk was found dead in a box from an unknown cause.

The boxes have furnished the greatest aid to fox squirrels, which have taken to them readily. These squirrels are the only species of arboreal squirrels found on this farming area. They follow the fencerows and hedges, traveling long distances across fields, depending upon corn and osage orange fruits for their main foods instead of nuts and acorns. For this reason it has been possible to persuade these squirrels to establish permanent residence in places where they have been seen only occasionally before merely by providing denning cavities for their shelter. Thirty-seven young fox squirrels have been born in the boxes during the two seasons. Their population has been stepped up about 40% by the installation of the den boxes. Here is another instance in which the boxes have come to the aid of a game species.

Occasionally in June, wild swarms of honey bees settle in a few of the boxes. During the 1940 season three of the boxes were taken over by these bees. Since they exclude all other species for an indefinite length of time, the swarms were removed from the boxes and put to work in more useful hives. The three boxes produced a total of 112 pounds of wild honey.

Opossums use the boxes frequently for daytime shelter during the winter months, and a big raccoon found sleeping in one of the boxes last spring furnished the only sight record of that species known on this area.

To summarize briefly the results of this nest box study on agricultural land, it may be stated that 56 large nest boxes constructed at a total cost of \$98 and placed in trees and hedges over a four-square-mile area of intensively farmed land produced during the first two years a total of 32 young screech owls, 19 young sparrow hawks, 37 young fox squirrels, 112 pounds of wild honey, good winter shelter for a great many wildlife species, and a wealth of information on the habits and populations of all the species that use the boxes.

Urbana, Illinois

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"WE STILL need about 76 additional refuges totaling four million acres to provide adequately for the birds while they are in this country, and numerous smaller areas must also be added to the system. . . . It is imperative that a great many acres of marsh land pass into public ownership of some kind so that it can be protected from needless drainage and destruction, if we are to provide for future populations of waterfowl."—Dr. Ira N. Gabrielson, Chief of the Fish and Wildlife Service of the Department of the Interior.

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AN OFFICIAL report of the Wildlife Service issued last July, referring to the storms of late January, 1940, states that the woodcock showed decreases of as high as forty per cent under the population of 1939. Such a condition surely calls for a closed season to give it a chance to recover.

Visiting Sherwood Plantation

By C. W. G. EIFRIG, *President, I. A. S.*

It is a primary purpose of our *Bulletin* to make the members of the Audubon Society better acquainted with the birds of Illinois. However, it will do them no harm if we branch out now and then and try to learn to recognize the birds of other states as well. Also, our members go traveling and then it is very useful to know what species one may expect to encounter.

Sherwood Plantation lies near Thomasville, in the extreme south of Georgia, not far from Tallahassee, the capital of Florida. It is the property of Mr. Herbert L. Stoddard, who twenty years ago was a well known figure among the ornithologists of Chicago. He was an expert preparator and collector for Field Museum, later for the Public Museum of Milwaukee, then a member of the Biological Survey in Washington, and now is the director of an extensive and intensive quail investigation in the South, with headquarters at Sherwood. This study has resulted in, among other things, the publication of a fine monograph entitled "The Bob-white Quail," by Mr. Stoddard, with supplements by several members of the Survey.

When I arrived at the plantation July 16, 1939, Mr. Stoddard wanted first of all to show me his famous flock of wild turkeys, which have now been filmed by Dr. A. A. Allen and by Dr. Pettingill. In his car he boldly drove down between the rows of tung trees in one of his orchards, and there, sure enough, a flock of about ten of these lordly birds flew up. With any other approach they would in all probability have silently walked or run off without being heard or seen. It certainly gives one a thrill to see these fine birds in the wild state, easily the king of American game birds, now exterminated over most of their former range.

Other birds, new to me, that I had wished to see for a long time, were pointed out by Mr. Stoddard right near the plantation house. Such were the chuck-will's-widow, the red-cockaded woodpecker, and the brown-headed nuthatch. The chuck-will's-widow, indeed, came right on the lawn of the home in the evening, where its large eyes glowed and its call, from which it gets its name, could be heard. The red-cockaded woodpecker lives up to its name because of the two scarlet tufts of feathers on the back of the head; its call is more like that of the white-breasted nuthatch. It lives in pine woods only, where it delights to scarify the bark of the trees. The brown-headed nuthatch is another strictly southern species, not common except locally.

Then there are birds on the plantation which are absent in most or in much of Illinois, but had been seen by me elsewhere, such as the blue grosbeak, Bachman's sparrow (here it may be the pine-woods sparrow), summer tanager, red-bellied woodpecker (a rarity at Chicago), mockingbird, Carolina chickadee, Carolina wren, and white-eyed vireo.

Of course, the species ranging from the Great Lakes to the Gulf are found here also, only in larger numbers, for this plantation, which is largely pine forest, is a strictly protected bird refuge. That scourge of the birds, the house cat, is completely eliminated here. Hence the abundance of birds. Thus these were present, some common: cardinals, tufted tits, wood

thrushes, bob-whites everywhere, chewinks (here either the white-eyed or the Alabama), crested flycatchers, wood pewees, pine warblers, chimney swifts, flickers, and downy woodpeckers (southern). Of our bluebird, red-headed woodpecker and the mourning dove I saw only two or three.

A great many birds of Florida have been favored (?) by the systematists by the tagging on of the name of the state to their title. All these were encountered during my three days stay at this alluring place: Florida blue jay, redwing, yellowthroat, pileated woodpecker, nighthawk, grackle, red-shouldered hawk, barred owl.

The picture changed entirely when one moved from the pine woods to a water body such as Lake Jackson, ten miles south of Sherwood. There all the herons were seen, the American and snowy egrets, the latter following



PHOTO COURTESY CHICAGO ACADEMY OF SCIENCES

Anhinga or Water Turkey

cattle in the pasture, Louisiana, little blue, and Ward's herons, the white ibis, also wood duck, purple and Florida gallinules, the omnipresent killdeer, and migrating solitary and pectoral sandpipers. Also the loggerhead shrike was common here.

One evening we were invited to the neighboring plantation of Mr. and Mrs. Beadel, where another avian treat (also gustatory ones) awaited us. Mr. Beadel wanted me to see his ten-foot alligator in his cypress swamp. He rowed us around over all likely places, but Mr. Alligator refused to show himself. Instead the bird list was somewhat augmented by the noting of the blue-gray gnatcatcher, the anhinga or water turkey, and the golden swamp warbler (perish the designation prothonotary warbler). It was an

ideal spot for the anhinga, and accordingly they were seen in all stages, old and young, one female incubating eggs since six weeks, Mr. Beadel said.

A habitat of still another type was Shell Point, on Apalachee Bay, south of Tallahassee. Here for the first time I saw the gray kingbird, which, true to its name, is like our kingbird, only decidedly grayer. It does not seem to be overly common anywhere. Also the dainty little ground dove was numerous here. When they fly they show a patch of dull red on the lower wing coverts. Then fish crows, southern crows, boat-tailed grackles, the brown pelican, least and Cabot's terns, laughing gulls, willets, black-bellied plovers, and other migrating shore birds could be seen, also purple martins and rough-winged swallows.

But the climax of my visit to this wonderful region came in the form of a trip to Wakulla Springs, between Tallahassee and Apalachee Bay. I had long wanted to see the limpkin, that odd, wailing, heron-like bird of the South, and there in only a few places. Wakulla is one of them. The sight of one and its loud call were the first things we saw and heard upon arriving at the spring. In all we saw about 20 of them stalking along the edge of the giant spring and the sizable stream flowing from it. Their voice is odd indeed, wailing, clucking, scolding-like, some tones like those of a young crow, altogether a weird performance. One allowed us to come within fifteen to twenty feet of it before taking off. Their food is a large ampullarian snail, heaps of the shells of which were seen on every log or other foothold. Add to these about 50 aningas, 2 Mississippi kites, 3 ospreys flying near their huge nests, many black and turkey vultures, several white ibises, and you can form a mental picture of the avian life of this wonderful place, not to speak of the plant and other animal life.

Once more I salute Mr. Stoddard and his estimable lady, from this distance, in fond recollection of the unforgettable days spent there.

River Forest, Illinois



THAT BIRDS whose nests have been disturbed will in most cases desert them is the general belief of students of bird behavior, but Mrs. Maurice Sage, of North Bay, Ontario, has told us of a pair that were not so readily discouraged.

When Mr. and Mrs. Sage went to open their summer cottage this spring and started to place wire screens about the porch, a robin's nest was found on a ledge that would be enclosed by the screens. There were eggs in the nest and they did not want to keep the birds away from them, so it was decided to move the nest to a shelf several feet away, but outside the screen. It was loosened and placed in the new position, and the mother bird returned to the nest while they still stood watching.

The following week-end the robins were found to be still brooding. The incubation period for robins varies from 11 to 14 days, so the clutch must have been newly completed just before the moving of the nest, for when the family went to the cottage on the second week-end they found newly-hatched young. All of which goes to show that the actions and reactions of some birds are as individual as those of their human neighbors.

The Illegal Feather Situation

MANY OF our members are no doubt wondering what has been accomplished in the problem of the sale of forbidden feathers in the millinery trade. Ninety per cent of the dealers and a like proportion of the stocks were claimed to be under the control of members of Feather Industries of America, Inc., of New York, and naturally the efforts at regulation centered in that state. A bill acceptable to the association was passed, and on April 18 of this year was signed by Governor Lehman.

The new regulation required all dealers in wild feathers to file a sworn inventory with the State Conservation Department by May 15, and to report on their stock each year through 1946. During a six year period it will be legal to trade in wild feathers, but only from inventoried stocks, to which nothing may be added. Within thirty days after April 15, 1947, any wild bird plumage which may remain in their hands must be delivered to the Conservation Department for destruction, or for distribution to educational institutions for exhibition purposes.

Plumage of egret, bird of paradise, heron, bald eagle and golden eagle was not included in the permissible inventories, and twenty-seven cases of these, valued at more than \$25,000, were voluntarily turned over and publicly burned. After six years the wild plumage trade will be over, but that does not necessarily mean that no feathers will be worn in the bonnets of that day. Still listed as legal are various domestic varieties of chickens, turkeys, Guinea fowl, geese, ducks, pigeons, ostriches, ringnecked pheasants, pea fowl and rheas, and these should furnish color enough to catch any eye.

One loophole in the federal statute still remains in the provision for the importation of feathers to be used in tying fishing flies. An amendment to the present law is being sought which will put an end to this source of supply. We can then sit back and smile to ourselves until some new angle is thought up by those who are always willing to supply the demand for "something different."



THROUGH AN oversight due to a similarity of names, we are sorry that the name of a new member was omitted from the list published in the June issue of the *Bulletin*. The new member was the Belvidere Bird Club, Mrs. W. D. Lambert, President.



"KILLING FOR fun"—what a disgrace for the human race! Practically no hunting now is for needed food, which can be had much cheaper in the shops, and, anyway, most of the people doing the killing are already overfed. Yet it is proposed to again permit shooting of the wood duck, a species given up as lost only a few years ago. What could that be but "killing for fun?"



FROM 1917, when a bounty on bald eagles was offered in Alaska, to 1926, 41,812 bounties had been paid and killings were estimated at 70,000. Bounties on 4,906 eagles were paid in 1937, and the first six months of 1938 accounted for 2,687 more. Is it strange that the bald eagle, our national emblem, is becoming scarce?

Birding Enroute

By C. O. DECKER

WHEN ONE is driving it is not always possible, because of traffic, narrow roadway, or other conditions, to stop and examine a bird which starts up along the roadside or is perched on a pole or fence post. In many cases only a general identification can be made, and this must be checked later against museum specimens or bird books. This we have done in so far as we could, and if "impossibles" appear they are still our ideas of what we saw. With this mental reservation we, Mrs. Decker and I, started westward from Chicago early in the month of July.

Nesting activities were generally over and young birds of strange species mixed with the others did not help at all, but watching for strange birds helped much in places where the way became monotonous. Our familiar roads through northern Illinois produced the usual run of robins, grackles, kingbirds, meadowlarks, brown thrashers, redwings, swallows, prairie horned larks, and occasional sparrow and marsh hawks. As we approached the Mississippi and into Iowa we began to notice a difference in the song of the meadowlark, the eastern faded out, and the western was with us well into the mountains of Wyoming, and even beyond.

As we rode along in the flat lands of South Dakota we began to see more and more small, almost black birds with a prominent white patch in the wing, lark buntings, and they were very common from there into the mountains which are a barrier to so many of the eastern species. Through the Black Hills our attention was taken up by the fine scenery and a visit to the Mt. Rushmore Memorial, where giant heads of Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln, and Theodore Roosevelt are being carved from the mountainside. They are being magnificently done, and our personal and definitely minority opinion as to the appropriateness of the project does not detract from their grandeur.

Into Wyoming we passed, and some of the old acquaintances were there to greet us. Mourning doves and meadowlarks were everywhere, and the yellow-headed blackbird is not such a rarity there as it is with us. Sharp-tailed grouse began to be seen, once in a while a pheasant would cross ahead of us, and redwings were nearly always in sight. But the flashy, showy black and white of the magpie that we began to see here did not grow old though we were to see it almost continually for weeks. The Big Horns brought the first real mountain scenery, with narrow roadways and no guard rails, and taking us up to 8,650 feet elevation in the pass on rather steep grades. The views were beautiful, but not so splendid as some that we were to see later. Adjectives fail and comparisons are not possible when one sees so much variety and all is on so grand a scale. The Cody Road along the Shoshone Canyon and to Yellowstone National Park is worth a trip in itself, with its roadway and tunnels cut in the solid rock of the mountainside, the river below sometimes confined to a narrow canyon and again spreading to almost a lake.

Entering Yellowstone, we made our way to Canyon, and it was along the river here that we first saw the white pelicans which are so common in

the Park, but always so intriguing because of their grotesqueness. Here, too, we first saw the violet-green swallows which were apparently nesting under one of the culverts along the road. The canyon is, of course, ideal osprey territory, and, after a few minutes checking of the rock walls and sharp pinnacles from Artist Point, we located a nest on the very top of a spire a little below us. There seemed to be young in the nest and the naturalist verified this, saying that they had been hatched only a couple of days before. If you like company when you are fishing you should be satisfied at Fishing Bridge. There were at least a hundred people leaning over the railing on either side and intent upon their lines, with what success there was nothing to indicate.

The next day we spent renewing an old acquaintance with Old Faithful and others of the geysers in that neighborhood, but a new acquaintance gave us, if anything, a greater thrill. At the east end of the museum there was a nesting box made from a section of a tree with the branches still attached, and the occupants were a pair of mountain bluebirds that did not care to leave the box unprotected while we were near and showing signs of being interested. The result was that we had an opportunity to watch them at short range as long as we wished, and that wonderful blue of the male bird kept us there for many minutes. In the Park we also found the American bittern, black-crowned night heron, great blue heron, pied-billed grebe, white-crowned sparrow, nighthawk, our flicker and his western relative, the red-shafted flicker. The animal life was also of interest, and at various points in the Park we saw the usual number of bears, some deer, an elk, woodchuck, etc., all feeding contentedly and without much attention to their human neighbors.

Leaving Yellowstone by way of Gardner we headed for Glacier National Park, entering from the west and stopping at a settlement called Apgar, a beautiful spot on Lake McDonald, the only bit of shore line not on a mountainside. On the way we were surprised at the great number of hawks and their apparent lack of fear. They would sit on fence posts as we slowly drove past and show much less interest in us than we did in them. Their attention seemed to be centered on the gophers, chipmunks and jackrabbits which were very plentiful, the road being liberally sprinkled with the bodies of those that had been run over by automobiles.* Later inquiry and museum study at Banff showed them to be red-tailed and Swainson's mostly, with an occasional marsh and sparrow hawk. Between Yellowstone and Banff we must have seen well over a hundred along the roadside.

At Apgar a small but rapid stream runs out of the lake and the shore is nicely wooded. Many bird songs were heard and it seemed a good place to look around for awhile. The hunting was good and gave us the olive-sided flycatcher, goldfinch, blue jay, vesper sparrow, red-eyed and warbling vireos, catbird, kingfisher, cedar waxwing, junco, and red-headed woodpecker. But the prize was yet to come! A small bridge crossed the stream and made an excellent observation post. On a stub sticking out of the water something moved that proved to be a small bird. While we studied it a parent bird came and fed the youngster, then flew back to the far side of

*Local observers say that the hawks now concentrate along the main highways to take advantage of these free meals.

the stream and landed in the shallow water, the bottom being stony. It was not of the wading type, so we watched closely. After feeding the young one again, instead of going back to the edge it plunged boldly into the middle and began picking among the stones on the bottom where the water was from eighteen to twenty-four inches deep. The sun was shining brightly and in the clear water of the mountain stream we could plainly see the old bird walk on the bottom, pick up something, come to the surface, shake off the water, and fly to where the young bird was waiting. It would hammer whatever it had, possibly the larva of a caddis fly, with its bill, apparently taking off an outside shell before feeding the young. It was the water ouzel,

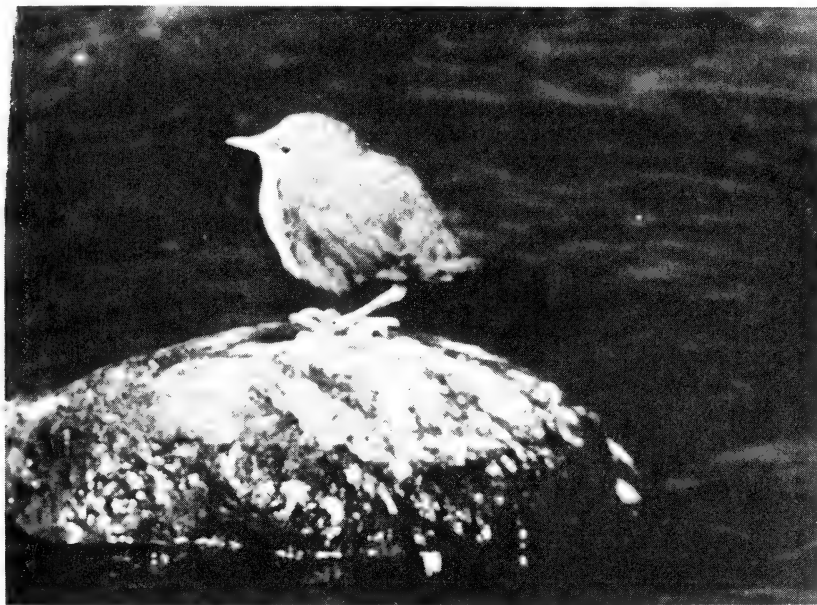


PHOTO COURTESY CHICAGO ACADEMY OF SCIENCES

Young Water Ouzel or Dipper

or dipper, a bird of which we had often heard and had for years been hoping that we might some day see; and now, here, almost within reach, they were showing themselves, their young, and their way of living, while we stood almost holding our breath as we watched them come and go. We soon located the other parent and two more young, five in all, and watched them for nearly a half hour, during which time they were never over twenty yards from us. I am sorry that we did not look under the bridge for a possible old nest, as Mr. Kitchin, of Mt. Rainier National Park, later told me that they do sometimes use such a location.

The road from Glacier, through Calgary, to Banff, Alberta, produced one more new acquaintance when a small flock of curlews, probably the long-billed, crossed the road in front of us, and, when we slowed up to

watch, circled over the field and came back to cross again where we could see them. A northern shrike also, added to the hawks of which I have already spoken, made his appearance. In the city of Banff there were both song and chipping sparrows, but we did not attempt to go deeper than that into their family histories. Banff and Lake Louise are both most beautiful and delightful places, and the Columbian ice fields on the Jasper road gave us our, until then, most intimate views of glaciers and snow capped peaks. Dan McCowan, Naturalist for Banff National Park, and Mrs. McCowan were extremely pleasant and helpful, and we enjoyed very much a lecture which Mr. McCowan gave at the Banff Springs Hotel.

Once again on the way, we had beautiful mountain roads to the town of Kingsgate, where we recrossed the border into Eastport, Idaho. The next point of interest was a stop at Grand Coulee for a look at the enormous power dam that is being built there, and then on to Wenatchee, the great apple center of the west. One bit of road where we dropped two thousand feet in six miles will not soon be forgotten. The next stretch brought us to Mount Rainier National Park, where we had the pleasure of meeting Mr. E. A. Kitchin, the Naturalist and a former Chicagoan. Under his guidance we found Steller's jay, a beautiful bird with a deeper blue and all the assurance of his eastern relative, a large flock of band-tailed pigeons, and another of the very colorful western tanager, a bald eagle, western evening grosbeak, Brewer's blackbird, and an Oregon chickadee. The peak of Mount Rainier was clear for a good part of the morning and we enjoyed one of the finest sights of the trip. A visit to the museum with Mr. Kitchin was an event to make the day complete. On his advice we stopped in Tacoma for a visit to Point Defiance Park, where we made a five mile drive through a portion which had been left entirely natural except for the roadway, a good part of which was a one-way road with trees brushing the car on either side. Among the "finds" were several pileated woodpeckers, the arctic three-toed woodpecker, chestnut-backed chickadees, red-breasted nuthatch, Cassin's purple finch, grey-headed junco, Gambel's sparrow, and what we at the time listed as a black and white warbler. We now find it listed as a "casual" in that territory and are not so sure of our identification. Cover was so heavy that many birds we heard calling could not be seen, and it was a splendid sanctuary.

At Seattle we parked the car and took to the boats, our first day's sail landing us at Victoria, B. C., one of the loveliest cities it has been our fortune to visit. Flowers grow most profusely and luxuriantly (as they do also in Seattle and Vancouver) and even the street lights are decorated with beautiful hanging baskets. Gardens are universal and the Empress Hotel has one open to the public that is very much worth any one's time. A small flock of California quail were wandering around among the flowers while we were there. The most wonderful private garden we had ever seen was that of Mr. Butchardt, a few miles out of Victoria, built in an abandoned cement quarry and on the surrounding grounds, also open to the public.

After a day of sightseeing at Vancouver we boarded the steamship Princess Alice, bound for Skagway, Alaska, with stops at Alert Bay and Prince Rupert in British Columbia and Ketchikan, Wrangell and Juneau,

the capital, in Alaska. At Alert Bay we saw our first salmon cannery and a fishing boat unloading its catch onto an endless chain which carried the fish directly into the cannery. Here also were the first totem poles standing before the Indian homes and in the cemetery. Prince Rupert is the head of rail transport for the Canadian west coast and a correspondingly busy town. Ketchikan, the first port in Alaska, aside from the canneries was principally curio shops and liquor stores (six in two blocks) with a lot of totem poles scattered around to give local color. Before reaching Wrangell we were to pass through Wrangell Narrows, a shallow and tortuous channel marked by forty-six buoys, but there was some fog and the tide was low, so we anchored and waited until morning and thus made a daytime stop at Wrangell where only a night stop was scheduled on the northward run. During the afternoon a visit was made to Taku Glacier, the ship approaching to within a quarter-mile of the face of the glacier, which was a mile across the face where it met the sea, from 100 to 200 feet high, and 95 miles long—an enormous mass of solid ice. A number of small floes which had broken off were floating around us and we could go no closer because of the possible danger if a large one should break off and fall while we were there.

In the evening we reached Juneau, the capital of Alaska Territory, and visited the capitol building and a museum which is in it, hoping to find the answers to some questions about water birds we had been puzzling over with the inadequate books we were able to carry with us. The lady in charge of the museum was not able to satisfy us, but referred us to Mr. O'Neill, who had been the naturalist there and was now the clerk at the Baranof Hotel. We called on Mr. O'Neill and found him a most interesting and entertaining young man who knew his subject and willingly helped us all he could in the short time we had left. Several large paintings by an artist named Laurence were hung in the hotel rooms which gave a real feeling for the days of '98 and the difficulties and perils of that time. The artist has since died and you perhaps read of how he predicted his own death within a few hours.

The end of the Princess Alice's cruise was at Skagway, a town that during the gold rush reached 10,000 population and now has about 500, and is the sea end of the White Pass & Yukon R.R. which connects the port with the Yukon River. We took the railroad as far as Carcross, following for a considerable distance the old "trail of '98" that was such a disastrous route for many thousands in their rush to the Klondike gold fields. At Carcross we changed to a lake steamer, the Tutshi, and were carried about a hundred miles to the head of West Taku Arm. We were received at Ben My Chree, an old home where "open house" has been the rule for many years. Here we saw some of the effects of the long summer days on flowers and plants—dahlias well over a foot across; pansies of nearly six inches; delphinium seven to eight feet tall; rhubarb five feet tall; and were told about strawberries that required only six to fill a quart box. On our return to Carcross the next day, the interval before the train was due to leave was very interestingly filled in by a talk by Patsy Henderson, a full blooded Indian, who was one of the party of four that discovered gold in the Yukon field in 1896. He told of his experiences then, and also of old Indian customs and

methods of fishing and trapping before the coming of white men in numbers, illustrating his talk with small operating models which he explained in detail. Our train brought us back to Skagway in time to do some shopping for souvenirs of the Far North, and we headed south on our return cruise.

We arrived at Juneau very early in the morning and took a bus trip to Mendenhall Glacier before breakfast. The route carried us through a farming section that we had not been able to visualize before and gave a much better impression of the country than we had received at other stops. We were taken almost to the foot of a glacier two miles wide, the landmarks showing a gradual recession over a term of years. This was by far the best idea of a glacier we obtained from the hundred or so that we saw. On the return we stopped at a small mountain stream to watch a salmon run with perhaps a hundred of the fish in sight at one time. They were so thick and moving so sluggishly against the current that one of our party simply reached down from the bank and picked one out by the gills. It was about two feet long, and after he had been photographed with his "catch" it was returned to the river. The trip back to Seattle was without special incident.

During all this time we were being continually puzzled by the strange birds we were seeing. As usual, gulls were always following and we finally sorted them out into herring, glaucous-winged, short-billed, Bonaparte's, and California gulls. The pigeon guillemot was quite common with the white spot in his wing so prominent. Two that gave us much trouble were the California murre and the petrels that skimmed just over the waves in flocks of from four or five to fifty or more. Fish crows were seen along the shores in the ports and great blue herons in various places. On Lake Bennett we spotted a pair of loons. From the deck we watched salmon jumping, a school of porpoises followed the ship for awhile, and several blackfish (a small whale) were seen at a little distance, spouting and showing themselves as they rolled along.

The scenery on this thousand-odd miles between Seattle and Skagway is simply indescribable. Seldom were we out of sight of snow-capped mountains which frequently developed into glaciers, and from each snow field came a mountain stream with waterfalls that must have been hundreds of feet high. In the coves or inlets nestled small settlements with either a lumber mill or a cannery, and the fishermen were legion, so that we were practically never out of sight of life in some form.

In Seattle we reclaimed our car and started the long jaunt homeward. Portland, Oregon, the Rose City, held us for a day. The Columbia River Highway, called one of the world's most beautiful drives, was taken at a leisurely pace. Beautiful Multnomah Falls required a short stop, but the call of "home" was strong and the high point of 8,835 feet between Laramie and Cheyenne made but little impression. The prairies of Nebraska and Iowa were almost a welcome sight, and when the Mississippi came into view we felt that the journey was ended. Just two more birds did we pick up on the way, a long-billed marsh wren and a white-breasted nuthatch. Illinois looked good again after the ups and downs of several thousand miles of mountain roads, and, after all, it was what we were looking for—HOME.

Chicago, Illinois

Aims of the

ILLINOIS AUDUBON SOCIETY



THE SOCIETY was organized in 1897 for the study and protection of wild bird life, and with the following as its objectives and principles:

FIRST: *To create and keep alive a consciousness of, and to encourage the study of, our native wild birds.*

SECOND: *To disseminate knowledge of the birds and their economic value to our agriculture and forests through literature, pictures, lectures, and any other available means.*

THIRD: *To conserve as far as possible their natural environment, and to work for their safety through education and the betterment and enforcement of State and Federal laws relating to birds.*

FOURTH: *To establish, and to assist to the best of our ability in the establishment of, bird sanctuaries in Illinois.*

FIFTH: *To interest children through the schools.*

SIXTH: *To discourage in every possible way the destruction of wild birds and their eggs, or the wearing of any feathers other than those of domestic fowl.*

You know what an important part birds play, protecting crops and all plant life from the attacks of insect pests, and adding to the music of the out-of-doors and to its color and beauty. The economic and aesthetic values of birds demand that the most thoughtful and far-reaching effort be exerted for their protection. We ask you to consider our cause and to join us in an effort to realize the ends toward which we work. All fees and bequests other than those paid annually are held in an Endowment Fund, only the income from which is used for current needs. No officer or director is paid and all money received is used for the advancement of the aims of the Society.



MEMBERSHIP FEES ARE AS FOLLOWS:

<i>Active members</i>	\$2.00 annually
<i>Contributing members</i>	5.00 annually
<i>Sustaining members</i>	\$ 25.00
<i>Life members</i>	100.00
<i>Benefactors</i>	500.00
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For the Protection of Wild Birds

Affiliated with

The Chicago Academy of Sciences

2001 NORTH CLARK STREET

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Dr. Reuben Myron Strong

President, Illinois Audubon Society

By DR. ALFRED LEWY

DR. STRONG was born in West Allis, Wisconsin, in 1872. He lived in Wauwatosa, Wisconsin, from 1873 to 1891. After an education in the public schools he taught for one year, 1890 to 1891, in a Milwaukee County district school. Then he went to Oberlin College, where he graduated in 1897 with the degree of A.B.

His interest in natural history began in childhood. During his high school years he collected and identified most of the flowering plants in the Wauwatosa region and was active in ornithology. There were no prism binocular field glasses so his identifications of birds were made by collecting. The specimens were later presented to the Milwaukee Public Museum. He was encouraged by William Morton Wheeler, curator of the Museum, who later became a distinguished entomologist and Harvard University professor, and by Carl Akeley, the well known artist and taxidermist. In 1898 Dr. Strong went to Harvard, where he received degrees of A.M. and Ph.D. In 1902-3 he took the place of Professor of Biology at Haverford College. While doing some research work at Woods Hole, Massachusetts, he was discovered by Prof. C. O. Whitman, who brought him to Chicago for a year on a Carnegie research assistantship. He became a member of the Department of Zoology at the University of Chicago in 1903. While in Chicago he met and married Ethel Freeman. He remained there until September, 1914, when he was appointed Professor of Anatomy at the University of Mississippi for two years, followed by two years in a similar position at Vanderbilt University. In 1918 Dr. Strong returned to Chicago as head of the Department of Anatomy at Loyola University Medical School, which position he still holds.

In the field of ornithology he has a long and enviable record. He was one of the founders of the Wilson Ornithological Club in December, 1888, first treasurer of that organization, vice-president in 1894, and president from 1894 to 1901 and again from 1920 to 1921, and publisher of the Wilson Bulletin, their official organ. He became a member of the American Ornithological Union in 1889. He is a member of a number of scientific societies, two of them medical. His academic records are published in "Who's Who in America" and in "American Men of Science," where he appears in the first and subsequent editions among the first one thousand men of science.

In 1904 to 1914 he gave, by special request, a course in birds at the University of Chicago. This course was given during the Spring quarter



DR. R. M. STRONG,
Newly elected President of the Illinois Audubon Society

and repeated the first half of each Summer, and was very popular with the students. It was while he was taking his early morning classes through Jackson Park that I first met him and he invited me to become one of the charter members of the Chicago Ornithological Society. Dr. Strong also gave a course in birds at the University of Michigan Biological Station at Douglas Lake during the summers of 1915 and 1916. He founded the Chicago Ornithological Society and was its first president, and also president in various years thereafter. He is a member of the Board of Directors of the Wild Flower Preservation Society, Illinois Chapter, and has held this position since 1923; a member of the Board of Governors of the Institute of Medicine, and was chairman of its Committee on Admissions for four years. He has been vice-president of the Conservation Council of Chicago, and since 1937 chairman.

His principal publications have been in the field of animal coloration, neurology, ossification of the skeleton, genetics, abnormal pigmentation of the skin, comparative anatomy, and bird behavior. His principal work is a bibliography especially of interest to investigators, covering the world's ornithological literature in 25 languages, including references up to and a little beyond 1926. Two volumes of this have been published and it is expected that it will be completed by the spring of 1942.

The Illinois Audubon Society was organized in 1897 and its first president, Mr. Ruthven Deane, held that position for 15 years, to be succeeded by Mr. Orpheus M. Schantz, who also served for 15 years. The third president of the Society, Prof. C. W. G. Eifrig, has completed 14 years and is now at his own insistent request retiring from that office. This record of but three presidents in 44 years and the fact that all three have been nationally-known ornithologists, is one of which the Society is very proud. The consent of Dr. Strong to serve as our president has solved the problem of a suitable successor to Prof. Eifrig. The Illinois Audubon Society considers itself very fortunate in having at its head a man of such attainments.



Dog Kills Bird Which Swallows Snake

By CONSTANCE NICE

WHILE WALKING with Mr. Joe Ilg, in Vilas County, Wisconsin, my mother, Mrs. M. M. Nice, and I heard a robin's unmistakable shriek of terror. Mr. Ilg's pointer dog, which had been biting at something in the grass, came guiltily back to our party. Where she had been standing we found a just killed robin which had swallowed three inches of a seven-inch red-bellied snake (*Storeria occipitomaculata*). This is a species rarely seen because of its habit of remaining beneath logs.

The robin was probably so busy with this mammoth "earthworm" that it did not see the dog until too late, or else was hampered in flight by the snake's dangling tail.

Chicago, Illinois.

Some Fortunate Ducklings

AS PART of the program at the meeting of the Society which was held in Quincy last spring we were shown a series of nest boxes that had been placed to attract prothonotary warblers. A request to Dr. T. E. Musselman for information as to the results brought the following, which, while not reporting on the warblers, we think you will find equally interesting.

"I can bring together a preliminary report of my prothonotary warbler experiment, but as yet I do not have enough information to write a finished article on what I have found. I have been so busy this fall with my college work and lectures that I have not done much with my banding and have been unable to do as much field work as I should like.

"One of the highlights of the season was the rearing of a family of young wood ducks. One Sunday, a fisherman brought me three tiny ducklings that were just out of the egg and all of them were cold and stiff. The man asked me for an identification and I told him they were baby wood ducks. The mother evidently had reared them in a hole seventy feet above the ground in one of the park trees, and in taking her babies down to the river these three fell into a mud puddle and apparently were dead. I heated water and began washing the mud and dirt off the little fellows, and as the warmth returned to their bodies they were soon as active as ducklings could be. The mother wood duck must have been careless as other fishermen brought in more baby birds and at the end of the day I had a total of about a dozen.

"Nowhere had I seen published an article on the technique of raising wood ducks, so I had to use my own good judgment. I know that wild ducklings live largely upon insects for the first four to six weeks of their life. Getting enough bugs, moths, and beetles to feed my little brood was a task which I solved by buying an electric bug exterminator. This I hung on the outside of my house at night with a partially filled bucket of water below it. All the crawly things that were exterminated by the electric current fell into the bucket.

"The following morning I took my little family of hungry babies down to a curved drinking trough and after pouring in my bountiful supply of insects, I released the family of youngsters. Certainly they knew exactly what to do. They dove, they splashed, they grabbed the food and thoroughly enjoyed themselves. After a half-hour of feeding and play they began to be saturated with water, so I took them out and returned them to a box with a heater until they dried off. Three times that day I fed them in this way. However, just before I put them to bed at night, I force fed them with tiny duck pellets which I secured from the Schultz-Boujon Milling Company at Beardstown.

"I am afraid the first night they were not sufficiently warm as I lost one little bird. The next day they did very well. However, the next night I removed a brooding bantam hen and put her in a high box which I covered with wire. The babies snuggled under her and were plenty warm, but in the morning I found she was pecking at them. I removed them and again their daily routine of feeding was as it had been the day before. The next

night I tried the hen a second time. On this occasion she seemed very content and seemed happy to adopt the little family of ducklings. She was endeavoring to feed them the following morning, so I took them out and placed them in one of my movable quail pens which I placed on the nicely cut lawn over a sunken dishpan filled with water. I fed them a bountiful supply of duck mash which the bantam mother encouraged their eating. However, each morning the bucket of water which I had poured into the dishpan, filled as it was with insects, was the most tempting item of food that I could give them. The little fellows grew and I finally banded them. Each day I allowed them their freedom. As they grew they required more than a dishpan in which to splash, so I dug a sizable mud puddle in the yard which they enjoyed constantly.

"About six of them were sent over to the State Fair for the pleasure of the many visitors there, and the rest stayed around our farm until they could fly to the neighboring swamps and to the river. Each night they would return to the farm for their meal of mash, then they would fly up to the top of the woodshed where they slept. It is only a mile down to the river and they were gone by daybreak. They remained with me until the twenty-eighth of August, when the last one deserted. All of them were in the juvenile plumage and had the characteristic white eye rings and the white throats, which in the case of the males extended as a straight line up behind the eye. I believe this was the most enjoyable family of pets I have ever had."



Dashed Hopes

By C. O. DECKER

ONE FEBRUARY day we sat on the ocean beach near Daytona, Florida, watching the tide as it came in, rolling up in small waves and then running out again, each one a little higher than the last. Various bits of debris caught in the ebb and flow would be deposited high up by one wave, only to be sucked in again by the next. A small rubber ball was being washed back and forth when it met the eye of a herring gull, of which there were several patrolling the beach. The gull came down and carefully looked the ball over, and, not finding any opening by which it could get inside, picked the ball up in its bill, carried it up about 25 feet and dropped it on the sand. Swooping down, it again examined the ball but found it still intact. The gull repeated the maneuver some four times before becoming discouraged and abandoning his prize. While we sat there two other gulls went through the same routine, dropping the ball from heights of 20 to 30 feet in an apparent attempt to break it open, each in turn giving it up as a bad job when the ball failed to act like a clam. Observers tell us that gulls open clams by smashing them on the rocks, and their handling of the rubber ball was no doubt their instinctive effort to secure a hoped-for morsel of food. To us it was amusing; to them it is still an unsolved mystery.

Chicago, Illinois.

Autumn Days Afield

By AMY G. BALDWIN

MANY BOOKS have been written on the migration of the wild birds as they come north in the spring in their beautiful nuptial colors for their mating cycle, then the rearing of their broods and the molting which changes them so that some of them, such as the bobolink, are hardly to be recognized. This is a very fascinating study, especially to those who follow these migrations from year to year. We should like to say that this or that bird departs on a certain day each year, but when the records are examined we find variations through the years.

This year I have been following the chimney swifts to see what my last date would be. Each trip into the field through September I saw them.



Barn Owl

On September 29 I thought that would be the last; but October 5 gave me a later date than the one set as the "late date" in the "Birds of the Chicago Region." Why should the swallows and martins leave us the first of September while the swift spends the whole month with us, staying even into October?

While out for a field trip by auto on September 19, we stopped at Oak Hill Cemetery for a few minutes as we have found many interesting birds there from time to time. Finding a tree with a large hole, I tapped on the trunk to see if we might stir up an owl. Nothing happened for two or three minutes, and then, when we had given up expecting it, out flew a barn owl. Though we saw his back and broad wings, we failed to see his face, for which we were very sorry.

On our way home along 79th Street near the Indiana Belt Line tracks, in a cowyard we noticed some birds that looked like plovers. Hoping to see some golden plovers among them we stopped to get a better look. A flock of 100 or more, starlings and cowbirds along with them, were feeding with the cattle and around under their feet as cowbirds often do. They proved to be all golden plovers, as they had the dark tail, whereas the black-bellied plover has the white rump and tail. We thought this strange, but inquiring of a friend later, I found that they do feed in pastures with cattle. These birds seemed fearless and when disturbed just flew up with the starlings, circled round, and came back to feed on something there to their fancy.

September 29 was a day of a large migration of birds that came into the Chicago region on a night of rain. There were many juncos, white-throats, and both the mature and immature white-crowned sparrows. The mature birds were very lovely with their clean black-and-white striped heads. One with them looked different, and on closer observation I found that it was a Gambel's sparrow. The white line in Gambel's goes through over the eye to the bill, where in the white-crowned the line stops at the eye. A flock of cedar waxwings, adults and immature, were good to look at. The winter wren made himself heard before he was seen, creeping under low plants on the ground. As he called I saw him, and another answered a few yards away. The house wren was not to be absent, and I saw him too. He does not have the bright brown of the winter wren, being grayer and somewhat larger. Warblers led in numbers this morning with palms, myrtles and scattered others, such as orange-crowned, a female black-throated blue, black-throated green, black and white, magnolia and redstart, identified, with others not easy to classify. The vireos were well represented there by the blue-headed, warbling, red-eyed and yellow-throated. Only one least flycatcher put in his appearance. The *yank yank* of the nuthatch was heard and, when eventually seen, it proved to be the red-breasted. His call is not as loud as the white-breasted, so he can be known though not seen; that has been my experience with him. Both golden- and ruby-crowned kinglets were much in evidence, the golden giving the three notes, the ruby-crowned his *tut tut*, making it easy to know the two apart. Brown creepers were busy feeding up and down the tree trunks and giving a call somewhat like the golden-crowned kinglet, only his call seems to have but two notes where the kinglet has three, *see see see*.

Robins, flickers, catbirds, brown thrashers, joined the parade. The rose-breasted grosbeak was giving his call but was not seen. Then a thrill came in the form of a scarlet tanager, a very late date for him. He had the black wings and tail, but, instead of being scarlet, he had a lemon or greenish yellow breast with an irregular flame colored stripe down the center, a patch of flame color under the shoulder of his wings on the breast, and a larger patch of flame color under the tail. A large green worm was giving him plenty to do at the time. An American bittern had just startled me by flying up close by when all at once I heard a great splash in front of me as though a person had fallen into the water. I hardly dared look. All I saw was rings in the water. Then up came a head, then the breast and wings of a large osprey. He seemed to be as surprised as I was, for when he flew

away he had either failed to catch his prey or on seeing me had dropped it while still in the water.

While at Maple Lake on October 5 for the Natural History Survey day, an osprey, sometimes called the fish hawk, gave us a very fine exhibition of soaring, finally making a plunge in front of us, dropping his prey and returning to plunge again and fly off with a fish. It was as though it were a part of the program arranged for the thirty or more persons gathered on the shore and listening to a lecture on the fish of Maple Lake.

Chicago, Illinois.

☞ ☞ ☞

Humor — Yes or No?

WHILE AT a dinner recently the question was raised as to whether birds have a sense of humor. Mr. Paul Pueschel, of Glencoe, offered the following observation in support of the suggestion. In his yard are two feeding platforms about fifty feet apart. As we all know, certain birds take precedence according to their size and prowess, and thus a blue jay will vacate when a red-headed woodpecker approaches. Two or three jays were filling up at one of the shelves when a red-head swooped down. The jays hurriedly left and the woodpecker, instead of landing on the shelf, soared up to the side of a tree and looked the situation over. The jays in the meantime had settled on the other shelf. The woodpecker swung down over that shelf, again dislodging the jays and again soaring up to a tree to see what happened. For nearly a half-hour the red-head thus kept the jays on the move, never himself landing on the platform, but apparently enjoying himself by keeping them away.

In an article in the *Audubon Magazine* by Charles and Elizabeth Schwartz, they describe a similar scene where marsh hawks would dive at prairie chickens, even to the point where one old chicken struck back at a hawk and plucked several feathers from his breast. They state that, although they have seen marsh hawks dive at prairie chickens dozens of times, they have never seen one attempt to strike or injure a prairie chicken. They feel that "heckling the birds may be a form of amusement for the hawks."

The woodpecker might possibly be only a "dog in the manger," but that cannot apply to the hawks as they would not be looking for anything that the prairie chickens were eating. Have you anything in your experience that indicates a sense of humor in birds? If so, let's have it.

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"THERE ARE now, and always will be, many who would take the last fish, kill the last bird or the last deer, or cut down the last tree, if in so doing they could see an immediate personal gain. It is our duty as American citizens concerned with the national welfare and the future of this country to see that these groups do not prevail."—Dr. Ira N. Gabrielson, Chief of the Fish and Wildlife Service of the Department of the Interior.

Wilson Ornithological Club Meeting

AN INVITATION was extended by the Wilson Ornithological Club to our Society to meet with them in their annual meeting at the University of Illinois in Urbana on November 21-23. Programs were mailed to our members with an announcement of our acceptance, and quite a number were present to enjoy the opportunity of meeting and hearing papers by many of the outstanding ornithologists of the day. The meetings were held in various rooms of the University buildings and were sponsored by the Department of Biology, State Natural History Survey, Natural History Museum, Urbana-Champaign Bird Club, Animal Ecology Club, and Wildlife Club.

A reading of the titles of the many papers as listed in the program is all that is needed to assure you of the great interest that every session provided, and a detailed report would require almost a reprinting of many of them, so full were they of the things we want to know. The showings of natural color motion pictures included several magnificent reels that called forth repeated bursts of applause and literally stagger one when he stops to think of the time and patience required for their making. Those who have seen them will not soon forget the beauty of the subjects and of the photography of such pictures as the nesting of the great blue heron and others by Murl Deusing; the courtship antics of the western grebe by W. F. Kubichek; the slow-motions of the geese by Cleveland P. Grant; the hawks soaring over Hawk Mountain as shown with the paper by Mrs. Rosalie Edge which was read by Roger Tory Peterson; the noddy tern and others by Karl H. Maslowsky; the first of a new series of educational films showing the blue jay and the bobolink prepared by Olin Sewall Pettingill; and the wood duck film made by Robert E. Hesselschwerdt of the Natural History Survey and shown by Dr. Frison.

In spite of the very unfavorable weather outlook a field trip to the Havana and Chautauqua Lake region was conducted on Sunday by members of the Natural History Survey staff. Over 40 took advantage of the opportunity to see the great rafts of ducks that congregate on the Illinois River and, the weather clearing, were favored with a view of what were estimated to be 100,000 ducks of various species.

Our Board of Directors held its monthly meeting on Friday afternoon and were much pleased to have in attendance two members, Dr. T. E. Musselman of Quincy and Dr. R. E. Yeatter of Urbana, who have been prevented by distance from attending regularly. The new president, Dr. Strong, presided, and, among other things offered for consideration, the Board accepted an invitation to hold the spring meeting in Springfield, the dates and other details to be fixed and announced later.

The Illinois Audubon Society appreciates greatly the courtesy of the Wilson Ornithological Club in inviting us to join with them on this occasion and acknowledges its indebtedness to them for a thoroughly profitable and enjoyable meeting.

The Intangibles of Bird Watching

By CORA CLARKE McELROY

THE NUMBER of people who are professionally interested in the study of bird life is not great. Their reward is that of the scientist who translates his fragment of the unknown into the known. But thousands of people watch and study birds for other satisfactions. Perhaps the total of their observations has been and is of considerable value in estimating the number and distribution of birds, in fixing the time of spring arrivals and fall departures, in learning nesting habits and other facts. But the individual does not derive his devotion to his hobby from the bits of information he may contribute.

Those of this large group of non-professionals who limit their studies to a few birds in their yards or near their homes, may learn more of real value than others who do field work over large areas. They may have delights denied those seeking a wider acquaintance, but for the latter there is a freedom of the spirit and a sense of intangible things that they cannot put into words.

Many bird lovers join organizations for bird study and find comradeship with others who have the same interests. And how comfortable to find oneself in a group to which no one belongs who is looking for "contacts" profitable to himself either socially or financially. Should a misguided individual join a field trip, for instance, for any such reasons he would not be likely to make the mistake a second time. Such organizations are the Chicago Ornithological Society and the Illinois Audubon Society.

Last May the Ornithological Society made its annual trip to Waukegan. The day was perfect, warm, quiet and sunny. There was a profusion of wild flowers in bloom; the spirits of the crowd were gay. All this was obvious. Yet there were humorous and dramatic features that possibly escaped most of the group. Our guide met us at the station and said he thought we could find the yellow-headed blackbird in a certain slough. Few had seen one that season and with great eagerness all set forth in cars in pursuit of the yellow-head. As I got a view of the twelve or fifteen cars filing down a lonely country road, suddenly I saw it all as a cartoon in a paper—the startled yellow-head leading the long queue of cars and looking back over his shoulder at them with an expression of open mouthed amazement as he flew ahead—the inmates of each car leaning out on either side, peering through field glasses or telescopes and exclaiming "Oh, there he is!" "Where?" "Look! the yellow-head!" This cartoon remains in my memory as vivid as though a Shoemaker had actually drawn it.

In the afternoon of the same day a group of us were looking for birds out on the flats, when three small sparrows flew up ahead of us. They were friendly and allowed us to come within a few feet of the small shrub in which they had alighted. No drama could have been more intense. The audience stood about the tiny stage, watching breathlessly through field glasses for the reappearance of the players. Who were they? One said "It's a Leconte," another "It's a Nelson." More thought they were clay-colored sparrows, although one of the most accurate observers thought the

song wasn't right for the clay-colored. One of the sparrows would come out into plain view, then disappear into the shrub, then reappear, creating a suspense as great as that of any mystery play. For nearly half an hour we studied him, coming up so close we could see his flesh-colored bill and every stripe. How put into words the delight of this little play with its setting of sand, gay flowers and pines, with the back-drop of blue lake and sky and white clouds!

Later in the day we sat on the shore of the lake, watching the endless wheeling of the gulls and terns. What lovely arcs they made! One almost wished the design of their movements could be made visible like that of a sky-writer.

*"Lone white gull with sickle wings,
You reap for the heart inscrutable things."*

But if field trips with a group are productive of many intangibles, how much more are trips alone. Near my old home where I grew up and where three generations of my ancestors have lived and died, is a beautiful river, Blue River. It has been a part of all our lives. We had our picnics on its banks; men from the harvest field went to "the river" in the evening for a swim; its holes were good for fish—sunfish, bass, catfish, suckers; all baptizings were held there. Each spring I go back and spend days along its banks, ostensibly looking for birds. This last spring I was there the first of May. The entire week was warm and sunny. The narrow wood on either side of the river was dressed in the fresh yellow-green of half grown leaves. The ground was carpeted with thick grass, violets, crow-foots, and spring beauties. Herons, wood ducks, a barred owl, and scores of little birds added excitement to the peace. The air was full of songs, the incessant twitterings of goldfinch, the insistent notes of vireos, the scoldings of wrens and titmice, and every now and then like golden threads gleaming in the background of sound, the call of the wood thrush, the very essence of the forest, and the whistle of the chickadee, the very essence of spring.

As I sat in the warm sunshine on a large log that extended out into the water, with all these lovely sounds blending with that of the ruffle coming around the bend, I thought of Mr. Polly and his bit of river from which he watched the sunsets. Mr. Polly expected to come back to his favorite spot when he had become a ghost. "I'd be a sort of diaphalous feeling—just mellowish and warmish like." "Perhaps," I thought, "the ghosts of the dozens of contented fishermen who sat on this log in the past are responsible for this 'diaphalous' feeling."

But happy as are the memories of Blue River in May, these times make some wild Canadian tract where no evidence of man's existence can be found seem more congenial. Hardy said when writing of the majesty of Egdon Heath, "The time seems near, when the chastened sublimity of a moor, a sea, or a mountain will be all of nature that is absolutely in keeping with the moods of the more thinking among mankind." Today when one's life-long friend may, panic-stricken, suddenly turn into some strange and terrible monster, avid for the destruction of millions of his fellow-men, what wonder if our spirits seek some lonely, gaunt waste with a friendly little plover for companionship!

Nature Symposium

By DORIS A. PLAPP

THE FIFTH Annual Nature Symposium, conducted by the Illinois Natural History Survey, took place Sunday, October 5, in the Maple Lake region. The Forest Preserve District of Cook County cooperated in the undertaking, and the Clarke Sound Studio provided amplification so that all could hear the introductions and talks by the various experts from the Natural History Survey.

Sponsors for this interesting outdoor activity were Hawthorne Club of the Western Electric Company, Izaak Walton League, Conservation Council, Illinois Audubon Society, Chicago Academy of Sciences, Prairie Club, Friends of our Native Landscape, Chicago Biology Round Table, and Association of High School Biology Teachers.



Banding at the Orland Wildlife Refuge

After the exhibit of living fish from Maple Lake and the discussion of fish problems in the lake, and after everyone had sufficiently observed the tactics of several ospreys in rounding up a bit of repast for themselves, the large group of interested observers broke up into sections to pursue various individual interests. One group went on a hike to study the flora of the region, another the mammals, and another the birds. Each group was conducted by a specialist from the Survey. Mr. Pearsall brought some of his pets from Trailside Museum to illustrate the local mammalian fauna which otherwise might not have appeared as desired. The bird group drove to the Orland Wildlife Refuge to see trapped ducks banded. Our guests

showed a great deal of interest in the procedure and in the beauty of the wood ducks and blue-winged teal which had obligingly entered the trap, and in the study of the plumage that the close observation of the birds made possible.



MONDAY EVENING, November 3, the Society was pleased to present Mr. Karl H. Maslowsky, whose lecture and colored moving pictures entitled, "Diary of a Naturalist" had been announced on the usual postcard notices. He gave us many unusual shots of the wildlife of the Miami Valley, especially some of the ducks and a family of small foxes which must have required much time and infinite patience to secure.



They Work for Their Board

By C. O. DECKER

THE THOUGHT frequently comes to mind as to what the interest of the newly attracted bird student is in the birds to which he devotes so much time and attention. Does it go beyond the appreciation of their beauty or of the observation of their songs, habits and mannerisms? Among professional ornithologists the study goes much further and involves the feeding habits, from which the general value of the species to man can be determined. When we are told by them of the investigation of the food habits of birds, it is not guesswork or prejudice and is not to prove that birds are either beneficial or the reverse, but to know the truth about birds.

A serious study of the food of our common birds would easily convince even the most skeptical that the birds are of tremendous value to the farmer. No using of sprays, poisons, or the setting of traps can compete with birds in their destruction of harmful insects and rodents. Add to this the enormous quantities of weed seeds destroyed each year and the credit to the birds becomes one almost impossible to compute in dollars and cents. If the farmers once realize what powerful friends they have in the wild birds they will be the best bird protectors on earth.

Throughout the State of Illinois farms afford a greater opportunity for the conservation of birds than any other medium. Almost without exception there are somewhere on every farm a woodlot, small patches of shrubbery, or growths of shrubs and vines along fences. These make ideal covers for the birds, both as nesting sites and as shelters from the weather and from their predatory enemies. Grass and grain fields are sought by quail, meadowlarks, bobolinks, dickcissels, vesper and other sparrows.

A farm without birdlife would lose one of its greatest attractions, and if the birds should disappear the farmer himself would be the first to note their absence. He would also soon note damage to his growing grains and fruits which before would have been negligible. Birds constitute the principal check upon the weeds and insects and rodents which cause tremendous loss every year. The farmer's loss is by no means his alone; we must all share it, whether we wish to or not, for we all eat what the farmer grows, and whatever loss he sustains by having a part of his crop destroyed we

must share by paying higher prices for what is left. It must be recognized that it is largely through the farmer's efforts that wildlife restoration and maintenance can be accomplished, and it must be borne in mind that the wildlife crop is, in the vast majority of cases, subordinate to the primary or "cash" crops.

The economic value of our common birds is well known to the comparatively few professional ornithologists, but to the bird student to whom we referred it is not often a matter for thought. The statement has been seriously made that if the birds of the world should be exterminated, life on the earth would cease in from five to ten years because of the great reproductivity of insect forms. All vegetation would be destroyed, and upon that depends all other life. We have in recent years seen a little of what might happen in the grasshopper plagues when they overran some of our Western states. A monument to the Franklin gull now stands in Salt Lake City in commemoration of its service in the early years of Mormon settlement in Utah, when the settlers were near starvation by reason of crop destruction by locusts.

It is not necessary, however, to go into the spectacular pages of history to show the value of our common birds, for we can find it in the every day lives of what we are so apt to think of as beautiful creatures with attractive songs, and let it go at that. We have to consider the habits of only a few of the better known birds to realize what they mean to the farmer and to the country dependent on him. I will try to present just enough evidence to leave in your minds no doubt that birds as a class are not only very useful, but that it is well worth our while, even from a selfish standpoint, to protect them and to insist upon their protection by others.

One of those for whose cheery call we all listen each spring is the bob-white or quail, recognized as the pre-eminent friend of the farmer. Its food consists of weed seeds, wild fruits and grasses, and insects whenever and wherever they can be found. Each quail on a farm has been valued at \$5.00 because of the insects it consumes. Among those taken are several of the most destructive varieties, including cutworms, cabbage worms, army worms, potato bugs, chinch bugs, weevils, grasshoppers, locusts, plant lice and flies. One captive bird is reported as having eaten 1,532 insects in a day, 1,000 of which were grasshoppers; another 5,000 plant lice in a day; and still another 568 mosquitoes in two hours. Mrs. Nice found that they ate from 600 weed seeds a day to 30,000, according to the size of the seeds and the capacity of the bird. A Bulletin of the U. S. Department of Agriculture lists 129 species of weed seeds and wild fruits which the bob-white is known to feed upon and includes enormous quantities of ragweed, chickweed and sorrel. Dr. Sylvester D. Judd estimated very conservatively that the bob-whites of Virginia consumed 573 tons of weed seeds between September 1 and April 30. And this is the bird for which we listen each spring and forget that it is listed as a game bird and hunted for sport each fall. While a savory morsel, it is still but a good bite and does not add appreciably to the food supply, and is much more valuable alive than dead. To kill a quail and serve it on toast is to realize but a very small part of what it is worth.

Another of the farmer's good friends is the meadowlark, a wholesale feeder on insects. It eats about all of the principal pests of the field and in summer almost 99 percent of its food consists of insects and allied forms, being particularly destructive to cutworms, hairy ground caterpillars and grasshoppers. Even in winter it prefers insects when it can get them, although weed seeds are then freely taken. About one third of its yearly food is ragweed and other weeds, of which it consumes very great quantities. Grasshoppers form about 29 percent of its yearly food and in the month of August it rises to 69 percent. Beetles are second in importance, followed by ground caterpillars which are overlooked by most birds that habitually frequent trees. It is a very capable assistant to the bob-white in the destruction of pests.

The bobolink, during the time of its stay in the breeding range, is another of the great insect feeders, these comprising from 70 to 90 percent of its food during the months of May, June and July. At the end of September, when practically all have left here, its food is about 90 percent seeds. This change of diet from cutworms, army worms, weevils, grasshoppers and beetles to one of seeds is the cause of the punishment dealt out to it when it passes through the rice fields of the South. There it does much damage, but here it must be recognized as one of our beneficial species.

Both yellow-billed and black-billed cuckoos are well known for their fondness for all kinds of caterpillars, hairy or spiny. In one investigation 2,771 caterpillars were found in 121 stomachs, averaging almost 23 each. Even the poisonous spined caterpillars of the Io moth are eaten. Mr. F. H. Mosher watched one yellow-billed cuckoo eat 41 gypsy caterpillars in 15 minutes, and another 47 tent caterpillars in six minutes. Black-billed cuckoos seem especially voracious, over one hundred tent caterpillars having in several cases been taken from a single stomach. Forty-six stomachs examined by Prof. F. E. L. Beal of the Biological Survey showed 906 caterpillars, 44 beetles, 96 grasshoppers, 100 sawflies, 30 bugs and 15 spiders.

One of our most common birds, the crow, is the subject of much controversy, and the good that it does is usually quite overlooked in the recital of its misdeeds. While everyone will readily admit that the crow has his faults and does destroy some eggs and young birds, we feel that this is over-emphasized and too little credit is given for good deeds. In a study made by the Biological Survey many years ago, their report stated that "it is clear that the good exceeds the bad, and the crow is a friend rather than an enemy of the farmer." Twenty-three years later, and after another investigation, they said, "the attitude of the individual farmer toward the crow should be one of toleration." Crows have voracious appetites and destroy insects every month in the year. Dead crows cannot eat cutworms, grasshoppers or caterpillars and the farmer may pay dearly in crops damaged by insects that living crows would devour.

These are but a few of the more conspicuous of the insect destroyers, and they are ably supported by those that confine their efforts to the trees. A friend reports that some trees just outside their windows which had been infested with tussock moths were visited for several days during the winter

by a nuthatch. The trees were entirely free of pests the following year. That, multiplied by the millions of warblers and similar feeders, is what is taking place every season, and everywhere, city and country, we humans are the direct beneficiaries. Services must always be paid for, and there are certainly no domestic animals that serve the farmer at so low a cost as do the birds. Let us, as we watch and admire our beautiful friends, think occasionally of what we owe to them and their constant search for our insect enemies.

In severe winters birds that remain throughout the year are often unable to find food and large numbers die from hunger and exposure. It is not the cold that kills them, but lack of food. The birds actually need help only when for some reason their natural supply is not to be had. This is often the case in winter, especially after heavy snowstorms or sleet. At such times pay no attention to the wiseacres who tell us that we are "pauperizing the birds"; they might just as well argue against supplying food to starving men. Many farmers now make the effort to feed the quail, cardinals, downy and hairy woodpeckers, chickadees and others so that they may be able to survive to work for them the following spring.

The work of providing for the needs of wild birds has a wonderfully good effect upon the people engaged in it. In the first place it awakens or stimulates an interest in an important and fascinating subject, and provides for the mental and physical activities an outlet which can lead only to good. Through it the coming generation will get practical experience in the conservation of our natural resources, and thus, by taking part in a great national movement, they will at an early age begin to feel the joy of being useful. Most work of a public nature is impractical for children, but here is a work in which young people can be almost as useful as older ones and at the same time provide for themselves one of the most satisfying hobbies known to man. Work for the birds tends to thoughtfulness and consideration; inasmuch as it is inspired by the work the birds do for us, it encourages appreciation and gratitude and a sense of justice and fair play; as it brings to the worker a sense of the helplessness of his feathered friends at certain times, it begets feelings of humanity, kindness, sympathy and compassion; and if some personal sacrifice is required in order to do the work, the worker gets practice in unselfishness. If children once learn these things they will have made a very fair start toward good citizenship if they are not taught anything else.

Making all allowances for a number of birds whose good deeds are offset by bad ones, and for a few which are positively harmful, we see that we have working for us a great army of feathered workmen, many of whom work for us 365 days in the year, without wages and without even the necessity for supervision. And when we think that these workmen never loaf, never ask for a vacation, and never go on strike, it would seem that there should be among all intelligent people the keenest competition for their services. They work for their board, and in most cases take that from things we are much better off without.

Chicago, Illinois.

Aims of the

ILLINOIS AUDUBON SOCIETY



THE SOCIETY was organized in 1897 for the study and protection of wild bird life, and with the following as its objectives and principles:

FIRST: *To create and keep alive a consciousness of, and to encourage the study of, our native wild birds.*

SECOND: *To disseminate knowledge of the birds and their economic value to our agriculture and forests through literature, pictures, lectures, and any other available means.*

THIRD: *To conserve as far as possible their natural environment, and to work for their safety through education and the betterment and enforcement of State and Federal laws relating to birds.*

FOURTH: *To establish, and to assist to the best of our ability in the establishment of, bird sanctuaries in Illinois.*

FIFTH: *To interest children through the schools.*

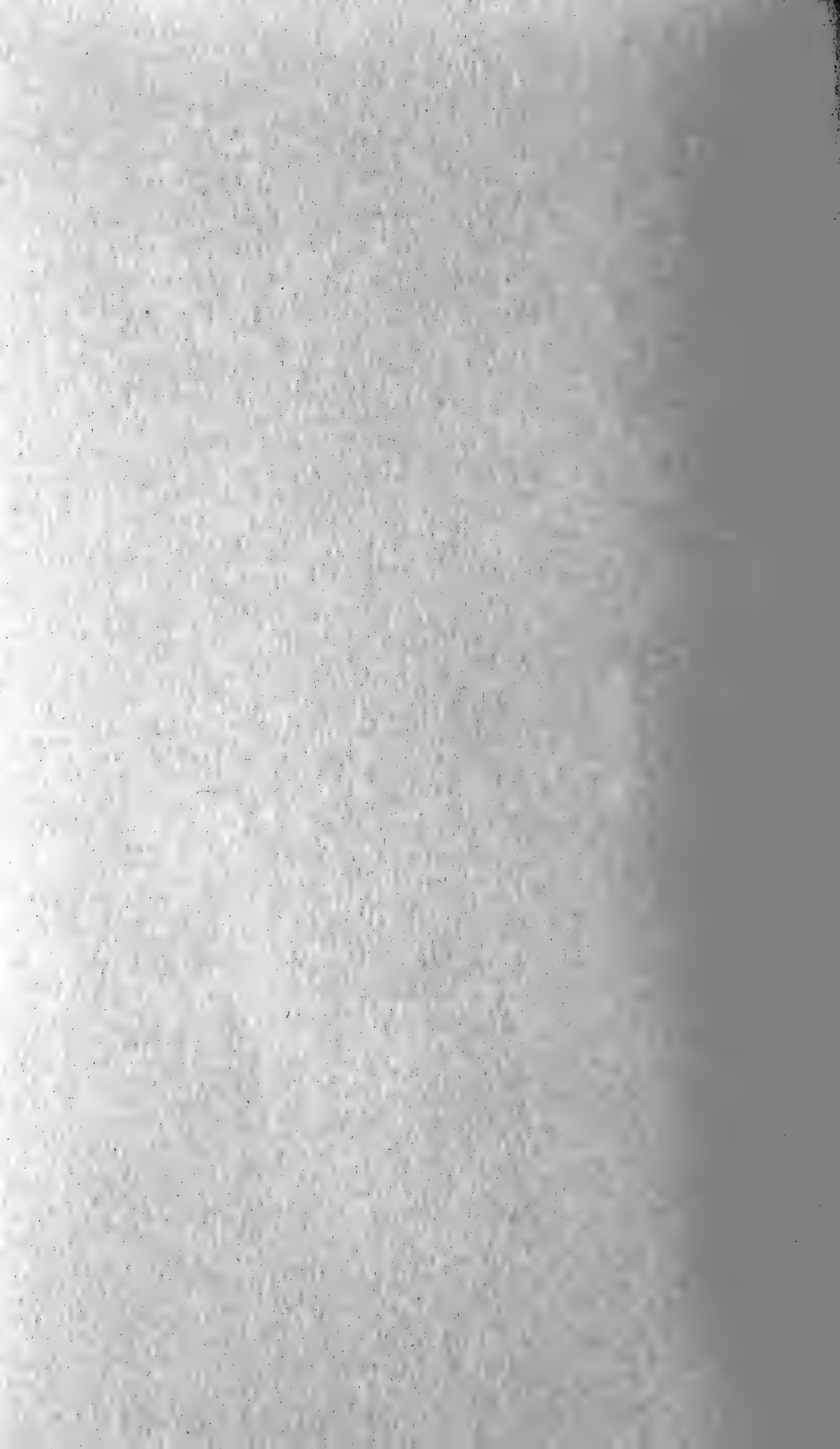
SIXTH: *To discourage in every possible way the destruction of wild birds and their eggs, or the wearing of any feathers other than those of domestic fowl.*

You know what an important part birds play, protecting crops and all plant life from the attacks of insect pests, and adding to the music of the out-of-doors and to its color and beauty. The economic and aesthetic values of birds demand that the most thoughtful and far-reaching effort be exerted for their protection. We ask you to consider our cause and to join us in an effort to realize the ends toward which we work. All fees and bequests other than those paid annually are held in an Endowment Fund, only the income from which is used for current needs. No officer or director is paid and all money received is used for the advancement of the aims of the Society.



MEMBERSHIP FEES ARE AS FOLLOWS:

<i>Active members</i>	\$2.00 annually
<i>Contributing members</i>	5.00 annually
<i>Sustaining members</i>	\$ 25.00
<i>Life members</i>	100.00
<i>Benefactors</i>	500.00
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Chicago Bird Banding

By DR. FREDERICK CLEVELAND TEST

ONE OF the fascinations of bird study in the field is that one is constantly encountering surprises of varying magnitude. These may be along the lines of unexpected identifications, actions setting forth individualisms in the birds observed, variations in food habits, unusual nesting sites or materials, and so on. The first two of these are especially evident when one undertakes bird banding, even on a limited scale.

In a city the most casual observer will be aware of birds other than the ubiquitous English sparrow, and more recently the even less desirable starling. Trees along the streets in residence areas generally will furnish migrants for the looking during mornings and late afternoons while spring and fall migrations are on, and may not infrequently afford nesting facilities for a few species, particularly robins, the commonest summer residents of northern Illinois. And to one who has opportunity to spend a half-hour once or twice a day with a field glass in back yards where there is space for trees and shrubs, the number of species to be seen during migration time rises to an unexpected number. Where several such back yards adjoin, even though each may be relatively small by itself, bird visitors come to a degree not to be appreciated until one actually tries it out, with glasses and notebook, especially if their visits are encouraged by means of food and water set out as conspicuously as possible. Naturally the incursions of neighborhood cats and dogs are to be sternly frowned upon. While longer lists of birds are to be obtained toward the outskirts of a city, the presence of numerous residences and apartment houses are not markedly deterrent if shade trees, shrubs and stretches of open lawn are present to invite exploration by travelling birds. But the varieties and numbers of birds visiting a city are much more manifest if one uses traps to aid in the observations, the simple drop trap and the familiar government sparrow trap enabling one to check up on species that otherwise are frequently overlooked, and a few years of bird banding afford unique delights to a bird student.

At least I have found it so at a modest banding station on the South Side of Chicago, about a mile inland from the present shore of Lake Michigan, and about as much north of the campus of the University of Chicago. There five contiguous back yards give a space about 250 feet long and half as wide, while beyond an alley is about half as much more space, the whole framed by houses at intervals on all four sides, with some twenty trees, oak, maple, mulberry, walnut and haw, interspersed with about as many shrubs, framing the several lawns.

Like all that section of the city, the terrain originally had been sandy, lying in a series of low undulations left by the geological retreat of Lake Michigan, with a sparse growth of trees, chiefly "black-jack" and bur-oaks. Some of the intervals between the sand "ridges" were semi-marshy swales, and one of these, running roughly along the previously mentioned alley,



Black and White Warbler in tree trap

afforded a channel for a tiny brook, which, issuing from a moderately large spring some 50 yards north of the area under consideration, ran for a quarter-mile southwest, to disappear in lower, swampy ground. This brook existed until some 50 odd years ago, when the erection of homes began and the construction of an adjacent sewer cut off the underground water supply of the spring. It has been mentioned because it may well have been a local migration path for untold centuries, and so, through the instinct of many bird generations, account for the fact that an unexpected variety of species still include it on their travels.

The list of species observed at this location during the past 32 years has ranged up to 51 for the year 1927, although the largest number seen on any one day has been only 21, noted on May 18, 1933. The total of species definitely observed in that period is 99, with several, such as gulls, a tern or two, one small group of slowly flapping crows, a single "V" of Canada geese, and numerous chimney swifts and nighthawks, being observed only in flight. Within the limits of the area some unexpected visitors have been an American bittern, two sora rails and a killdeer, and one each of sharp-shinned and sparrow hawks. Likewise rare comers were two meadowlarks and one mourning dove, although the latter species is normally common in Washington Park, a mile and a half away. More than a dozen species of

warblers, and as many of the Fringillidae, were tabulated through the first twelve years, while cardinals, rose-breasted grosbeaks and scarlet tanagers were usual spring visitors. In 1922 bird banding was begun, with the idea of closer acquaintance with some of these, and of perhaps detecting the unrecognized presence of other species. It has worked out well in both respects, especially contributing new warblers and sparrows.

In the beginning a simple drop trap was the only one made use of, with the trip cord running some 60 feet to a dining-room window overlooking the rear lawn. In succeeding years other types of traps were added, until in 1928, when 273 birds of 24 species were banded, eight separate traps were employed. The government sparrow trap, of which three sizes were used, in general has proved the most satisfactory type, although a tilt-bottom trap, a false-bottom trap, a tree trap, a "cage" rat trap, and two nondescript traps made by simply bending hardware cloth into low cages with the center turned inward for an entrance, all sufficed. Numerous small birds have entered these last traps, and stayed there—a reflection on their I. Q.! In spite of interruptions of various sorts, sometimes compelling a discontinuance of banding for periods ranging from a few days to some weeks, a total of 1966 bandings has been attained, comprising 51 species.

After a few years a rock garden was built up against the wall of the garage at the back of the yard, between a spreading mulberry tree and a



Bewick's Wren

large snow-ball bush. A buried pipe connected with a faucet at the corner of the garage afforded a gentle stream of water to splash down two tiny cascades and make a circuitous way to a small pool on the level ground. The addition of various native perennials, from hepaticas, violets and May-apples to goldenrods, asters and ferns, with a clump of blue flag and even a

skunk cabbage for good measure, met the approval of visiting birds, who have sipped and splashed, and searched the little plantation for insects, venturing out betimes to try the food offered in the nearby traps.

It has been found that the winter and summer months have been sparse in contributing birds for banding, from early March to mid-June and late August to early November being the periods in which birds have come to the traps, with few exceptions.

Of species caught and banded during these years especial delight is in a saw-whet owl, found one late November in a low lilac shrub and captured by the combined use of a tennis racquet and a butterfly net; a Bewick's wren; two individuals of *Junco montanus*; a pair of cardinals, the only ones deigning to enter the traps; one each of Henslow's and Harris' sparrow; and a solitary cowbird. The latter two were immature and definitely identified only after a consultation of Ridgway's "Birds of North and Middle America." Indeed it was Robert Ridgway who in 1891, when I had the privilege of association with him for some time, named for me a specimen of *Junco montanus* (captured in Indiana, and earlier called *Junco shufeldti*), so that encountering the species nearly four decades later brought freshly to mind Mr. Ridgway's genial wisdom.

As was more or less to be expected, the various sparrows and their kin made up about two-thirds of all the birds banded, with the white-throats constituting over 60% of the sparrows, while juncos were a poor second, and white-crowns, swamp, fox, and song sparrows trailing in that order. While white-throats were trapped in almost equal numbers in spring and fall, the others were found to lean strongly toward spring appearances, with the single exception of fox sparrows. Of the 43 towhees banded only one was fall trapped. A similar preponderance held with the twelve species of warblers banded, of which 113 individuals were trapped in the spring, against only 18 in the fall. Brown creepers alone joined the fox sparrows in weight of fall bandings.

Subsequent records of banded birds, either through their return to the station or reports of their capture elsewhere, have been surprisingly fewer than had been anticipated. With the exception of a brown thrasher that died in a snow storm half a block away, after he had lingered too long one fall, and a bluejay killed in an adjacent yard by a cat the year after banding, robins have proved to be the only species to return or be reported after banding, and only some half-dozen of these have been heard from. Two of them returned to the station in succeeding seasons, one on three different occasions from six to eighteen months apart, and two others were reported from spots farther south or southwest in Chicago, each the spring following its banding, as though it might have been on its way back to the station! Of the two remaining reportees, one ranged to near Galveston, Texas, and the other to Plaquemine, in central Louisiana. But despite the relatively small figures concerned, they do show over 8% returns, which compares well with average returns. Just why none of the other banded species has been reported is an unsolved puzzle. One can understand that many birds might be unable to find their way back to the original banding station over a confusing maze of house roofs, but at least a few might be expected to be found somewhere in the extent of their travels.

As to "repeats" the same season as banded, the story is quite different. Of the various finches 24% of those banded did so repeat, although of all the other species only 15% repeated. Whether it has been due to their preponderant frequency in being trapped, or from some particular trait of avian psychology, the white-throats easily led the list of repeaters, doing so especially during the fall migrations, as though they had more leisure and were free from the biologic urge which is believed to play the important role in causing the trek north. From two to five repeats were common, and some individuals had as many as 15, 27, 35 and 37 recaptures to their credit. One, an immature bird, No. 683853, made a total of 77 visits to the traps from September 22 to October 22, 1928. In this period it was caught in three different traps, although it vastly preferred the sparrow trap in which it had been first caught. On three different days it was taken from traps as



Immature White-throated Sparrow



Adult White-throated Sparrow

many as five times. Toward the end of its stay on several occasions it would re-enter a trap by the time its releaser had retreated to a distance of 50 feet, even though just a few seconds before it had shrieked loudly in apparent fright when being taken from the trap. It grew so tame that it would feed energetically while one stood beside the trap, though it would flutter violently during the procedure of opening the trap exit and removing it. These athletic actions became increasingly injurious to its tail feathers, so that all of them had been broken off by the time of its final disappearance. In the spring of that year a north-bound white-throat had been trapped on May 20, and remained until June 14, in that period being captured 40 times, making use of six traps, though chiefly a large sparrow trap and the tilt-bottom trap. It would be most interesting to know whether the bird repeating so often in the fall was an offspring of this white-throat that piled up so many repeats in the spring!

A brown thrasher, mentioned earlier as having succumbed to a sudden cold wave, had been trapped first on September 30, 1925, and remained at the station until November 5. During these five weeks he was trapped 31 times and became so tame that he would lie quietly on one's hand for many seconds, once while two complete circuits of the back lawn were made as a test. But always, upon being tossed off, he would fly to some nearby branch, sometimes less than ten feet away, and there scream his defiance and intense displeasure! Like the white-throat, he also was adept at slipping speedily back into a trap from which he had just been released, as though resentful at being disturbed while at his cafeteria. Other brown thrashers and various fox sparrows were often given to lying quietly in one's hand for many seconds in the so-called "hypnotic" attitude of motionless repose. The lack of actual, persistent, fear in these repeaters has been a continuing surprise.

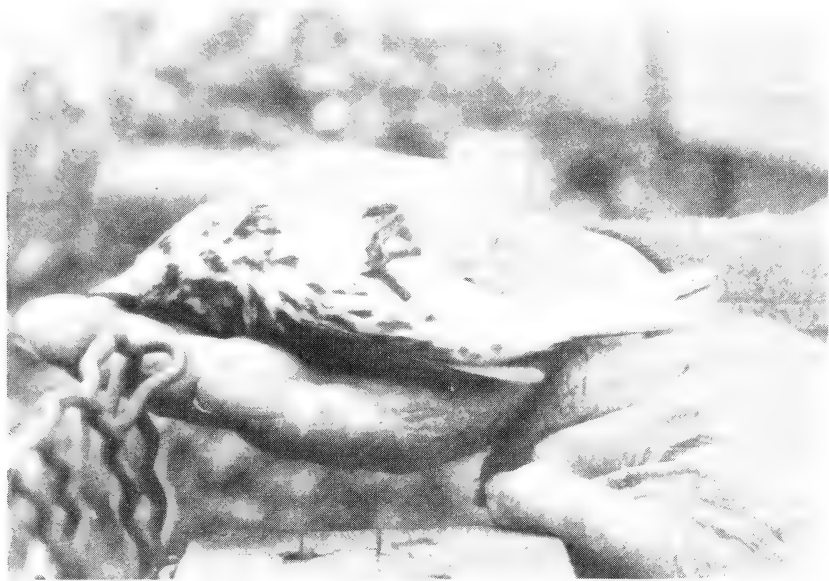


Saw-whet Owl

It was of interest that all five thrushes of the Chicago region, and all the woodpeckers but the hairy, should have been trapped, even though only two wood thrushes and a single sapsucker were taken, the last not in a trap, but because he made an inquisitive entrance into the garage through a partially open door. As to the warblers, it had been expected that those species more generally seen on the ground, as ovenbirds, water thrushes and Maryland yellow-throats, might be trapped, but without special warbler traps the capturing of most of the other of the twelve species have been

pleasant surprises. While ovenbirds and water thrushes were frequently trapped in the fall, of the other warbler species only two black and white warblers and a single Nashville warbler visited fall traps.

One female robin unwittingly proved to be an assistant by her jerkings at the string attached to the drop trap, in efforts to carry it off as nesting



Fox Sparrow "hypnotized" on hand

material. On the first occasion she brought down the trap so as to imprison a white-throat, but she persisted whether birds were in the trap or not and became such a nuisance that it was necessary to sidetrack her by laying out numerous bits of loose string, which she accepted in place of the trip cord of the trap.

The close inspection one is enabled to give banded birds allows a study of the individual variations in colorations and markings to an extent not possible otherwise. For instance, the chest streakings borne by immature white-throats not only throw light on the relative proportions of old and young in the fall, but also on their order of travel in migration. This last varied somewhat, but in about half the instances the earliest banding was of an adult, as though the parent birds led the way southward, as one might expect. As to the proportions of adults and immature throughout these twenty years, in those trapped before September 21 the young have been 62%, between September 21 and October 10 they increase to 76%, rising to 83% between October 10 and 20, and amounting to 93% after October 20. The total percentage of young in the fall bandings figures 77%, or a little more than three young to one adult. As their eggs are variously stated to range from three to five in a nest, this suggests either an adult mortality

higher than that of the young, or else that some of the adults choose a different migration path southward.

As has been reported to be the case with many tens of thousands of white-throats banded throughout the northern states, none has returned to this station, or in fact reported elsewhere, although some southern banding stations have experienced rare returns of white-throats there banded.

The same applies to the white-crowns, and in this connection my brother, Dr. Louis A. Test, a former president of the Indiana Audubon Society, who for many years banded birds at Lafayette, Indiana, without a white-crown return, writes me from his present home in the San Joaquin Valley, California, that out of 77 white-crowns he has banded there in the past 16 months, already 10 have returned to his station.

The white markings on the outer tail feathers of robins have been found to vary considerably in size, and indeed in their presence. In the one robin that was trapped in three different seasons the white markings differed on each occasion. The rectrices of juncos show similar variations, as is well known.

But enough has been set forth to show that much can be learned of our feathered friends through the employment of bird trapping and banding, even in a city and to a very moderate extent, and also that the building up of this part of Chicago has apparently not disturbed bird migrations as much as might have been anticipated. A larger percentage of returns or reports, so throwing more light on migration paths, dispersal, and longevity, had been hoped for, but even as it is, the venture has been most interesting, especially in revealing the presence of unlooked-for species, some out of their usual ranges.

BIRD-BANDING

at 4620 Greenwood Avenue, Chicago — (1922 - 1941 inclusive)

SPECIES	Spring	Fall	Total	SPECIES	Spring	Fall	Total
Saw-whet Owl.....		1	1	Nashville Warbler.....	4	1	5
Downy Woodpecker	1		1	Magnolia Warbler.....	1		1
Sapsucker	1		1	Pine Warbler.....	1		1
Red-head Woodpecker.....	3		3	Palm Warbler.....	2		2
Northern Flicker.....	5		5	Ovenbird	55	11	66
Blue Jay.....	4	1	5	Water Thrush	13	4	17
Starling	23		23	Connecticut Warbler	4		4
Cowbird		1	1	Mourning Warbler	7		7
Bronzed Grackle	5		5	Maryland Yellowthroat.....	6		6
Savannah Sparrow	1	1	2	Canada Warbler.....	1		1
Henslow's Sparrow.....	1		1	Redstart	3		3
Harris' Sparrow.....	1		1	Catbird	64	3	67
White-crowned Sparrow.....	62	4	66	Brown Thrasher	33	27	60
White-throated Sparrow.....	453	447	900	Bewick's Wren.....	1		1
Tree Sparrow.....	1		1	House Wren	21	7	28
Chipping Sparrow.....	1		1	Brown Creeper.....	4	14	18
Field Sparrow.....	4	1	5	Golden-crowned Kinglet.....	1		1
State-colored Junco.....	112	8	120	Ruby-crowned Kinglet....	1		1
Montana Junco.....	1	1	2	Wood Thrush	2		2
Song Sparrow.....	36	3	39	Wilson's Thrush	9	1	10
Lincoln's Sparrow.....	34	2	36	Gray-cheeked Thrush	27	3	30
Swamp Sparrow.....	55	8	63	Olive-backed Thrush	23	3	26
Fox Sparrow.....	23	30	53	Hermit Thrush	18	10	28
Towhee	42	1	43	Robin	64	9	73
Cardinal	2		2				
Purple Martin	3						
Black & White Warbler..	15	2	17				
				51 SPECIES.....	1352	614	1966

How Do You Pronounce It?

By E. R. FORD

THE NAMES of most of our North American birds present few problems of pronunciation. Ornithologists, of course, are not much concerned whether one reports a mer'ganser or a mergan'ser, but many people like to be correct and so we venture a list of species the names of which are frequently mispronounced.

Petrel, properly accented on the first syllable, is pronounced with both vowels short. Many say pete-rel.

Fulmar, accented on the first syllable, is fool (oo as in foot)-mar.

Egret is ee'gret, and not ee-gret'.

Sora does not rhyme with Laura. The o is as in so.

Dowitcher is accented on the first syllable, which rhymes with cow.

Jaeger, German for hunter, is pronounced yager or jager, with the first syllable accented.

Murre rhymes with cur.

Vireo. Accent the first syllable, the i being short.

Grackle. Accent the first syllable, which rhymes with rack and not with rake.

Grosbeak. Think of twelve dozen and say gross, accenting the word.

Redpoll. Accent red and pronounce the last syllable pole.

Towhee. You may saw tow-(to rhyme with cow) or toe. The accent is on the first syllable.

The names of several birds of the Southwest are not familiar to many people. Let us see what we can do with them.

Aplomado falcon. A Spanish word carrying the accent on the penultimate. Both a's are broad as in father.

Chachalaca. A Mexican-Spanish word. Accent on the penultimate. First and third a's are broad; second and fourth short.

Phainopepla. Not fane'-o-pepla but fa-i-no-pep'la. First a as in senate, i long and lightly accented, and pep with the primary accent.

Jacana. According to Webster the word is Portuguese and is pronounced jak'-a-na, first two a's short and last broad. The accent is on the first syllable. The Spanish say ha-ka-na, all a's broad and the first syllable accented. But the A. O. U. Checklist gives the name with the c as in facade and the authorized pronunciation is ja-sa-na, with all the a's broad and the accent on the second syllable.

Ani. Crossword puzzlers often say ay-nye, though properly it is ah-nee, accented on the first syllable.

Becard. Sometimes we hear be-card' instead of bek'-ard.

Verdin. Accent the first syllable and say ver'-din.

Pyrhuloxia is pir-o-lok-sia. All the vowels are short. Accent lok.

Parauque. A. O. U. list spells it "pauraque" but this may be a typographical error. Webster gives the pronunciation as pah-rou'-kay, with the accent on the rou (rhyming with cow).

Guillemot. Gil-e-mot, all vowels short and the gil accented.

We haven't tried to indicate the exact vowel sounds. We're not sure that our printer carries all the type faces of diacritical marks necessary for this. But the average reader will get from our screed a good idea of the correct sound of the words without poring over the dictionary as we have done.



WE HAVE received two letters from one of the earliest members of our Society, Miss Ella Barrett Warren, of Hinsdale, who has been a resident of that city for 76 of her 85 years. Miss Warren has traveled extensively, including two trips around the world, and, as the following quotations indicate, has always been interested in the various forms of wildlife.

"My 26th crossing of the Atlantic and first in a freighter was a novel experience, and somewhat unusual as I was the only woman on board for a trip of 33 days and over 8,000 miles of ocean travel. I had one of the times of my life. The interesting crew were young men of 14 different nationalities who were saving their money for higher school advantages. I passed their dining room one day and saw a long table with a clean tablecloth and piles of food ready between meals when the boys were hungry.

"The life in sea and air was most abundant. Schools of porpoises were moving southward. Flying fishes were plentiful and traveled in large numbers. They symbolize joy in perpetual motion as they fly from wave to wave and look like balls of silver in transit. Sperm whales in groups and singly were seen daily.

"The stormy petrel followed us for days. The "bosen-bird" took passage and slept one night on the mast, lovely in pure white with a flush of pink on the breast. The "whale-bird" came in small numbers for the mother bird lays but one egg each year. The wandering albatross from the southern islands was a great treat. These magnificent giants of the air, measuring ten feet from tip to tip of outspread wings, drop gracefully into the water.

"When I reached South Africa I found that few of the inhabitants had ever seen an American, and invitations galore came to visit them. But my baggage went to a hotel and I went too, which is my way to travel—be independent. I accepted many invitations for dinners, luncheons, or for an auto trip.

"How I wish some of the fine young men so interested in birdlife could take that South African trip. I spent days in libraries taking notes and was allowed to go below and help myself to books. I found one written by an Englishman upon the birdlife of South Africa, and the names of them. When I got there I did not find any birds with the Englishman's names. But the museums were wonderfully interesting, often showing nests of birds in their favorite trees, as well as wild animals. I got a lot of information from conductors on trains, and before sunrise one day I saw a lion, not the kind with long hair.

"I spent five months in South Africa and found over 200 kinds of birds. Its wild flowers and birdlife make a vacation there wonderful."

Spring Bird Hikes

APRIL AND MAY—green grass underfoot—blue skies overhead—balmy breezes all about—and birds, on the ground, in the trees, on the lake, and flying through the open spaces. It's time to take those regular trips to test your knowledge of birds and add to it. If you live on the north side of Chicago, won't you join the Audubon group led by Miss Doris A. Plapp that meets at the bird sanctuary, just back of the totem pole at the east end of Addison Street, at 7:30 A.M. every Saturday from April 4 to May 30. If you like to get out earlier, there's no law against it; if that time is too soon you'll find us in the neighborhood of the sanctuary and Belmont Harbor for about an hour. From there we expect to hike north along the lake to Montrose Harbor, and then on to the region of Foster Avenue, where there are some beautifully neglected fields, bushes and thornapple trees that make up good bird country. This will be the fourth annual series of these happy trips. We're looking forward to some more good times. We'll be looking for you. If you don't like to walk so far, or urgent duties call you away, you'll be excused anywhere along the line.

Remember: Lincoln Park Bird Sanctuary,

East end of Addison Street, east of the totem pole,

7:30 A.M., April 4 to May 30, inclusive.

If you live somewhere else in Illinois and have a local bird group, won't you sponsor a similar series of hikes? Advertise them in the schools and your local paper. You will find there are many people just looking for such an opportunity to learn to know birds. When you have a particularly good trip, write up an account of it, take a picture of the crowd, and send it all in to the office of the Illinois Audubon Society, 2001 North Clark Street, Chicago, for publication in the next issue of the *Bulletin*. Articles for the June issue should be in by May 10, sooner if possible.



Bluebird Houses

SEVERAL REPORTS have been received regarding results obtained from the placing of the bluebird nesting boxes distributed by the Illinois Audubon Society early last year. We are naturally quite pleased that so far they have been successful in attracting a fair proportion of bluebird occupants.

From the experimental farm of the *Chicago Tribune* Bob Becker writes: "We feel that the houses were highly successful last summer. Eleven of the 20 houses were occupied by bluebirds. We did have some trouble with wrens, several pairs taking over the bluebird houses. We have kept a record of the sites where all of the houses were put up last year and will put the boxes up again this spring in the locations where they were occupied by bluebirds."

Mr. Allan Gonnerman says, "One in Palatine has bluebirds in it, while the one at Palos Park did not attract them. I made a house about one inch larger all around and they had a choice of both houses. The one with the nameplate was chosen, so you win again."

Mr. John P. Marsh reports in part as follows: "A few months ago you very kindly gave me some bluebird boxes which I put up on trees and posts in orchard and driveways near the buildings of my place on the Fox River above Ottawa. There were at least eight pairs of bluebirds in the boxes mentioned, besides some wrens. The boxes were a success and I want to thank you for your kind interest. We are also putting up a martin house in accordance with your advice."

Thus ran some of the comments received from last year. The time has already passed when the boxes should have been placed for this year, and we hope that even better results from their use will be shown. Whatever you get, please let us know sometime during the summer. The houses were built from plans which had been proved successful in attracting birds by Dr. T. E. Musselman, of Quincy, and we should like to know that the Society's efforts in increasing the bluebird population have been justified.

☺ ☺ ☺

Banding Events of 1941

By KARL E. BARTEL

January 4. Junco returned, banded Nov. 20, 1939. Cardinal returned, banded Nov. 27, 1938, returned Feb. 11, July 5, 1940, Jan. 4, June 1, 1941.

January 12. Screech owl banded, total now four.

January 18. Three juncos returned; 38-76759 banded Nov. 27, 1938, returned Nov. 30, 1939, Jan. 18, 1941; 38-76796 banded Jan. 16, 1939, returned Jan. 18, 1941, Jan. 1, 1942; 139-11719 banded Dec. 9, 1939, returned Jan. 18, 1941.

February 8. Cardinal returned, banded Jan. 26, 1936, returned March 26, Sept. 16, 1938, Feb. 26, 1939, Jan. 16, July 4, Sept. 1, 1940, Feb. 8, May 16, July 25, 1941. This is my oldest living cardinal, at least six years old.

March 9. Two one-year-old juncos returned.

March 23. Song sparrow returned, banded March 18, 1938, returned March 23, 1941. First fox sparrows seen and banded.

March 30. First rusty blackbirds banded.

March 31. Another one-year-old junco returned.

April 5. One-year-old tree sparrow and junco returned. Quail returned.

April 6. Big run of juncos.

April 7. First hermit thrush seen and banded.

April 16. Brown thrasher returned, banded Sept. 14, 1940. First white-throated sparrow, swamp sparrow and towhee banded. Song sparrow returned, banded March 23, 1940.

April 20. First field sparrows banded. Large run of towhees, ten banded.

April 26. First cowbirds and mourning doves banded. A year-old thrasher returned.

April 27. Another year-old thrasher returned. A three-year-old cowbird returned.

May 2. A five-year-old cowbird returned.

May 23. First olive, gray-cheeked and veery thrushes, Canada, magnolia and Wilson's warblers and redstarts banded.

June 7. Upland plover, new species, banded. Located a new black-crowned night heron colony near Plainfield, Ill., and banded 56. Three returns already from Joliet and Lemont, Ill., and Mt. Pleasant, Tenn.

June 14. 18 black-crowns banded at Winnebago, Ill. (244 in four years).

June 21. Banding great blue herons at Depue, Ill. Not much luck.

June 25. Young grackles moving around, three banded.

July 6. At Depue, Ill., to band a nest of American egrets previously located. Found a wind storm had blown the young out of the nest, but nevertheless, 49 great blue herons were banded.

July 12. A male grackle banded in my yard had five center tail feathers white.

July 14. Banded a grackle with the lower bill off.

July 21. 43 young robins banded. 59 birds banded today.

July 22. Banded a robin with a crossed lower bill, 59 again today.

August 1. Banding sandpipers at Calumet Lake, netted only 2 killdeer, 7 semi-palmated sandpipers and one spotted sandpiper.

August 22. Warblers are banded in good numbers.

August 25. Two red-shouldered hawks caught in hawk trap and banded.

August 26. Two screech owls caught in hawk trap and banded.

September 19. A year-old catbird returned.

September 23. White-throated sparrows thick, 42 banded.

September 26. Barn owl caught in hawk trap and banded.

October 19. First chickadee banded since 1937. Another screech owl.

November 7. Blue jay banded July 3, 1940, found dead.

November 8. Captured my first fox sparrow banded by another person, Bob Smart, at Jackson Park Sanctuary, in last part of October.

November 14. Last fox sparrow seen and banded.

November 17. First tree sparrow banded for the fall.

November 24. Last white-throated sparrow banded.

November 30. Two barn owls banded, taken from a hollow tree at Oak Hill Cemetery. Eight banded since 1938 at Oak Hill.

December 22. First saw-whet owl banded by me. Two were caught at Morton Arboretum, the second being banded by Seymour Levy.

December 31. Junco returned, banded December 14, 1940.

My total of birds banded from 1933 to December 31, 1941 is 15,809. The outstanding totals and some of the less common ones are as follows:

Slate-colored junco, 4,300; white-throated sparrow, 3,143; fox sparrow, 880; robin, 866; olive-backed thrush, 476; great blue heron, 419; ovenbird, 400; hermit thrush, 364; song sparrow, 344; tree sparrow, 299; brown thrasher, 286; bronzed grackle, 251; black-crowned night heron, 244; gray-cheeked thrush, 198; redstart, 198; bank swallow, 172; white-crowned

sparrow, 159; semi-palmated sandpiper, 150; catbird, 147; blue jay, 133; swamp sparrow, 132; myrtle warbler, 124; red-eyed towhee, 107; rusty blackbird, 91; veery, 89; magnolia warbler, 82; cardinal, 73; crow, 70; yellow-crowned night heron, 7; Harris' sparrow, 8; Gambel's sparrow, 4; yellow-bellied sapsucker, 2; and one each of the following: Baird's sandpiper, long-billed dowitcher, western sandpiper, Wilson's phalarope, saw-whet owl, nighthawk, ruby-throated hummingbird, red-bellied woodpecker, Bewick's wren, Carolina wren, Philadelphia vireo, cerulean warbler, Kentucky warbler, and Brewer's blackbird.

Blue Island, Illinois.

☞ ☞ ☞

*The meadowlark is gaily dressed
In a black cravat and a yellow vest;
But if you think this bird is vain
Please mark his coat, how very plain:
So plain that if you stand behind him
You'll find it difficult to find him.*

—EDWARD R. FORD

☞ ☞ ☞

Legal Protection for Hawks and Owls

SEVERAL INQUIRIES have come to us regarding the legal status of hawks and owls in the State of Illinois. In order that we may all know whereof we speak and that the minimum of misinformation shall be given out, we have asked the Department of Conservation to define for us their exact position. Robert C. Sparks, Chief Inspector, replied to our request as follows:

"Your letter of January 5th addressed to Director Livingston E. Osborne, has been referred to me for attention and reply.

"The Illinois Game Code which went into force and effect July 1, 1941, includes the following Section:

"'Sec. 36. It shall be unlawful for any person at any time to take any of the following defined species: Sharp-shinned hawk, (*Accipiter velox*); Cooper hawk, (*Accipiter cooperi*); Red-tailed hawk, (*Buteo borealis*); Red-shouldered hawk, (*Buteo lineatus*); Broad-winged hawk, (*Buteo platypterus*); Swainson's hawk, (*Buteo swainsoni*); Rough-legged hawk, (*Buteo lagopus*); Ferruginous rough-leg (*Buteo regalis*); Marsh hawk, (*Circus hudsonius*); Osprey, (*Pandion haliaetus*); Goshawk, (*Astur atricapillus*); Duck hawk, (*Falco peregrinus*); Pigeon hawk, (*Falco columbarius*); Sparrow hawk, (*Falco sparverius*); Golden eagle, (*Aquila chrysaetos*); Bald eagle, (*Haliaeetus leucocephalus*); all species of owls, except great horned owl.'"

As will be noted, this includes every variety of hawk, eagle and falcon common to this region and excepts but a single owl. This was made necessary by the inability of by far the majority to distinguish between the many hawks that are definitely beneficial in their habits and the few that could justly be subjected to control. To protect the good the others must likewise be permitted to live.

Christmas Census of 1941

THIS PAST holiday season, with its snow and cold, disagreeable winds, was not favorable for bird observations. A compilation of the various reports, however, shows the highly satisfactory total of 101 species observed throughout the state. Reports from the northern section show 56 species, and the three reports received from Springfield, Carbondale (Crab Orchard Lake), and Pere Marquette State Park added to this no less than 45 more. Some species listed in previous years which are not included in the 1941 lists are the great blue heron, American bittern, prairie chicken, parasitic jaeger, Brewer's blackbird, white-winged crossbill, white-throated sparrow and snow bunting. Following is the list and the total individuals of each species:

Loon, 3; horned grebe, 5; double-crested cormorant, 21; Canada goose, 85; mallard duck, 12,882; red-legged black duck, 2; black duck, 582; gadwall, 527; baldpate, 3; pintail duck, 561; green-winged teal, 357; redhead, 2; ring-necked duck, 8; canvas-back, 5; lesser scaup, 208; American golden-eye, 337; bufflehead, 9; old-squaw, 51; white-winged scoter, 2; ruddy duck, 3; hooded merganser, 6; American merganser, 455; red-breasted merganser, 21; sharp-shinned hawk, 1; Cooper's hawk, 2; red-tailed hawk, 20; red-shouldered hawk, 13; rough-legged hawk, 7; bald eagle, 9; marsh hawk, 14; pigeon hawk, 3; sparrow hawk, 34; bob-white, 49; ring-necked pheasant, 17; coot, 214; glaucus gull, 1; herring gull, 560; ring-billed gull, 134; Bonaparte's gull, 503; common tern, 6; mourning dove, 34; barn owl, 3; screech owl, 5; horned owl, 7; barred owl, 4; long-eared owl, 5; short-eared owl, 4; saw-whet owl, 2; kingfisher, 9; flicker, 99; pileated woodpecker, 9; red-bellied woodpecker, 98; red-headed woodpecker, 48; yellow-bellied sapsucker, 4; hairy woodpecker, 54; downy woodpecker, 168; horned lark, 67; blue jay, 142; crow, 1,248; black-capped chickadee, 362; tufted titmouse, 476; white-breasted nuthatch, 102; red-breasted nuthatch, 14; brown creeper, 15; winter wren, 4; Carolina wren, 43; mockingbird, 2; brown thrasher, 1; robin, 88; hermit thrush, 2; bluebird, 72; golden-crowned kinglet, 13; ruby-crowned kinglet, 4; cedar waxwing, 214; northern shrike, 1; migrant shrike, 3; starling, 25,161 (est); northern yellow-throat, 1; English sparrow, 3,102 (est); European tree sparrow, 45; eastern meadowlark, 6; red-wing blackbird, 177; rusty blackbird, 106; bronzed grackle, 8; cowbird, 13; cardinal, 551; evening grosbeak, 1; purple finch, 12; pine siskin, 22; goldfinch, 170; red crossbill, 5; red-eyed towhee, 2; slate-colored junco, 1,207; tree sparrow, 1,227; field sparrow, 8; white-crowned sparrow, 1; fox sparrow, 21; swamp sparrow, 6; song sparrow, 576; Lapland longspur, 1; rock dove, 264.

Following are the reports from the various locations. Where more than one report was received from a single location, only the largest number of any species was used in compiling the summary above.

Baileytown, Porter Co., Ind. At the Friends of our Native Landscape cottage and four miles of lake front, December 26, 9:45 A.M. to 2:45 P.M., ground bare, cloudy to clear, southwest wind, temperature 38°, six miles on foot and three by car. Horned grebe, 5; American golden-eye, 17; white-winged scoter (dead), 1; red-shouldered hawk, 1; sparrow hawk, 1; bob-

white, 8; herring gull, 10; ring-billed gull, 2; red-headed woodpecker, 24; hairy woodpecker, 1; blue jay, 6; crow, 6; chickadee, 28; tufted titmouse, 16; white-breasted nuthatch, 1; cardinal, 1; junco, 2; tree sparrow, 10; total, 18 species, 138 individuals.—Karl E. Bartel and Amy G. Baldwin.

Blue Island, Cook Co. In the vicinity of Mt. Hope and Mt. Greenwood cemeteries, December 23, 1:00 P.M. to 4:00 P.M., ground bare, clear, southwest wind, temperature 54°, two miles on foot and three by car. Seen at Mt. Hope: red-shouldered hawk, 1; downy woodpecker, 1; blue jay, 1; black-capped chickadee, 18; white-breasted nuthatch, 2; red-breasted nuthatch, 1; brown creeper, 3; starling, 8; junco, 8; total 9 species, 43 individuals. Seen at Mt. Greenwood: downy woodpecker, 1; white-breasted nuthatch, 2; robin, 2; cardinal, 4; junco, 18; total 5 species, 27 individuals. The robins were eating Japanese crab-apples.—Karl E. Bartel.

Blue Island, Cook Co. In the vicinity of the Oak Hill bird banding station and fields south and east, December 20 to January 1, ground bare and with light snow, temperature ranging from 45° above to 0°. Birds listed show largest number seen in any one day. Red-shouldered hawk, 1; bob-white, 2; pheasant, 3; herring gull, 100+; mourning dove, 18; barn owl, 2; screech owl, 2; saw-whet owl, 1; hairy woodpecker, 1; downy woodpecker, 5; blue jay, 8; crow, 3; chickadee, 10; tufted titmouse, 1; white-breasted nuthatch, 1; brown creeper, 1; robin, 3; starling, 75; English sparrow, 20; red-winged blackbird, 56; cardinal, 7; junco, 12; tree sparrow 15; song sparrow, 3; total 24 species, 348 individuals.—Karl E. Bartel.

Chicago, Cook Co. Lake front from Navy Pier south to Field Museum, January 1, 9:30 A.M. to 12:00 M., ground bare, cloudy with light rain most of the time, temperature 34°. Old-squaw, 11; glaucous gull, 1; herring gull, 25; Bonaparte's gull, 3; total 4 species, 40 individuals.—Leona Draheim and Mrs. Cora C. McElroy.

Crab Orchard Lake, Carbondale. Crab Orchard Lake Project Area, three miles east of Carbondale, Illinois (open fields on north side of lake from office to Carterville Crossroad; open lake from office to Illinois Ordnance Plant property; woodlands within a radius of one mile west, southwest, south of Trailside Museum; along Park road 4½ miles to Little Grassy Creek and one through Grassy bottoms), December 27, 9:40 A.M. to 3:30 P.M., ground bare, wet, stratus clouds, lake rough, wind north, moderate, temperature at start 37°, at end 35°. Ten observers in four parties; total hours afield, 18 (boat 5½, foot 12, car ½); total party miles, 44½ (boat 18, foot 22, car 4½). Loon, 3; mallard, 1,349; black duck, 70; canvasback, 5; lesser scaup, 10; bufflehead, 9; ruddy, 3; American merganser, 101; red-shouldered hawk, 1; marsh hawk, 1; sparrow hawk, 1; coot, 205; herring gull, 53; common tern, 6; great horned owl, 1; flicker, 8; red-bellied woodpecker, 1; yellow-bellied sapsucker, 2; hairy woodpecker, 10; downy woodpecker, 6; horned lark, 50; blue jay, 17; crow, 19; chickadee, 20; tufted titmouse, 106; white-breasted nuthatch, 6; winter wren, 2; mockingbird, 2; robin, 60; bluebird, 21; starling, 21,665 (est); English sparrow, 64 (est); meadowlark, 6; cardinal, 18; purple finch, 4; goldfinch, 6; towhee, 2; junco, 277; tree sparrow, 517 (est); field sparrow, 7; fox sparrow, 8; song sparrow, 505; total 42 species, 25,229 individuals.—Beverly McBride,

Cambria; Troy Davis, Audrey Hall, W. M. Marberry, Carbondale; John Hicks, Carterville; Julius Swain, DuQuoin; Virgil Drew, Herrin; Paul Kniffen, Hurst; Nolen McFarland, Johnson City; Aden Bauman, Tamaroa, Illinois.

Dixon, Lee Co. Lowell Park, December 30, 10:15 A.M. to 12:00 M., snow on ground, snowing heavily, southeast wind, temperature 28°, one mile on foot and four by auto, stopping at suitable localities for walks. Horned owl, 2; barred owl, 1; red-bellied woodpecker, 2; hairy woodpecker, 2; downy woodpecker, 1; horned lark, 9; blue jay, 6; crow, 3; chickadee, 9; tufted titmouse, 5; white-breasted nuthatch, 1; red-breasted nuthatch, 1; starling, 3; English sparrow, 2; junco, 1; total 15 species, 46 individuals.—Mrs. Amy G. Baldwin, Leona Draheim, Karl E. Bartel.

Grafton, Illinois. Pere Marquette State Park, Federal Area and Wildlife Refuge, as well as War Department property along the Illinois River and farms in between, in all a stretch 15 miles long and eight wide, December 28, 4:00 A.M. to 6:00 P.M., overcast but clear, light snow in morning, wind from 35 to 20 miles, shifting, temperature 28° to 33°. Observers in six groups as follows: Party I, 5 observers, 12 hours, 3 miles by boat, 7 on foot; Party II, 6 observers, 9 hours, 20 miles by car, 5 on foot; Party III, 6 observers, 8 hours, 3 miles by boat, 6½ on foot; Party IV, 9 observers, 13 hours, 22 miles by car, 6 on foot; Party V, 6 observers, 14 hours, 16 miles by car, 11 on foot; Party VI, 3 observers, 5 hours, 4 miles by car; total hours, 61; total miles by car, 62; total miles by boat, 6; total miles on foot, 35½. Cormorant, 15; mallard, 1,283; black duck, 10; gadwall, 527 (seen by all groups at close range for a half-hour); baldpate, 3; pintail, 558; green-winged teal, 357; redhead, 2; ring-necked duck, 2; scaup, 154; American golden-eye, 18; American merganser, 4; red-breasted merganser, 15; Cooper's hawk, 1; red-tailed hawk, 14; red-shouldered hawk, 3; rough-legged hawk, 3; bald eagle, 9; marsh hawk, 12; pigeon hawk, 3 (observed by Dale and others at close range with ten-power Bausch & Lomb); sparrow hawk, 24; bob-white, 8; coot, 7; herring gull, 16; ring-billed gull, 55; rock dove, 50 (about a large rock quarry where they nest); mourning dove, 17; screech owl, 1; great horned owl, 2; barred owl, 1; short-eared owl, 3 (seen just at dusk over marsh); kingfisher, 3; flicker, 79; pileated woodpecker, 9; red-bellied woodpecker, 78; red-headed woodpecker, 22; yellow-bellied sapsucker, 2; hairy woodpecker, 14; downy woodpecker, 104; horned lark, 6; blue jay, 54; crow, 992; chickadee, 115; tufted titmouse, 193; white-breasted nuthatch, 58; brown creeper, 6; Carolina wren, 36; robin, 17; hermit thrush, 2 (seen for weeks about the Trailside Museum); bluebird, 48; ruby-crowned kinglet, 4 (seen by three different groups); cedar waxwing, 200 (est); migrant shrike, 3; starling, 182; northern yellow-throat, 1 (seen at close range by four expert observers); house sparrow, 1,952; European tree sparrow, 45; red-wing, 120; rusty blackbird, 106; cowbird, 13; cardinal, 396; goldfinch, 125; junco, 595; tree sparrow, 501; field sparrow, 1; fox sparrow, 12; swamp sparrow, 6; song sparrow, 40; total 68 species, 9,276 individuals.—Mrs. Guy Bonney, Jack Buese, Charley Callahan, Jane Coogan, Dave Dale, Jack Decker, Mildred Dunlope, Carl Esswein, L. Freeman, Chas. Harris, Wilbur Hertenstein, Cora Hutchinson, Louise Hutchinson, Tom

Hutchinson, Al Kaszynski, Leonard Levitt, Mrs. E. Link, (Rev.) George M. Link, Helen Lohmeier, Lon Menke, Nell Menke, Frisbee Newcomer, William O'Brien, Peter Paul, Ida Plummer, Bill Robertson, Mary Agnes Steiren, Lora Ward, Alice Waterbury, Ann Waterbury, Beatrice Waterbury, Neil Waterbury (Members of the Pere Marquette Nature League and guests). The black phase of the rough-legged hawk was among those observed.

Joliet, Will Co. Pilcher Park Arboretum, January 3, 1:00 P.M. to 4:00 P.M., light snow on ground, clear, west wind, temperature 15°, three miles on foot and seven by car. Red-tailed hawk, 1; red-shouldered hawk, 1; long-eared owl, 1; red-headed woodpecker, 1; downy woodpecker, 3; blue jay, 8; crow, 12; chickadee, 16; starling, 4; English sparrow, 40; cardinal, 4; junco, 24; tree sparrow, 48; total 13 species, 203 individuals.—Karl E. Bartel.

Lisle, DuPage Co. Morton Arboretum, January 4, 10:00 A.M. to 5:00 P.M., light snow on ground, clear, west wind, temperature 2°, five miles on foot and five by car. Red-tailed hawk, 1; marsh hawk, 1; pheasant, 6; herring gull, 1; long-eared owl, 2; kingfisher, 1; downy woodpecker, 1; blue jay, 1; crow, 11; chickadee, 6; tufted titmouse, 2; white-breasted nuthatch, 1; red-breasted nuthatch, 6; brown creeper, 2; golden-crowned kinglet, 3; starling, 4; English sparrow, 2; cardinal, 3; pine siskin, 22; red crossbill, 5; junco, 12; tree sparrow, 4; total 22 species, 97 individuals.—Karl E. Bartel, Leona Draheim, Jim and Seymour Levy.

Lisle, DuPage Co. Morton Arboretum, December 21, 9:30 A.M. to 3:30 P.M., ground bare, partly cloudy to clear, southeast wind, temperature 40° to 52°, six miles on foot and five by car. Sharp-shinned hawk, 1; Cooper's hawk, 1; red-shouldered hawk, 1; rough-legged hawk, 2; sparrow hawk, 1; ring-necked pheasant, 4; herring gull, 1; mourning dove, 1; long-eared owl, 4; short-eared owl, 1; saw-whet owl, 2; hairy woodpecker, 1; downy woodpecker, 4; blue jay, 4; crow, 25; chickadee, 24; tufted titmouse, 3; white-breasted nuthatch, 1; red-breasted nuthatch, 5; brown creeper, 1; robin, 6; golden-crowned kinglet, 7; starling, 22; cardinal, 7; purple finch, 3; pine siskin, 1; goldfinch, 1; junco, 30; tree sparrow, 15; song sparrow, 1; total 30 species, 180 individuals.—Miss Hunneman, Mrs. Baldwin, Mrs. Lilly, Mr. and Mrs. Decker, Mr. and Mrs. LaMar, Miss Draheim, Karl E. Bartel, Jim and Seymour Levy. The two saw-whet owls were captured by hand by Mr. Bartel while the rest of the group made faces and noises in front of them.

Oregon, Cole Co. White Pines State Park, December 30, 12:15 P.M. to 4:00 P.M., snow on ground, snowing hard, southeast wind, temperature 28°, about three miles on foot and five by auto, stopping at suitable places for walks. Red-tailed hawk, 2; red-shouldered hawk, 1; barn owl, 1; horned owl, 2; flicker, 1; red-bellied woodpecker, 1; hairy woodpecker, 2; downy woodpecker, 1; horned lark, 2; blue jay, 5; crow, 12; chickadee, 15; white-breasted nuthatch, 1; red-breasted nuthatch, 2; cedar waxwing, 14; English sparrow, 2; cardinal, 5; purple finch, 12; goldfinch, 12; junco, 20; tree sparrow, 20; total 21 species, 133 individuals. An interesting experience happened here. A dog from the Lodge followed us around and started chasing rabbits. One of the rabbits came directly for Mr. Bartel, apparently not seeing him. He tried to move to the side to let the rabbit by, but instead the rabbit leaped through the loop in his arm, which was holding his binocu-

lars and extended out from his side. The arm loop was so large that the rabbit went through without Mr. Bartel's feeling it.—Karl E. Bartel, Leona Draheim, Amy G. Baldwin.

Orland Park, Cook Co. Orland Wildlife Preserve, January 3, 10:00 A.M. to 12:30 P.M., light snow on ground, slough frozen except a spot in the middle 75 by 30 feet, clear, west wind, temperature 15°, about 2½ miles on foot. Lesser scaup, 1; coot, 2; herring gull, 4; downy woodpecker, 1; blue jay, 1; crow, 5; chickadee, 1; starling, 2; junco, 2; tree sparrow, 2; song sparrow, 1; total 11 species, 22 individuals.—Karl E. Bartel.

Springfield, Sangamon Co. Same area as in previous years, radiating 7½ miles from Springfield as a center and including Lake Springfield, December 26, 7:00 A.M. to 5:00 P.M., rainy, strong west wind, temperature 40°. Fourteen observers in groups as follows: Party I, 3 observers, 9 hours, 8 miles; Party II, 3 observers, 4 hours, 3 miles; Party III, 2 observers, 9 hours, 6 miles; Party IV, 2 observers, 9 hours, 6 miles; Party V, 1 observer, 4 hours, 3 miles; Party VI, 2 observers, 3 hours, 2 miles; total hours 38, total miles on foot 28. Double-crested cormorant, 6; Canada goose, 85; mallard, 10,250 (est); black duck, 502; red-legged black duck, 2; pintail, 3; ring-necked duck, 6; lesser scaup, 42; American golden-eye, 2; hooded merganser, 6; American merganser, 150; red-breasted merganser, 6; red-tailed hawk, 2; red-shouldered hawk, 4; sparrow hawk, 7; bob-white, 31; ring-necked pheasant, 1; ring-billed gull, 77; screech owl, 2; barred owl, 2; kingfisher, 5; flicker, 11; red-bellied woodpecker, 16; red-headed woodpecker, 1; hairy woodpecker, 19; downy woodpecker, 39; blue jay, 29; crow, 170; chickadee, 101; tufted titmouse, 92; white-breasted nuthatch, 28; brown creeper, 4; winter wren, 2; Carolina wren, 7; brown thrasher, 1; bluebird, 3; golden-crowned kinglet, 3; starling, 3,000 (est); English sparrow, 960; bronzed grackle, 8; cardinal, 109; purple finch, 5; goldfinch, 26; junco, 215; tree sparrow, 69; white-crowned sparrow, 1; fox sparrow, 1; song sparrow, 26; Lapland Longspur, 1; rock dove, 214; total 50 species, 16,061 individuals.—Bill O'Brien, Rev. George M. Link, N. E. Nilsson, Christine Bonney, Lois Hardbarger, Helen Lohmeier, Charlotte Dubois, Bill Robertson, Lena Hardbarger, Edith Sutton, Lois Hopwood, Mrs. J. W. Park, Helen Marcusson, Mrs. Fullenwider (Members of the Springfield Nature League). A red-breasted nuthatch was found December 24 by Bill O'Brien.

Waukegan, Lake Co. Waukegan Harbor, Lake Michigan offshore, dunes, flats, meadows and woods, December 28, 9:00 A.M. to 4:00 P.M., ground bare, partly cloudy, wind southwest to west, 12 miles per hour, temperature 28°, five miles on foot, 15 by car. Lesser scaup, 1; American golden-eye, 300+; old-squaw, 40; white-winged scoter (dead), 1; American merganser, 200+; rough-legged hawk, 2; sparrow hawk, 2; pheasant, 7; herring gull, 350+; Bonaparte's gull, 500+; hairy woodpecker, 4; downy woodpecker, 1; blue jay, 3; crow, 4; chickadee, 5; red-breasted nuthatch, 4; golden-crowned kinglet, 3; starling, 200+; English sparrow, 60; red-winged blackbird, 1; junco, 2; tree sparrow, 30; total 22 species, 1,738 (est) individuals. Due to the defense restrictions we were unable to get to the Public Service Co. pond this year.—Karl E. Bartel, Leona Draheim, Amy G. Baldwin (Chicago Ornithological Society); O. C. Durham, Roy Smith, Roy Smith, Jr., P. M. Vixey, D. V. Kowin (M. V. Nature Club).

Chicago, Cook Co. A new feeding tray has proved interesting at 10828 S. Hoyne Ave. It is fastened to our dining room window sill. Close by is an oak tree to which is attached a rack for suet. The guests who came to breakfast on New Year's morning were sparrow, starling, downy woodpecker, white-breasted nuthatch, flicker, blue jay, chickadee, brown creeper, and male cardinal. Then, thrill of thrills! We spied our evening grosbeak on the ground, gleaning crumbs of suet and a sunflower seed or two dropped by the other birds passing to and from the tray. This bird was first seen on the day following Thanksgiving, and then not again until January 1, 1942. We consider it one of our best sight records for the Chicago region and hope this rare visitor may linger in our garden.—Violet F. Hammond, Edw. K. Hammond.

Chicago, Cook Co. I definitely included a Christmas bird census in my holiday program, but it turned out very differently from what I expected. The day set was Friday, December 26. It was a nice day, clear, with some sun, but the interested companionship turned out to be an absent quantity. I rounded up another friend with the lure of a drive to Geneva to purchase food for my bird feeding station. We were to watch for birds en route. The result was 20 lbs. of sunflower seed and 15 lbs. of cracked corn and wheat mixed and about a half dozen crows and one undetermined gull along the way. Not very satisfying except in the knowledge that whatever happened to the weather the birds about home would have an ample supply of food for some time. The formal census was postponed to January 1. However, on December 31 I had occasion to take some friends to Glencoe. While there we decided to look in on the Audubon Workshop, 520 Drexel Street. If any of my readers would like to see a demonstration of an all out program to attract birds to your home, do go to visit this interesting spot. All kinds of feeders and nesting boxes are hung all about, with chickadees and white-breasted nuthatches and downies in evidence all the time, and Mr. Pueschel, proprietor of the Workshop, says purple finches this winter too. There is also a demonstration of what to do about starlings. Indeed, you can pick up many other valuable and concrete suggestions if you are looking for them. We came away with the above mentioned birds added to our list, an automatic bird feeder, and two pounds of hemp seed to fatten up the home cardinals in preparation for zero spells in the weather. On the return trip we drove through the Skokie Marsh Project. Here we were rewarded with the record of a shrike. We thought he looked like a worthy note on a Christmas bird census and backed the car up to get a good look. Of course he flew, just as Peterson's Field Guide says he should, low. I feared we would not see him again but, true to form, he landed again up in the top of another young tree. Four P.M. on a drizzly day is poor for positive identification. He was a shrike and according to the time of year should have been a northern shrike. Now I promised myself a nice long walk through the woods on New Year's day, but the weather forbade. I set to work at the piano till the drizzling rain should pass, but this it refused to do. It rained harder,—it truly rained and rained. I gave up and sat down to address letters to future members of the Illinois Audubon Society, resolved to serve the cause of ornithology in some capacity.—Doris A. Plapp.

Aims of the ILLINOIS AUDUBON SOCIETY



THE SOCIETY was organized in 1897 for the study and protection of wild bird life, and with the following as its objectives and principles:

FIRST: *To create and keep alive a consciousness of, and to encourage the study of, our native wild birds.*

SECOND: *To disseminate knowledge of the birds and their economic value to our agriculture and forests through literature, pictures, lectures, and any other available means.*

THIRD: *To conserve as far as possible their natural environment, and to work for their safety through education and the betterment and enforcement of State and Federal laws relating to birds.*

FOURTH: *To establish, and to assist to the best of our ability in the establishment of, bird sanctuaries in Illinois.*

FIFTH: *To interest children through the schools.*

SIXTH: *To discourage in every possible way the destruction of wild birds and their eggs, or the wearing of any feathers other than those of domestic fowl.*

You know what an important part birds play, protecting crops and all plant life from the attacks of insect pests, and adding to the music of the out-of-doors and to its color and beauty. The economic and aesthetic values of birds demand that the most thoughtful and far-reaching effort be exerted for their protection. We ask you to consider our cause and to join us in an effort to realize the ends toward which we work. All fees and bequests other than those paid annually are held in an Endowment Fund, only the income from which is used for current needs. No officer or director is paid and all money received is used for the advancement of the aims of the Society.



MEMBERSHIP FEES ARE AS FOLLOWS:

<i>Active members</i>	\$2.00 annually
<i>Contributing members</i>	5.00 annually
<i>Sustaining members</i>	\$ 25.00
<i>Life members</i>	100.00
<i>Benefactors</i>	500.00
<i>Patrons</i>	1000.00

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For the Protection of Wild Birds

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2001 NORTH CLARK STREET
CHICAGO
Telephone Lincoln 0606



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Benjamin True Gault

By EDWARD R. FORD

IT is probable that you who read this will have, as I do, a special remembrance of your first meeting with Benjamin True Gault. He would be likely to ask you about something near to you—not as a polite gesture, but out of the courtesy of his heart. My first meeting with him occurred more than thirty years ago. His name was familiar to me, as to all bird-life observers in the Chicago region, and I had gone to see him at the old Gault house, built by his parents when they came to Glen Ellyn, about 1890. I wanted to know where, in the neighborhood of Glen Ellyn, I might meet with the prairie chicken. I had come to an authority. Following his directions several birds were seen that day and two nests were found.

At the time of this visit Mr. Gault was preparing specimens of downy young of the short-eared owl, a nest of which he had recently found—one of the few nesting records of the species for the Chicago area. His immediate interest in his visitor and his friendliness were no less impressive than the skill and care which were manifest in the manipulation of the skins on which he was at work. It was characteristic of Gault that he tried to do well everything he undertook. Even post cards sent to friends were written in a hand so small that its legibility was remarkable.

Mr. Gault's devotion to his mother was often spoken of by his friends. He never married and mother and son were fond companions until the day of her death. Once I remember, when he wanted to photograph the nest of a woodcock which I had found, I called at his home, at that time in Chicago. As we were about to leave on our little expedition, his mother, who was then nearly ninety years old, begged us to be careful. He smiled and so did I, thinking of expeditions he had made to Guiana and other far places. Throughout her last illness Mr. Gault would not allow himself to think that she could not recover.

Our friend often talked at public meetings, but I think he made no pretension to the title of public speaker. It seemed to me, indeed, that he was diffident by nature and that it was only his consuming interest in his subject that prevailed upon him to speak at all. I remember, especially, a time when, addressing a large gathering on the subject of the proposed bird sanctuary in Glen Ellyn (later named in his honor), his enthusiasm and fervor transformed his extemporaneous remarks to impressive eloquence. And I remember, too, that the applause which followed seemed at once to confuse and please him.

There was always yet something more to be done upon any project he had in hand. It was so at the time of the revision of his "Check List of the Birds of Illinois." He wanted nothing omitted that should have a place there. When, grievously incapacitated and confined to the Wheaton Nursing Home, he spoke of returning to his normal sphere of activities (which in his belief was to be quite soon) it was always to name some improvement upon the sanctuary or some disposition of records, or specimens or papers.



CHICAGO TRIBUNE PHOTO

Benjamin True Gault
Nov. 2, 1858—March 20, 1942

Those of you who have heard him speak upon his adventures on the wild islands of Ireland's west coast and have seen the pictures he made there may believe, perhaps, that during his sojourn he was infected with the Irish genius for wit. But I seem to recall that, in spite of his Colonial New England ancestry, he claimed a drop or two of the blood of the Gael. At any rate I have found him often droll and capable of unexpected witticisms.

These brief personal impressions and recollections are put down in memory of a companion and a friend. No doubt a complete record of his life and work will appear in *The Auk*, organ of the American Ornithologists' Union, which he joined in 1885 and of which he was elected a Member in 1907. But in order that our community of Illinois "bird people," of which he was the salt, may read in the *Bulletin* of the Illinois Audubon Society, of which he was an honorary director, some account of his journey among us, I must include some biographical data. With regard to these data I cannot claim chronological accuracy. For most of it I am indebted to *The Glen Ellyn News* and *The Glenellean*, whose recognition of Mr. Gault as one of the foremost citizens of Glen Ellyn is pleasing to those who knew their friend to be closer to nature than to commerce.

Benjamin True Gault was born November 2, 1858, in Decatur, Illinois, when doubtless the passenger pigeon, the Carolina parakeet, and the aboriginal wild turkey were to be found in that region or, at least, not far from it. A part of his boyhood was spent in New Hampshire with his parents. With them he moved west again to Glen Ellyn about 1890, as noted above. As the present writer's own active interest in the birds about Chicago began about 1887 he is able to reconstruct some of the seasons afield which Gault must have enjoyed along the Du Page and Des Plaines Rivers and in following the windings of Salt Creek. The young naturalist covered much territory and you will find among his notes reference to Half Day, on the northwest, as well as Worth, on the southwest. I had him much in mind when, about 1932, I visited the locality where, about forty years before, he had found the nest of the Louisiana water thrush (our only breeding record, I think). Here I actually flushed one of these birds from a small stream emptying into the Des Plaines near Wheeling. "It was here, as with Gault," I said, "As with Gault, it was thus."—But it wasn't!

It was in 1902 that, in company with George K. Cherrie, he visited South America on a collecting expedition. "Yes, that's our Mr. Gault, our own village bird man who conducts bird-seeking expeditions in the spring, for whom the bird sanctuary on Main Street was named, and who has been in charge of its development"—thus the home town newspaper, July 19, 1935, commenting upon an item reprinted from an issue of its predecessor, dated August 22, 1902, in which the coming South American venture was announced.

In the home newspaper, too, Mr. Gault is quoted to the effect that he had visited about forty of the states. He made at least one trip with the late William I. Lyon, whose banding work took him annually to the breeding islands of gulls and terns in the Great Lakes. But the journey to which he had looked forward for years was the Irish journey. It was in 1924, at the age of 66, that he set out alone to visit a wild section of Erin's western shore. He lived there summer and winter for two years, occupying such crude quarters as the region afforded. Household facilities were primitive, the food simple and the fare frugal. He went out upon the waters of the broken coast with the rough boatmen who were the heirs of its grandeur and danger. A younger man might have wearied of the life in a short season but Gault was having a dream come true. When, later, he returned to Chicago and related some of his experiences his listeners knew that he

had enjoyed every moment of those experiences. He brought from Ireland a collection of photographs, bird skins, birds' eggs, and badger skins. The latter were taken by the Museum of Comparative Zoology of Harvard.

But it was in his day to day work in his home region that he wrote his name large. In the preface of the revised edition (1912) of Dr. Chapman's "Handbook of Birds of Eastern North America," the author announces,



Mr. Gault and Robert Ridgway at Olney, Ill.

"In addition to the migratory notes given in preceding editions data are now included for Northern Ohio, Glen Ellyn, Illinois, and Southeast Missouri." Through this widely distributed, popular handbook the name of Mr. Gault became generally known to the ornithological tyros of the land.

His work for the Illinois Audubon Society covered a period of many years. He has been for long an honorary director. His active duties as a director ceased, perforce, during the years of his final illness, but his interest and advice were unfailing. "A Check List of the Birds of Illinois," published by the Society typifies his thoroughness and accuracy. It was issued only after he had conducted an indefatigable correspondence and verified all records insofar as it was possible to do so.

Mr. Gault's intimates and admirers numbered the members of the Chicago Ornithological Society, of which he became a member at the meeting following its organization more than thirty years ago. He was its president in 1929. In 1935 when the Glen Ellyn newspaper listed Mr. Gault's affiliations he was a member not only of the societies already named, but of the American Society of Mammalogists, Cooper Club, Illinois Academy of Sciences, Kennicott Club, and Wilson Ornithological Club.

Also he held a cherished honorary membership bestowed upon him by the Izaak Walton League. Those, too, whose particular concern is the preservation of the living bird knew our friend for more than thirty years as *Bird Lore's* councilor for Illinois.

Object of his chief concern through the later years of his active life was the Benjamin T. Gault Bird Sanctuary, between Main Street and Forest Avenue in Glen Ellyn. The Glen Ellyn Park Board had purchased the property for the purpose in 1932 and Mr. Gault was placed in charge of its development and management. There he planned and tended, erected bird houses and bird baths, provided food and nesting material, counted his charges and had who knows what happy memories of a thousand other encounters in other days with others of their kind.

Some years ago Mr. Stephen S. Gregory, Jr., of Winnetka, for long Mr. Gault's fellow member in several societies, purchased his excellent collection of bird skins. His books were given, appropriately, to the Glen Ellyn Library, his dust lies in Forest Hill, and his memory in the hearts of all who knew the wise, the kindly old naturalist, Ben Gault of Glen Ellyn.



Annual Meeting at Springfield

THE THIRD annual meeting of the Illinois Audubon Society was held at Springfield on Saturday and Sunday, May 2 and 3, our hosts being the Springfield Nature League.

Saturday morning the meeting was called to order in Washington Park Pavilion, where the greeting of the League to its guests was extended by their president, Mr. Anton Tomasek. Bill Robertson gave a very interesting report of a bird nesting census which he had undertaken last year. He covered two areas with various types of habitat and found several resident species that were unusual for the region.

Dean J. C. McCaffrey, of Springfield Junior College, speaking of "Birds in the Laboratory," called attention to the modifications of the skeleton in birds to meet the requirements of their life, to the arrangement of air sacs which supplement the very inadequate lung capacity, and to the greatly modified digestive system which permits the taking of hard shelled seeds and other unusual foods. He brought out a side of bird study with which most students are but vaguely acquainted.

Gilbert Wright, of the Illinois State Museum, illustrated "Bird Taxidermy in the Modern Museum" with slides of some of the processes of preparing bird skins for exhibition. He also showed some of the outstanding exhibits in several of our great museums.

After a luncheon served in the Pavilion, the Rev. George M. Link, naturalist at Pere Marquette State Park, led a field trip through the Lake Springfield Wildlife Sanctuary. At the end of the walk Father Link gave a most helpful talk on "How to Remember Bird Songs."

A dinner was served at the Elk's Club Saturday evening at which our Vice-President, Mrs. W. D. Richardson, presided. A greeting and message

from the President, Dr. R. M. Strong, who was unable to be present, was given by C. O. Decker. Mrs. Richardson then introduced Dr. Howard K. Gloyd, Director of the Museum of Natural History of the Chicago Academy of Sciences, who related some of the experiences of an expedition in the field in his talk on "Wild Life of Arizona Deserts." The lecture was illustrated with motion pictures in color of the birds, plants, insects and small mammals of the desert country.

A very fair delegation met at 5:30 on Sunday morning and spent two hours in Oak Ridge Cemetery listening to the early morning chorus and checking each other on identifications of bird songs, and of the birds themselves. At 9:30 the entire group drove to New Salem State Park, the restored village which contains so many reminders of the early life of Abraham Lincoln. Most of the party again joined in a bird hike, while a few made the rounds of the village. Dinner was served at the Wagon Wheel Inn and the meeting came to a close.

We can only be sorry that conservation of rubber kept some of our members away from a most delightful and instructive meeting. No greeting could have been warmer than that we received, and no effort was spared to see that we enjoyed our stay. The local committee under the chairmanship of Mrs. Guy E. Bonney carried out a well-planned program without a single failure, and those who were present were loud in their appreciation of a very happy two days spent with our friends of the Springfield Nature League.



A CAPACITY audience of about 275 members and friends of the Illinois Audubon Society heard Dr. Alfred M. Bailey deliver a lecture on "Color in the Southwest" at the Academy of Sciences on the evening of Wednesday, April 15. The colored film that he showed was taken last year in Arizona and Utah, and, in addition to the birds, lizards, and plantlife, included a visit to the great meteorite crater in northern Arizona, the south rim of the Grand Canyon and Bryce Canyon. The pictures were of the high quality that we have come to expect from Dr. Bailey, and we are only sorry that all of our members could not be present to enjoy them.



SHORTLY BEFORE Christmas a group of bird students visiting Morton Arboretum, near Lisle, Ill., were so fortunate as to find a pair of little saw-whet owls. While the remainder of the group kept the attention of the owls by motions and sounds, Karl Bartel succeeded in working his way up to them from behind and picked them off the branches with his hands. Seymour Levy banded one of them, but Karl had not brought bands along with him, so decided to take the other bird home to Blue Island and band it there. On the way he very thoughtfully stopped in to show his prize to some friends. One lady, not an ornithologist, became very much interested, and the next day at the office told all of her friends about the unusual experience. One of them asked her "What did you say they called it?" "A hack-saw owl," said she! Mr. Bartel returned the owl to the Arboretum and its mate the following day.

Mockingbirds

By CHARLOTTE E. VAN SICKLE

HERE IN northern Illinois we surely had another bad storm this year on New Year's day. Roads were blocked and some farm houses on the highway sheltered as many as twenty people all night after their cars had become stalled in the drifts. This storm was followed by 20° to 30° below zero weather for about ten days. Then came the tire rationing, and so far this year my bird hunting has been *nil*.

You say that you would like me to write some more of my bird hunting experiences, and have been kind enough to say that several remember my story of "After the Storm." We have in the past had some experiences with mockingbirds, and on the chance that you may think them of interest I am setting them down here.

In 1933 mockingbirds were discovered nesting in a small clump of wild plum trees along the highway leading north from Durand to Brodhead, Wis., about six miles north of the state line. That year and the next whenever anyone went to look for the mockingbirds they were seen in the same location. It came to be quite a common thing to take guests out to see the mockingbirds. Then they disappeared. But even now every time we pass that clump of trees someone mentions the mockingbirds that once made their home there.

One day in the spring of 1940, when we had returned from a lengthy bird hunting trip, we were informed by friends that "You could never guess what bird was seen today in the cemetery." The cemetery lies just outside our village and a pair of mockingbirds nested there that year and raised at least one family of young ones. We often discussed and wondered what became of these birds in the winter time, and last year we found out something about at least one of them.

Our grandson was ill with pneumonia in a neighboring city hospital and my husband was keeping the "home fires" burning in our son's home while they were with the sick boy. Sunday, February 2, he left to fix their fire but was back almost immediately and all out of breath. My first thought was that he had found something very wrong or heard some very bad news, but he put these ideas at rest by saying "I think I saw a mockingbird." It was cold, with some snow and ice, but hastily putting on a coat and galoshes I went back with him, and sure enough we saw the bird again. We got some suet and tied it to a fence post, but do not know whether the mockingbird ate any of this or not. However, when the boy was better and had returned home, the mockingbird came every day for a long time to eat at their feeding board, which was put up after their return.

In the late winter two or three other families in town reported seeing a strange gray bird, or a "catbird." Whether this was the same bird or another one of the cemetery family, I do not know. Anyway, when summer came the mockingbirds moved back to the cemetery in full force. At one time when we were there we counted three pairs, but I am ashamed to say that we did not keep close enough watch to know whether any young were

raised or not. They seemed to have disappeared quite early in the fall. Will they return this spring?

One day this year, since the storm, we walked to the cemetery but saw nothing except some starlings and two hawks that flew directly into the sun, which gave us no hope of identifying them. We could walk only in the road as in many places the drifts were several feet deep. The road had been shoveled out and the snow on each side was piled as high as our heads.



CHICAGO ACADEMY OF SCIENCES PHOTO

Young mockingbirds in nest

We have heard reports of flocks of pheasants with at least a hundred birds in them feeding where the farmers were spreading fertilizer on their fields. We have seen only one lone pheasant, and this was a hen in our own back yard, crouched under a lilac bush. How we would have liked feeding her, but she soon disappeared. When we saw her the snow completely covered the ground.

We wonder whether our flock of prairie chickens lived through the storm. We haven't been out to look for them, because we must save our tires for business, which does not happen to be one of those businesses listed as eligible for tires. With so many thousands of men dying in this world, I wonder if we are justified in thinking about the birds. I wonder. I wonder.

Durand, Illinois.

Adventures at a Small Bird-Banding Station

By MRS. J. BENTON SCHAUB*

IT SEEMS aeons since one day I opened my mail and discovered I was the possessor of Permit No. 4269 to band birds in Illinois. To say I was a little surprised would be putting it mildly.

I think I have always been interested in birds. As a child I sat upon a Southern Indiana hillside and watched the quail gather at twilight beneath the cedar trees in the old orchard. From that background, and with a husband and son just as interested in birds, you can see how natural it was for us on an early Sunday morning in April to gravitate to the home of the late William I. Lyon, in Waukegan, Illinois. We arrived in time and Mr. Lyon let us trail along with him as he traced his traps and banded some dozen kinds of birds. We were pleased that we knew them, and Mr. Lyon seemed pleased that we knew his swamp sparrows, and he talked with us of needing a banding station in Wilmette, wishing that we could and would cooperate.

A few days later, while we were in the process of deciding, the permit arrived, along with our first supply of bands. A day or so later a government sparrow trap arrived and we proceeded to forget all about thinking that the decision rested with us in our joy at venturing into the unknown realm of bird-banding. That was just twelve short Springs ago, but what interesting days were ahead! Starting with one trap, we have gradually added to the equipment three more government sparrow traps, an everset sparrow trap, four or five drop-front traps of one, two and four cells, a woodpecker trap, and a grand water trap which came about a year ago from Mr. Holcomb, of Zion City.

Our grounds are very shady, with elms, oaks, swamp ash and butternut trees, black haw, wild cherry, wild plum, a small mulberry, a hawthorne, some hazelnut bushes, and still lesser shrubs of snowberry, wild gooseberry and currant with raspberry and strawberry vines beneath. We have added little to this native material. We had too much already, but we did put in a wild crab or two for the blossoms and tried to make the grape trail along the fence. We have added two small shallow pools, each several times the size of a large bird bath, in order to maintain a constant water supply. We left the back part of our garden swampy, but built some small hills closer to the house where we could have our loved wildflowers. I looked out this morning to see my wild crocus coming through en masse, and a few fuzzy hepatica heads just showing.

In this background we have tried to place our traps in all sorts of situations, in dry and marshy land, near and away from the house, in shady and in sunny spots, under the shrubbery and out in the open, and we have baited them with everything we could think of, soaked dried fruits, hard boiled eggs, oranges, apples, all kinds of grains, cracked and whole, mashed potatoes, bread and cake crumbs, and sunflower seeds, and we have even wired bright colored beads to the traps at times.

*This paper was presented before the second annual Chicagoland Bird-Banding Conference, held March 14, 1942, at the Chicago Academy of Sciences.

In 1930 we banded 63 birds. Since that year we have always banded more, but have never banded more than 300 to 400 birds. We count that a great many at the Schaub domicile. We have not had the returns we had anticipated. We have long since corrected our anticipation, but we are always glad to hear of the whereabouts of our birds.

We have felt the joy of blue jays traveling up to Lake Zurich and then heading south for a winter in Texas. We have been glad to know that a flock of bronzed grackles must have stayed together to have us hear from 400 miles south that five had arrived in one day. We have felt a pang at hearing of a white-crowned sparrow shot in Peacock, Texas, and of slate-colored juncos found frozen in February, 1940, in Taylor, Miss. We have liked hearing of them at points along the way and closer home, and we feel sure that many more of our bird friends meet with mishaps in our vicinity than we had formerly thought possible. We have observed that so far as our records go our birds have remained in the Mississippi flyway.

While it gives one a thrill to hear of his birds going to distant points, I believe for us the greater thrill comes from the positive knowledge that our birds have returned home after a long absence. To have a robin drop down into the yard and begin looking around; to have a pair of brown thrashers sitting in the same bush where they nested last year; to wonder about the wood thrush that is running along the fencerow and a few hours later to read the bands and know that you had them with you last year, or the year before, or the year before that; that to us is really belonging.

It is fun to have positive records that a bird will arrive on a given date, to know that on March 8th we had better soak some raisins to help the robins along until the earth mellows up a bit. It sharpens one's eyes and wits to know that if he looks closely he will, on the last of March, see the swamp sparrows running around among the leaves while he listens to the white-throat's song.

I can't say I wasn't shocked as well as hurt when I banded my first cardinal. Little did I dream that he would be so angry or frightened that he would take a piece of my hand away with him. I have never known another bird to be so angry as the cardinal. Most birds do not seem to mind being decorated, but the cardinal seldom repeats soon and it usually takes him days to forgive me enough to dine with me; but self interest always causes him finally to relent. Once when we banded a cardinal he grabbed hold of the offensive band and flopped around in the leaves until we thought that his bill was caught in the band and went forth to assist him, only to have him fly away unharmed. He seemed almost as angry when we read his band eight months later. We have turned a vireo and a warbler upside down in our hands to band them and marveled that such tiny sprites could withstand the elements.

But not all the fortunes of bird-banding are directly connected with the banding activities. The fact that you are trying to assist in this effort to prolong the life of the individual and the species causes you to make of your surroundings a bird haven and it is so recognized and so used and thought of in the community, and that brings to your very door an intimate association on a high level with both birds and people. We have been

privileged to be host through the winter to a red-headed woodpecker and to watch him change his grey head for a red one. We have watched a mockingbird weather our northern winter on food provided and on the frozen fruit of an old apple tree in a nearby yard. We have raised robins on baked custard and worms until they would run along and peck our shoes for us to dig more worms, and finally we have had them fly down from nearby trees for us to work for them after they were well able to do their own providing. We have had the nuthatch peck on the window when our supply of sunflower seed was low, while the robin sat on the sill and scolded for raisins. And we have liked the attention even if it is in their own interest.

It is nice to watch for four or five towhees instead of one. That has been our fortune since we fed a pair, caught with us in a snow storm, through the winter of 1936. There is a satisfaction on winter mornings in knowing that the downys and hairys are enjoying the suet; that the chickadees, cardinals, and white-breasted nuthatches have sunflower seed; that the brown creeper has deemed our bill of fare worthy of a winter sojourn with us; and only this morning I saw a band on a returned robin, and I'm expecting it to be ours.

Yes, this bird-banding venture has brought more joy into our lives than we had anticipated.

Wilmette, Illinois.



A Four Course Dinner

By PAUL PUESCHEL

SOME TIME ago I was told that cardinals like orange peel, and in order to attract as many cardinals as possible I put some in my garden near the feeding stations. Watching closely to see what would happen, I noticed that the cardinals were playing with the peel, though I never could find any indication that they really ate any part of it.

Being generally opposed to leaving food for birds on the ground, I decided to offer the orange peel in a more appetizing form and, as an after-thought, to enlarge the scope of the experiment by offering half an orange. This would give me a chance to find out whether the cardinals might possibly be more interested in the juicy part of the orange than the peel. I constructed a temporary contrivance to hold half an orange with the cut side toward the outside and suspended it from a branch of a tree. It was during the middle of March. Though I renewed the orange several times the cardinals never went near it during the following weeks.

Early in May I was ready to admit that my experiment was a failure and I was about to take the orange feeder down when I noticed some commotion around it. Looking closer, I noticed two pairs of Baltimore orioles bustling around the orange. It was about three o'clock and the orange kept the pretty birds busy for the rest of the afternoon. It looked to me as though they had just arrived from the south and were rather hungry. When I examined the feeder toward evening I found that the

juicy inside of the orange had disappeared entirely, only the peel and the fine dividing skins being left. Seeing how these lovely songsters like orange, I took the feeder down the same evening and made the necessary changes so that half an orange could be fastened to either side. The following morning I did not have to wait very long until the four orioles showed up and left no doubt that they appreciated my service.

They remained regular visitors in my garden during the season and soon brought their babies along. I now had the pleasure of watching about a dozen of these lovely birds every day and soon found out some more interesting facts about their appetites. They regularly started their meals with the orange cup, selecting as the next course fresh suet. Then they changed to the dessert counter, a feeder with mild American cheese, and finished their dinners with a few bites from half an apple which I presented in the same way as the orange. This made a four course dinner for the orioles, and even if they occasionally left out a course here and there they generally followed the same routine.

One day I observed a Cape May warbler feeding on the orange, but he had taken only a few bites when the orioles came and chased him away. They seemed to consider the orange their exclusive property and watched it jealously.

My ambition was to induce the orioles to weave one of their interesting nests in my garden. I hung up three nesting aids and kept them filled with yarn of different strengths and colors. Soon the orioles started to pick out threads to build into their nests—but not in my garden. Evidently I had no trees suitable for their purpose. Even if they did disappoint me in this respect, they are more than welcome every spring and they will always find their four course dinner and nesting material awaiting them. I should certainly hate to miss this fascinating picture of the orioles sitting on the perch of the feeder and craning their necks to enjoy the orange. In this position and action the orioles really show their beauty and charm.

Glencoe, Illinois.



Wisconsin Society at Green Bay

THE WISCONSIN SOCIETY FOR ORNITHOLOGY held its annual meeting at Green Bay on Saturday and Sunday, April 11 and 12. The implied promise of their slogan for this meeting, "Follow the swans to Green Bay," was fulfilled when a number of the great birds were seen by those who participated in the early Sunday morning field trip. An excellent program included colored movies by Dr. A. A. Allen, of Cornell University, Murl Deusing, of the Milwaukee Museum, and W. F. Kubichek and C. E. Gilham, of the Fish and Wildlife Service. Mr. Earl G. Wright, a director of the Illinois Audubon Society, formerly connected with the Chicago Academy of Sciences, and now Director of the Neville Public Museum in Green Bay, was elected to succeed Mr. Deusing as President of the Wisconsin Society for the coming year. Next year the meeting will be held in Waukesha.

Summer in the Country

By BERTHA E. JAKUES

THE FOLLOWING are excerpts taken from "A Country Quest," a description of a summer spent at their country home in Michigan by the late Mrs. Bertha E. Jaques, the eminent artist, and reprinted with her express permission.

MAY

Peace settled down in the seat beside me as soon as all traces of the big noisy city were left behind. A blur of blue along the railroad track developed into lupins and violets; a flash of yellow disclosed the Indian puccoon. Nodding trilliums among the slowly uncurling ferns hinted at what I would find in the woods. * * * * Unutterable weariness deadened my senses to all save the chorus of frogs floating up from the river, a chorus whose rhythm rose and fell soothingly. For twelve hours I slept as sleeps the dead; then I was resurrected by music that surged around me in sound waves of piercing sweetness. The birds, all of them, and some new ones, were here. My favorite catbird vied with the brown thrasher, the little wrens, song sparrows, bluebirds, orioles, and above them all the vigorous call of the Kentucky cardinal. * * * *

A rhapsody is coming on. Can you think of the joy of a perfect May morning when one looks upon an orchard in full bloom—if you have never seen such a sea of loveliness? Two hundred and sixty trees in neat rows, mingling the pink of the peach, the white of the odorous plum, pear and cherry and, loveliest of all, the blushing apple blossoms! Is it any wonder that business is closed and crowds of persons in Japan go to hang poems on their cherry trees and drink tea beneath their blossom-laden branches with petals floating in the cups? When shall we awake to the unearthly beauty of flowering orchards, an annual miracle that comes and goes within a week or two? We should be looking forward to it all the year. What, I ask you, is more beautiful than acres of trees in bloom? Add to this the busy hum of insect visitors, and the ravishing songs of birds, sunshine, delicious soft air, and then tell me if Paradise has any more to offer. * * * *

Birds also are my comrades. It is the high tide of migration which follows the eastern shore of our big lake, and all the winged travelers of aerial paths have stopped in our big trees and drunk at our spring. The orchard has just been ploughed and a five acre feast is spread for them. For these courtesies they have sung their best songs. Some have remained to nest, others have gone on to northern climes. This song period, like the blossoming of the orchard, is limited at most, in its perfection, to about thirty days. I leave it to you: is anything you can think of worthy to distract my whole attention from these love-filled songsters? * * * *

"Flicker, flicker," screams that noisy but beautiful bird as he darts out from a knot hole in an apple tree that has sheltered large families of flickers every year. "I knew you, or some of your relatives, would be in that apple tree pocket," said I as I went on to the house. * * * * A meadow-lark gives his clear, vigorous whistle and I look up into the mingled branches of a wild crabapple and a dogwood in full bloom. If this experi-

ence has never been yours, Unfortunate Person, there is no use trying to tell what a shock it gives the senses. Such pink and white perfection is not to be put on paper. * * * *

Talking about birds: a pompous robin and his wife have selected a Bartlett pear tree for their home, not more than twenty feet from my door, where their family life is in daily sight. Just beneath my kitchen window on the elbow of a wild grape vine—a very old one—another robin couple have established themselves. They could not get accident insurance on this house, as it would be easy prey for cats and boys. Is it only fancy, or do the robins think our proximity insures their safety? The mother, at any rate, is used to the sound of my voice, for I talk to her when she is near and she looks intelligent even if silent. She laid her foundation, put up the walls and plastered them, fitting the cup-like home to her own round breast with the freedom of one who has nothing to conceal. With two hands, some brains and plenty of time, I doubt if I could duplicate the little home she built with only her inflexible one-jointed bill. No strikes, no delays, no walking delegates and no wasted materials. Foes and food occupy the minds of these feathered friends. Both are plentiful. The attentive mate, between trips on household matters, sits on a nearby branch and flies out fiercely at every bird that innocently passes through his aerial front yard. * * * *

Over the shrilly sweet notes of the bluebird, the trilling of the song sparrow, the confidence of the catbird and the gay "kwonk-o-ree" of the red-winged blackbird, comes the cheerful "cheerup" of the cardinal. It is liquid with joy. A pair is nesting here for the third year and when the saucy top-knotted bird lights in the pale branches of the beech in the ravine, it is like a flame. How anyone can cage the ringing song of this free creature is more than I can understand. His cheerful "cheerup" alone ought to secure his freedom.

Only birds may be hilarious in the woods without irreverence. Even the chatter of squirrels is not out of harmony with the rustling leaves and the cadence of the wind. But the human visitor should enter discreetly with gentle step in the spirit of the wild. There is something in the brooding silence, the subdued light, the echo through leafy arches, that suggests a cathedral, and I would as soon think of shouting during the organ prelude as to interrupt the bird choir of the quiet woods. It invites the thoughtful introspective mind. * * * *

Motionless, with suspended oars, and carried by the current, I once came within a few feet of a great blue heron that stood like a chieftain on the end of a log projecting over the river. I saw his eyes plainly before he rose grandly in the air and alighted a short distance beyond. Here he again watched my approach in dignified silence and a third time repeated his flight. As nothing happened, he turned his back and waded into the river, whence a minute later he arose with a fish several inches long in his bill. * * * *

On a mere twig of an elderberry bush two feet from my immovable head, sits as delicately as a slender bud the ruby-throated hummingbird and preens his feathers after a long feast emptying the chalices of the

wild columbine. Large groups of these are part of the May pageant growing in a wild flower bed against my porch. Not a hummingbird may be in sight until the first columbine opens, and then they are there, busy and buzzing. If you want something interesting, read about the hummingbird, its speed and capacity for long flights.

A great-crested flycatcher just flew to the screen and gobbled a somnolent moth. Wrens travel up and down the wire and under the eaves picking off spiders, crane flies and any unwary insects that loiter. * * * *

This year there are new bird notes that I have wanted to hear ever since we owned the place. In April we put a fifteen room martin house on a twenty foot pole in the orchard where I can watch it from the porch. No



Martins flocking before migration

sooner was it in an erect position than a pair of English sparrows with their characteristic forehandedness moved into the attic room and began housekeeping.

A few days later a pair of purple martins arrived as surely as if they had read an advertisement of rooms to rent. As the apartment had been built solely to please them with correct specifications as to doors, it was not surprising that they wished to move in—but not with the sparrows in the attic. A pair of martins and a pair of sparrows are evenly matched when the latter are in possession, and the former discreetly departed—only to return two days later with two other couples and an invitation for the sparrows to leave. Politeness is lost on English sparrows; being bullies of the worst type, they are amenable to nothing but force, and this the martins had by reason of superior numbers. The attack was short and sharp; the rout complete. The sparrows were pitched out and their bedding after them, by which they understood they were not wanted and departed with ruffled feathers to more peaceful parts.

The martins selected the best rooms out of the fifteen, both attic rooms

with porches being favorites, and went to housekeeping. This with birds is a joyous affair. No dishes to wash; no fires to make, the sun takes care of that. The wind sweeps and the rain cleans. They make their beds once and pick up their food without cash or credit.

Food always determines the home of any creature, whether earth, air or water, and the numerous birds here are encouraged to come with mulberry trees planted for their convenience and cherries for ours, but we share generously. Wild cherries, elderberry bushes, sumac, strawberries, raspberries, blackberries, and—one of my justifications—weeds for their seeds. At ploughing time and always in the garden there is food to be had by the observant and active bird; then insects are everywhere. Being insectivorous, this last supply of food no doubt gave the martins the courage to fight for their house. Mosquitoes have little chance where they are, and we have little chance where the mosquitoes are, so we welcome the martins. In return for these blessings, the birds sing their sweetest songs.

While the purple martin cannot be said to have a real song, he has the most cheerful, sociable chatter of any feathered creature. On the comb of his roof he settles, after circling about in the air with long graceful sweeps, and delivers a series of staccato notes that ripple down the scale melodiously. It comes near to laughing; then as if choked with his amusement, he utters a throaty sound and chops it off short. * * * *

Though they insist upon building their own houses, we are just as sure of the robins, the most domesticated of the birds and the possessor of the largest vocabulary and widest range of expression. My robin in the ravine can almost say "cat," for I know when one is near! I know it too well, for I got out of bed at daylight to chase one away at the robin's repeated call for help.

There are days early in May when excursions stop here for rest and refreshment. White-throated sparrows swarm in the ravine, uttering grateful little notes for the luncheon always spread and the bathing pools always full. Warblers and creepers find much of interest in the big old trees; brown thrashers, shy, alert and nervous, yet find enough to pay for by glorious songs delivered from the topmost trees. The catbird, my favorite singer of them all, is always with us and his twilight song is the very incarnation of May.

(Further selections from Mrs. Jaques' "A Country Quest" taking us through the remaining months of the summer will appear in the September and December numbers.)

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THESE ARE days of "total war" against the enemies of our country and of our way of life. Our citizens are already being denied some of the things which they had come to think of as necessities. Most metals and many other products have been practically withdrawn from civilian use, and there would seem to be no valid reason why such military essentials as the powder and lead now used in hunting should not be completely banned. Why should not these be used against Japan and Hitler, rather than in killing ducks and geese that cannot by any stretch of the imagination be considered as necessary for food?

Aims of the ILLINOIS AUDUBON SOCIETY



THE SOCIETY was organized in 1897 for the study and protection of wild bird life, and with the following as its objectives and principles:

FIRST: To create and keep alive a consciousness of, and to encourage the study of, our native wild birds.

SECOND: To disseminate knowledge of the birds and their economic value to our agriculture and forests through literature, pictures, lectures, and any other available means.

THIRD: To conserve as far as possible their natural environment, and to work for their safety through education and the betterment and enforcement of State and Federal laws relating to birds.

FOURTH: To establish, and to assist to the best of our ability in the establishment of, bird sanctuaries in Illinois.

FIFTH: To interest children through the schools.

SIXTH: To discourage in every possible way the destruction of wild birds and their eggs, or the wearing of any feathers other than those of domestic fowl.

You know what an important part birds play, protecting crops and all plant life from the attacks of insect pests, and adding to the music of the out-of-doors and to its color and beauty. The economic and aesthetic values of birds demand that the most thoughtful and far-reaching effort be exerted for their protection. We ask you to consider our cause and to join us in an effort to realize the ends toward which we work. All fees and bequests other than those paid annually are held in an Endowment Fund, only the income from which is used for current needs. No officer or director is paid and all money received is used for the advancement of the aims of the Society.



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THE AUDUBON BULLETIN



E. G. W.

THE
ILLINOIS AUDUBON SOCIETY
For the Protection of Wild Birds

Affiliated with

The Chicago Academy of Sciences

2001 NORTH CLARK STREET

CHICAGO

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Birds of Banning, California

*By BELLE WILSON**

IF BIRDS are attracted by beautiful natural scenery it is little wonder that many spend their winters in Banning. The glistening snow-capped mountains on either side of the city make a sublime scene, especially when viewed through the beautiful rows of Italian cypress trees which line San Geronio Avenue. Banning may justly be proud of its beauty and healthful climate.

I have feeding at my back door every day a pair of California jays, a pair of brown towhees, a pair of California thrashers, several mockingbirds, and a flock of Gambel's sparrows, besides a large number of unwanted English sparrows. These birds, together with Brewer's blackbirds and linnets, seem to be our commonest birds. Besides the birds that come daily for food I have had occasionally in my yard Anna's hummingbird, chipping sparrows, red-shafted flicker, cedar waxwing, Audubon's warbler, green-backed goldfinch, Brewer's blackbird and sharp-shinned hawk.

Anna's hummingbird, which has frequently visited the flowering quince in my yard, is the only hummer that remains with us all winter. It is an early nest builder. In the middle of February I was washing dishes before a kitchen window, when I noticed a female Anna's hummingbird flitting about the interior of a bush which grows almost against the window. Watching the bird closely, I discovered that it was collecting cobwebs. That could mean only one thing—it was building a nest somewhere, for hummingbirds use cobwebs to bind nesting materials together, and to tie the nest to the branch. Then I recalled that last year I had secured a very early record of the Anna's nest building. On February 1, 1941, I was on a bird-walk led by Mr. Frank Gander, of the staff of the Natural History Museum in Balboa Park, San Diego. He conducted our group to an evergreen tree and pointed out a tiny nest which, without glasses, looked like a cone, but with my binoculars I saw an almost completed nest of the Anna's hummingbird. The female hummer accommodately came to the nest while we watched, but, discovering she was observed, dashed away. I returned to this nest several times later. My records show that on March 23 the nest contained two young birds almost ready to fly, and as I watched through my glasses one stood on the edge of the nest exercising its wings. They vibrated so rapidly that they became only a blur. Its

*Miss Wilson, long a member of the Illinois Audubon Society, recently became a resident of Banning, California. This is a portion of a paper read by her before the Women's Club of that city.

tongue, which looked like a long flesh-colored wire, was repeatedly thrust out beyond its long slender bill and drawn back in a flash.

The black-chinned hummingbird returned to Banning about March 27 this year. This bird, one of the smallest of the hummers, I saw in a willow thicket, perched high on a dead branch, turning its head from side to side, looking, watching, as it always does when on guard. Since it is customary for the males of many species of birds to return from the south ahead of the females, this one may have been watching for the arrival of a female, or it may have already found a mate and was standing guard.

Many birds take part in some kind of nuptial flight or dance in the mating season. Near Dallas, Texas, I once saw the nuptial flight of the black-chinned hummer. The bird swung forward and back in almost a semi-circle, making a turn at each high point so swiftly I could not see how it was accomplished. Again and again it swung forward and back. I had been standing a little distance away, but in full view of the bird. When I took a step forward the bird vanished, but I did not see it leave. I now searched the bushes near which the bird had been swinging to find, if possible, the female before whom I knew the male had been exhibiting his flight ability. But she, too, had gone.

Cedar waxwings are lovely tan-colored birds with crests. They receive the name "waxwing" from the wax-like scarlet appendages at the tips of some of their wing feathers. They are, I think, our best-groomed birds, always looking as if they had just come from the beauty parlor. They subsist chiefly upon various kinds of berries, preferring wild to cultivated fruit. During March this year, there were vast numbers of waxwings in our city, gorging themselves on the berries of the *pyracantha*. A magnificent hedge of these bushes on North San Geronio Avenue, the top compactly covered with red berries, was almost completely stripped of its fruit in three days by a flock of over 700 cedar waxwings, aided by a few robins. I doubt if the owner of the hedge objected, for the birds brought added beauty and interest to the yard.

When almond blossoms are about at their best, on the ground under the trees may be seen Oregon juncos, beautiful seed eaters with black heads and breasts, rusty backs, and with outer tail feathers white. Chipping sparrows are likely to be with them. Chipping sparrows have a rusty crown, a black line through the eye, over which is a white line. Both juncos and sparrows are great weed seed eaters and, therefore, farmer's helpers. One may distinguish a seed eater by its cone-shaped bill; an insect eater by its sharply pointed bill.

In the trees above, flitting about among the almond blossoms in search of small insects, will likely be found several Audubon's warblers, the only warblers in this locality in winter, in which season they are rather dull bluish-black and white little birds with yellow rumps which show distinctly as they fly. As spring approaches, Audubon's warbler molts. In its nuptial plumage the male is a beautiful bird with five brilliant yellow patches—one on the crown, another on the throat, one on either side of the breast, and one on the rump. On the male, two large splashes of black appear on the breast. Warblers are said to be birds of the tree tops, but if the day is

windy Audubon's warblers may be seen on the ground in open grassy places near trees to which they may fly in case of danger.

On March 5, windy on the heights but calm at lower levels, I found dozens and dozens of birds in vacant grassy lots, flying from the ground to trees when cars passed, then back again. I seated myself on the cement wall of an irrigation ditch and began to investigate. I was unable to get the exact count of each species because the birds changed position so often, but there were over 20 western bluebirds, over 25 Audubon's warblers, two chipping sparrows, four lark sparrows, a dozen linnets or house finches, and here and there scattered over the ground were western meadowlarks,



CHICAGO ACADEMY OF SCIENCES PHOTO

Cedar Waxwings

singing and singing. All these birds were working for the farmer and the orchardist, for they were devouring quantities of insects and weed seeds.

February 16, a windy day, seemed to be hawk and woodpecker day. High in the sky I discovered a red-tailed hawk; flying low near the road was a Cooper's hawk; on a tree overhead a sharp-shinned hawk; on the telephone wire sat a sparrow hawk. The sparrow hawk is misnamed. Since its chief food is grasshoppers, it should have been called "grasshopper hawk." Another day in the same locality I saw five turkey vultures. As you know, air-planes are grounded if the wind is very strong. Turkey vultures are grounded if there is no wind. They positively must have air currents to help them aloft. In this locality, very large black birds soaring high overhead are almost sure to be turkey vultures. When viewed at close range, the bare red skin of the head may be seen. They are true scavengers, clearing the earth of dead creatures.

Hawks and owls are useful in aiding to maintain a balance in nature and should be protected. Their food is largely rodents, such as ground squirrels, chipmunks, gophers, rats, etc. At one time I was interested in

some land north of Spokane, Washington. In that section of the country it was the habit of farmers to shoot at every hawk and owl they saw, and the result was that rodents over-ran fields and orchards, destroying the crops. The farmers were continually spending time and money to keep down these pests when all they had to do was to stop killing the hawks and owls that would do the work for them.

Woodpeckers are always interesting. One may recognize a woodpecker in the air by its undulating flight. At the high point of a semi-circle which it describes, it seems to pause for a second. When searching tree trunks and branches for insects or larvæ, a woodpecker inches along, supported by its spiny tail. Nuttall's woodpecker was quite common here in late February and March when the almond trees were in bloom. The male is a handsome small black and white bird, its black back barred with rows of white dots, the sides of its face barred with black and white, and it has a red cap, in common with several other woodpeckers.

Lewis' woodpecker is beautiful but odd. It is about the size of a small crow and flies like a crow. A near-by view reveals a bird with a glossy black head and back, either side of the face dark red, around its neck a gray collar, the breast gray, below which it is a magnificent rose-red. It is fond of acorns, I have read, and stores them by pounding them into decayed tree-trunks as does the California woodpecker. Lewis' woodpecker likes fruit also, and I hear, too, is fond of almonds and so is disliked by some almond-growers. Nevertheless it assists these growers by destroying quantities of insects it finds in the orchards—it even catches insects on the wing. If you want to see one of these woodpeckers, observe carefully each telephone pole. You will likely spy one at the top, or clinging to the pole on the shady side if the time is late afternoon.

Sapsuckers are members of the woodpecker family. If you see a white stripe running lengthwise of the wing of a bird clinging to a tree woodpecker style, you may know you are looking at a sapsucker. The bird is so named from its habit of boring holes into the bark of trees so that it may drink the sap that drips out. It also secures insects that are attracted to the sap. In Banning I have seen a very beautiful sapsucker—the red-breasted.

A flicker is said to be so named from its call, "Fli-a, fli-a, fli-a." It is a large tan-colored bird with spotted breast, marked by a wide black crescent. The red-shafted flicker is the one we have here. The salmon-red on the under side of wings and tail shows distinctly when in flight; also showing distinctly in flight is a large white spot on the rump. A red mark, generally known as the moustache mark, extends from the base of the bill downward beneath the eye. Flickers feed much of the time on the ground for they are great ant eaters. They thrust their long tongues into ant hills and draw out their prey. They also eat insects found in the bark of trees. The red-shafted flicker and Lewis' woodpecker remain with us throughout the year, but the sapsuckers spend their summers in higher altitudes.

The male Brewer's blackbird is the very glossy blackbird with the lemon-colored eyes, sitting, toward evening, on a telephone wire beside his brownish mate with dark eyes. These birds make chattering sounds as they

are joined by small flocks advancing from different directions. All day long these blackbirds have been gleaning insects and weed seeds (for they are omnivorous) from alfalfa and other fields. They and the meadowlarks are found in the same fields, assisting the farmer while they help themselves.

We have three species of goldfinches now in Banning. The willow goldfinch, also known as the common goldfinch, is sometimes incorrectly called the wild canary. In winter it is a dull little bird with two white bars on its black wings and without a cap, but with the spring molt it puts on its nuptial plumage. The male becomes bright yellow with black wings crossed by white bars and is resplendent in a black cap. The female is still an inconspicuous bird. The green-backed goldfinch also remains in Banning all winter. The male of this species retains its black cap throughout the year. In a strong light one may see that the bird's back is dull olive-green, wing-bars rather indistinct. Early in April Lawrence's goldfinch returned from the south to our locality. It is more gray than the other goldfinches mentioned, but easy to identify. A patch of black extends from the forehead of the male through the chin to the throat, giving the bird a black face. Again, the female is not distinctly marked. Goldfinches are great weed seed eaters, being especially fond of the seeds of the thistle and the dandelion.

The California shrike is the very interesting gray bird with a black line through the eye that you often see sitting on the telephone or fence wires. It is often mistaken for the mockingbird. The name shrike, or butcher bird, well fits its larger relative, the northern shrike, which really does kill and eat small birds and hangs any not immediately needed on thorns. But our California shrike is a beneficial bird, feeding almost entirely upon grasshoppers and other insects.

Wrens seem to be scarce in Banning. Although I have looked carefully around brush piles and roots of trees, where wrens delight to hunt for insects, I have discovered but one individual of each of two species—Bewick's and the western house wren. Bewick's is the more beautiful. The house wren is a very plain little brown bird, but very active. As you likely know, most birds mate for the breeding season only and raise one, or at most two, broods a year. From records compiled by Mr. Baldwin, of Gates Mills, Ohio, it was learned that the house wren raises two to three broods a year and generally has a different mate for each brood. In contrast are the mating habits of the Canada goose. It mates for life.

During the last week in January this year, looking north I saw a wedge of geese directly in front of the mountains, flying west. I could not distinguish color or identification marks through my binoculars, but felt sure from their manner of flight that some at least were Canada geese. Mr. Hendrick, upon looking at the flock through the glasses, said that he caught a glimpse of white on the last two. That would indicate that those were snow geese. Since the Canada geese and the snow geese often travel together, both species may have been in the wedge we saw. When at Elsinore two weeks previously I saw a number of lesser Canada geese.

On the top of a high hill on Indian School Road are many eucalyptus trees which appear to be dead. On February 16 I was surprised to see on the slender bare trees pigeons sitting so close together that they appeared

to overlap as do turtles when sunning themselves on a log in a swamp. The pigeons were in such numbers that the trees were bent with their weight. Small flocks kept coming in to join those already roosting. Some flew directly over my head, so I distinctly saw that in shape and color these were much like our bluish barnyard pigeons. Their tails were straight, but rounded at the corners and tipped with a wide grayish band. Occasionally I could see the light colored crescent that marks the nape of the neck. I now knew that these were the band-tailed pigeons such as I had seen last year on Mt. Laguna, east of San Diego. Without doubt they had come down from the mountains to seek food, following our three days of very cold stormy weather. Very likely their favorite food, which is acorns, was covered with snow. That week the Banning *Live Wire* gave a most interesting account of a flock of between five and six thousand of such pigeons seen feeding on a freshly disced barley field at Midway. On March 8, I read in the Los Angeles *Times* that band-tailed pigeons had descended on newly planted barley fields in northern Santa Barbara and San Luis Obispo Counties in such numbers that loss of the barley crop was threatened. The article said the owners of the land had secured from the Federal Government permits to kill the hordes. These pigeons have been carefully protected by law, for at one time they were almost exterminated, due to the fact that hunters killed them off faster than they reproduced. Dawson states in his book, "The Birds of California," that the band-tailed pigeons probably mate but once a year and that only one egg is deposited. I have kept a record of the number I have seen each time I passed their favorite roost. The greatest number I saw at any time was 700 on March 22. April 19 they were still there—that is, 19 were. But since this is the date on which we found the nest of the bush-tit, I may have neglected during our hunt for the nest to keep strict watch for pigeons flying in overhead. It seems that these birds are very erratic in their selection of a locality in which to spend the winter, and so it may be some years before the band-tailed pigeons again visit us. The mourning dove is the tan-colored dove that hunters shoot during the open season. Its pointed tail identifies it immediately.

Since the last day of February, almost every time I have been birding near the hills I have seen or heard California, or valley, quail. They are now so tame they often stand in the middle of the road to take a good look at me before they run or fly to cover. The California quail is our State Bird.

May 8, at sundown, while enjoying the fragrance of roses and the riot of color of a beautiful flower garden, the thrilling song of the black-headed grosbeak added to my pleasure. Several species of hummingbirds dashed about, pausing from time to time to sip from tiny cups filled with sweetened water, or to rest on a low-hung wire. One hummer (Costa's) remained on the wire within a few feet of a lady's face while she talked to it. The lady told me that the Arizona hooded oriole had not been satisfied to drink the cups of sugar-water dry, but had actually pulled out and carried away several of the cups. Since Bullock's oriole is also a frequent visitor to the sugar-water, it, too, probably aided in the theft of the cups.

Banning is east of the direct north and south migration route of birds. Although many do come to us after spending the winter farther south or the summer farther north, the greatest migration here seems to be

altitudinal. Many birds visit us for the winter and ascend to higher levels to nest, returning from the mountains to this locality in the fall.

A word of warning: If you are a beginner in bird study and are unable to identify a bird you see, write down, while looking at the bird, its size and color, the head, breast and wing markings, and note what the bird was doing. Then show your notes to someone who would probably be able to help you. Don't try to remember what the bird looked like or try to describe it without your notes. I have heard descriptions of birds so peculiar that I knew they inhabited neither land nor sea. I recently received a card from a friend living near Pasadena, saying, "What bird is it that keeps calling 'O.K., O.K., O.K.'? I have been unable to find the bird, but I know it is right near by in the trees." She continued, "I had just finished writing this when a neighbor came in. I asked her what bird kept calling 'O.K., O.K., O.K.' 'Why,' she exclaimed, 'That is Johnson's parrot that they let loose every day to fly about the trees.'"

☞ ☞ ☞

Adventure in a Knot-hole

By Verna R. Johnston

IN THE spring of 1941 I had an interesting experience with a pair of tufted titmice. I had been trying for two years to find a titmouse's nest in central Illinois, but had had no luck. Finally, on May 11, 1941, I located the much-prized nest twenty feet up in the knot-hole of a white oak, and began to



Tufted Titmouse

take notes on it at regular intervals. On May 19, the eighth day of my observations, as I approached the nest site, I could hear from a considerable distance loud, desperate scolding and protesting notes from the two parent titmice. Usually they made no noise other than their "peto-peto" song and soft scolding notes. I set my ladder against the tree amid their squeaking cries and began to climb. One of the titmice flew to the nest hole, perched a few seconds, and flew away, still scolding strenuously. I reached the top of the ladder, shinned the distance to a large limb and pulled out my flashlight. I flashed the light into the hole and looked a pilot black snake

straight in the eyes! I was startled and the snake probably was too, for it continued to stare into the light for several minutes, then turned its head toward the end of the hollow knot-hole where the seven eggs had been resting—and I could guess the rest! All this time the helpless titmice were frantically flitting back and forth between the nest and nearby trees, calling loudly but hopelessly. In about four minutes I noticed wriggling movements inside the hole and made out the snake's body crawling upward inside what apparently was an entire hollow trunk. When the tail had disappeared from view, I flashed my light on the spot where the eggs had lain the previous day. It was now bare! The dirty work had been done thoroughly.

As I shinned down the trunk to my ladder, one of the titmice flew into the tree with a green caterpillar in its bill. It flew to the hole, looked in, and flew away screeching bitterly. The food in its bill made me wonder whether the eggs of the previous day had hatched that morning and given the marauding snake a meal of young birds instead of eggs. One way or the other, my opportunity for observing a titmouse nesting cycle had gone with the wind!

Berwyn, Illinois



Bluebird Houses in Missouri

WE HAVE received a copy of a letter written by Mr. A. C. Burrill, Curator of the Missouri Resources Museum, to Dr. T. E. Musselman, of Quincy, whose work with bluebirds in his part of Illinois is well known. The *Bulletin* is happy to have had even a small part in the launching of the campaign described in the following paragraphs:

"Your recent long letter was much appreciated and most welcome. I immediately carried it over to the Governor's wife, Mrs. Donnell, but she was out of the city and I have waited to hear from her. The Mansion windows are very high on the drive but they wanted the box up where the Governor could see it from his desk without having to get up from his chair.

"I put my box on a fencepost just as you said and got my bluebirds. Everybody says the cats will get them that low. I even watched a fox squirrel on top of the box, although barbed wire is strung over the tops of the posts and under the box, and even watch robins chase the father bird, but they stay there.

"The State Highway Department will permit bluebird houses anywhere in our state on highway fenceposts, and the State Garden Clubs have taken up our Boy Scout campaign of 5,000 N. Y. A. bluebird houses and are now making several thousand more under the women's drive to build bluebird trails from Cape Girardeau to St. Louis and on to Sedalia, and over Highway 50 from coast to coast. They expect to get their houses up before their convention in Sedalia in May.

"Your article some years back in the Illinois Audubon Bulletin stirred me up. I then stirred up the N. Y. A. and Boy Scouts, and a friend of mine in the Garden Club stirred her members up. You should take some credit for this."

Summer in the Country

By BERTHA E. JAKUES

Following are some further selections from "A Country Quest," by Mrs. Jaques, describing June at their summer home in Michigan.

JUNE

Do you know what the sleepy sounds of the country are? I will tell you some of them; a blue bottle fly buzzing against the screen; a mourning dove's coo down in the woods; the moo of a distant cow and the tinkle of her bell; the gee-whoa-haw of the plowman over the hill; the crowing of a rooster in the middle of a warm afternoon.

In August I will tell you of the hottest sound there is. Just now, Somnolent One, I want to give you some of the joyful sounds of these rare June days. First of all is the redbird's ringing "Whatcheer"—enough to make a mummy stir in its wrappings. The piercingly sweet early call of the meadowlark. The gay "kwonk-a-ree" of the red-winged blackbird in his flight over the marshes. In spite of all the derogatory things said of him, I find inspiration in a certain vigorous call of the blue jay which reminds me of Brunnhilde in Die Walkure. Bob-white is cordial, cheerful and insistent, but does not want to be caught at it. The white-throated sparrow seems to be an absent-minded bird and frequently leaves his notes suspended in air while he investigates something on the under side of a leaf.

The call of the flicker and red-headed woodpecker is not so joyful as it is warlike and stirring. Topping a flagpole across the road is a tin ball as large as a bushel basket, though it looks no bigger than a baseball from here. For two years this has been the signal station and lookout post for red-heads and flickers. They drum their rat-a-tat-tat upon it just as assiduously now as when first discovered. Probably not one despairs of penetrating the obviously hollow ball in the hope of finding a vast store of delicacies. * * * *

This has been a glorious morning for the birds, showing they are not depressed by the continuous muttering of thunder and the quiet grayness that precedes a rain. The brown thrashers have the field both as to numbers and song; it must be a coming out party for several families. The young ones flirted and played as only young things can, while the fathers made the welkin ring—whatever that is.

I began to think the brown thrasher might deserve the worm for the most glorious singer when my catbird softly alighted on a branch of the wild cherry tree near me and seemed to say: "Don't be misled by the dramatic performances of the thrasher—my only rival. His song is throaty and he sings with more vigor than taste. You have heard the metallic and shuttle-like song of the indigo bunting; the oriole has whistled his characteristic and dogmatic remark; the robins have called for rain that anyone can see is coming; the white-throat has uttered his sweet note; the wood pewee has told you about his "mis-a-ree"; the flicker and redhead have called each other names from the top of the telegraph pole; the redbird has urged you to "cheerup" and the wren has twittered unceasingly. Now listen

to me; I will sing you all these songs and add a few inventions of my own."

Then he fluffed his little throat, slightly drooped his wings, opened and spread his tail nervously and took all the solo parts in the opera, embroidering them with a colorature that made all the other singers sound second rate. Suddenly he paused and inserted a rapid "Rack-a-chicker, rack-a-chicker" like the squeaking of machinery; then as if amused with his experiment he went off in an ecstasy of trills and bubblings-over of pure merriment. That trait in my catbird that so many condemn as unprofessional, is one reason I love him so. It shows a fine sense of humor—and that is a saving sense. Nor is it to his discredit that he can meow like a cat, or that he calls mournfully for "Ma-ree" occasionally. What other bird can do it?

For some time I have been engrossed in statistics of a lively sort and am now prepared to give some observations concerning the successful conduct of a free lunch counter. On general principles I am opposed to giving something for nothing, but in this experiment my returns in satisfaction have more than equalled my output. My equipment for business required no great expenditure of money. From the woodpile I rescued an old carpenter's sawhorse that could yet stand on its four legs. On one end of this I nailed a board two feet square, edged with a quarter round moulding. Near bushes and overhanging trees this stands about fifteen feet from my hammock on the screened porch.

Here my patrons—which I may not have mentioned are the birds—help themselves in the order of precedence, a rule that is well recognized and maintained. All the kinds of food we have the birds have tried.

It ought to interest you, Birdless One, that of all things offered the favorite dish is cottage cheese, which disappears first and quickest. As I can make very good cheese—if I DO say it as shouldn't—plenty of left over milk keeps the lunch counter well supplied. Any new color or shape of food excites suspicion at first, but the daring bird that partakes gives confidence to the rest. One day I put out the remains of baked macaroni. A grackle lighting in his accustomed place jumped from the board as if he had stepped on something dangerous. Eyeing the macaroni nervously, he finally gave it a peck and nothing happened. It tasted like more. So he ate it generously and flew off to his family with a bunch dangling on either side of his bill.

Some unimaginative person may suggest that it is no kindness to the birds to cultivate tastes for food not normally supplied by Nature, but why deny birds occasional excursions into epicurean realms just because they are birds. The most generous meals are supplied early in the season when Nature is short and her pantry empty; through the summer, even cottage cheese is passed up for fruit and insects.

The tyranny seen in our city English sparrows disappears here where they are outnumbered by larger birds, and it gives me particular satisfaction to see them meekly picking up crumbs that fall from the table.

Catbirds and thrashers divide honors, each driving the other away in turn. Robins seldom visit the table except through curiosity to see what is there and to drink from the dish. The towhee looks about on the table

critically, but much prefers to hunt on the ground and under leaves for what he wants.

The grackles give way only to the sudden and swift descent of a blue jay or red-headed woodpecker. All of them have atrocious table manners. They are all greedy, selfish, and gobble while they gabble. It is hopeless to expect reform as long as the world is a battle ground, to them, for food. Just now the situation is intensified by the large number of families growing up about here. Competition is fierce and that is always hard on manners or morals. A grackle couple after making many trips from the counter to their nest brought four rusty young ones to the board where, side by side and ankle deep in food, the parents stuffed them full.

You will discover the fact, Intuitive One, and I may as well admit it: I detest grackles from the cradle to the grave. In asking for food the young ones act as if their collars were too tight and make a noise as if they were choking to death. This is harrowing even when I know the noise is in the cause of life and not death. They have a cruel yellow eye stuck on their heads like buttons and there is no music in their selfish souls. They are natural born thieves and I have no doubt they lie in their transactions with each other. Their very name is untrue for they pose as black-birds and they are not black. I will say for the father that his iridescent necktie is beautiful, but not another good thing about the grackle will I admit.

In the spring he is the farmer's friend; in the autumn he is an enemy. When the Doctor plows the orchard a long procession of grackles follow sedately in the furrow behind him picking up myriads of grubs and worms; but the last one never remains last for fear he is missing something. He flies to the front for the first chance at the choice morsels, and the next one in the rear does the same like children going to the head of a spelling class.

With the beginning of small fruits until corn is ripe, the grackles help themselves without reserve. As they are clannish and always go in large flocks, their depredations are all the more concerted and effectual. When a grackle carries anything away from the table he invariably selects the biggest thing in sight and utters a sharp "check," which would lead one to think he had a meal ticket and wanted it punched.

The most disreputable patron I have is a bald-headed grackle of uncertain age. His yellow eye on the side of his skinny head gives him the appearance of having run the entire gamut of life. But for all of his meanness, I am willing to give the grackle credit for being smart. Only a smart bird would know enough to soak a crust of bread in water. As I stood watching one of the little pools, down came a grackle with a large crust of hard bread in his beak; he dropped it in the edge of the pool and kept one claw on it while he looked around as if to say, "Nothing doing; just soaking my feet." When the bread was soft he ate part of it and flew away with the rest. Grackles carry from the counter an unbroken cracker, while every other bird will pick it to pieces.

One of my most welcome callers at lunch is bob-white, who is a perfect gentleman; so is his wife. They do not hop on the table and wade in the

food, but daintily and shyly pick up what falls on the ground. When putting out the mixed chicken feed I see that corn and other grains are liberally scattered where Bob can find it, and his clear whistle is my reward; but it does not convey the same impression to all persons. A young woman told me someone was trying to flirt with her and I found it was innocent bob-white. We do not neglect him in winter for Si is commissioned to leave grain in sheltered spots where the quail can find it, and they do.

Whether an oriole or a catbird regards a delicious section of melon on the feeding table in early June as anything unusual, will forever remain a conjecture with us; but if actions speak, they regard it as something worth fighting for. The oriole is the only bird that has ever been a match for the aggressive and dictatorial redhead. When he swept swiftly and grandly from his special perch on a knot of an ash to the table, with his usual raucous and curt invitation to depart, the oriole, who was just dipping beakfuls of the melon with relish, merely spread his orange and black tail, shook his wings menacingly, answered in a more polite but perfectly convincing way and went on eating melon. The astonished redhead flew at once to his perch and clung there, looking down at the table in evident surprise, as if it was all a mistake.

Catbirds help pick the last shred of melon clinging to the shell, but eat longer at fruits with an acid flavor. They make the neatest cups of the half of an apple, however sour; and strawberries disappear like magic. All the birds will pick at a banana, after they have once tasted. These are merely tidbits for testing, and do not grace the banquet board after Nature provides berries and fruits.

It is during the nesting season that the birds are the most constant visitors. If you will watch a robin intently eyeing the ground and collecting food, and remember what his own needs are supposed to be, then multiply that by three or four, a modest lunch table in a group of sassafras trees will appear like something sent by Providence. It is curious he will eat heartily of crackers and soaked bread, but I have never seen him touch any of the grain. Grackles, as I have intimated, refuse nothing and eat everything, and take as much as they can carry away.

Providing bottle goods for the birds may be going too far, but the results have been so entertaining—to both of us—that I am prepared to defend my proffered dissipations. Nor will I deny subterfuge and deceit practiced on the confiding birds. Why shouldn't a common tiny homeopathic bottle be made to look like a flower, which it does when petals of red silk ribbon are sewed around the neck of it? Suspended by a thread several inches long from a twig, and filled to the brim by the best strained honey, what ruby-throated hummingbird would refuse to drink? Not one around the place. But it was a shock to find out that these dainty creatures are just as selfish as all the other birds, and even fiercer fighters. One jab from their long sharp bills is all any bird wants to come up with, and they seem fearless. So, after clinging to the lip of the bottle and drinking deeply, the valiant hummer will sit on a near twig and guard his bottle from all intruders.

Character is as distinctly discernible in the babies as in the parent

birds. Young robins are heavy, phlegmatic, clumsy and have little to say beyond a fluttering of their wings and opening to its limit their yellow leathery throats. Those in the grape vine nest have done nothing for ten days but sleep and eat; now they are picking at their feathers and looking around, occasionally stretching their wings and legs in their crowded quarters. When full grown they become more active and tag after their parents with a nagging little cry until I should think the mother would cuff their ears, but she doesn't.

If the spirit of play is given to all young things, the birds have it too; I know the robins have. For a half an hour I watched a young one amuse himself by the ravine pool, jumping forward and picking up a small stick, flipping it in the air and running after it when it fell a foot away. Time after time he tweaked the stick about until it fell in the water. In he waded, jabbed at his plaything and threw it out. Next a dry oak leaf caught his attention and he whisked that about for a while. Then, as if warm from his exercise, he waded into the pool and had a good bath, splashing the water so vigorously that it could be heard some distance away. On a low limb of an overhanging beech, I left him combing his feathers with his bill and shaking his mussed plumage into the semblance of a neat bird.

The wren babies are very active, nervous and noisy. They ruffle themselves into little round balls until they look a third larger than their trim parents. Every instant while waiting for food, they utter a sharp buzzing "czst" like the cicada's drill broken into bits.

Young catbirds show the highly nervous organization of their parents and are insistent for food when the parents are in sight; left alone, they subside into a semi-alert position like a cocked rifle ready to fire at the first whir of wings.

It has always seemed a privilege just to see a Baltimore oriole fly through the orchard. His orange and black coat glints among the leaves like a flame, giving rise to his other common name of firebird. He is refined and high bred in his manners; his song is clear, decided and stated with fluency as well as conviction. Do not think you know the oriole when you have learned one song; he has many, with variations, which he delights to surprise you with. I hear a new call and search diligently for the bird only to find an oriole. There is a petulant noise in the thicket and an oriole flies out. His vocabulary nearly equals that of the robin, who leads in his ability to express his emotions. This spring the orioles have recognized our advantages and a silky gray nest like a bag hangs from the wild cherry over my porch.

Bird parents must be gifted with supernal faith and unlimited love, else they would fly in dismay at the sight of their naked fledglings; uglier young things I know not of. How a father oriole can look at his half grown youngster and believe the dirty drab feathers will ever change to his own royal plumage, or that the sharp querulous "cheep" may ever develop into a tuneful voice is more than I can understand. Last evening my supper grew cold while I watched for half an hour a father oriole struggle manfully to fill the yawning cavern of his nearly grown baby.

It sat on the porch six feet away from my window quite oblivious to the motionless watcher inside. The baby had well developed wings, but no tail. Tufts of fuzz still protruded from his dull colored feathers and a bunch on either side of his small bald head gave him a clownish and comical appearance. His small eyes were bleary and blinky. With monotonous regularity his wide mouth opened and shut on a complaining "cheep," or perhaps he meant cheap.

Before I saw the flash of orange, the little fluff-ball would spread his wings, point his bill heavenward and increase his cheeps to rapid "dee-dee-dee's." Into this bottomless pit went the father's bill from one to seven times. Winged insects there were and dangling worms. How he could collect such a crop without losing what he had, and then apportion it out so skillfully, was a marvel. Several times it appeared as if he picked an article out of his son's throat and put it back again. Far be it from me to accuse a gentleman of imposing upon the confiding and open nature of his offspring by feeding him the same worm twice, but it certainly was a queer proceeding.

At intervals of half to two minutes this stuffing process went on with no cessation of cheeps and no apparent bulging of contents—such is the well known capacity of a growing bird. It is said a robin eats two and a half times his own weight each day, and this diet includes about fourteen feet of earth worms, a statement which the scientists will have to verify, as I cannot. Both the orioles and wrens have walked all over my porch screens collecting spiders, moths, crane flies and white cocoons, which they peel off skillfully. It is, indeed, a strenuous life the bird families are leading these glorious June days.



THE ILLINOIS AUDUBON SOCIETY welcomes Dr. T. H. Frison, Chief of the Illinois State Natural History Survey, as a member of its Board of Directors. Dr. Frison was elected at the June meeting to serve for three years and the Society feels honored by his acceptance. Earl G. Wright, now a resident of Green Bay, Wis., submitted his resignation and the Board loses a valued member.



Guests of a Tampa Bay Game Warden

By ESTHER A. CRAIGMILE

BIRD PROTECTION in the rookeries near Tampa has for many years been sponsored by Dr. and Mrs. H. R. Mills, of Shoreacres, Florida. April 9, 1942, Mrs. Mills conducted an interested group of Bird and Tree Circle members of the St. Petersburg Garden Club to the area. Mr. Fred Schultz, the game warden, met us in South Tampa. He had parked his motor boat and trailer among the mangroves, since there was no pier. Reluctantly the party left myriads of fiddler crabs on the shore and, with slacks rolled above the knees, paddled to the trailer.

Prairie warblers vied in defying us, "You can't find my little nest." A clapper rail called in the mangroves. We first skirted about an island

rookery which once had 250 nests, but now has 10,000 nests since warden patrol was initiated. Brown pelicans sat on their nests high in the trees; American egrets carried twigs to their nests; snowy egrets sheltered their nests with outspread wings from the hot noonday sun; flocks of little blue herons rose as the trailer guests passed by (they would have paid no attention to the warden); while ticking notes, like the young of the black-crowned night heron, came from some areas. Both black- and yellow-crowned night herons were abundant. Ward's herons nested in January, so were all well developed. Louisiana herons were numerous and conspicuous. A fish crow and black vultures flew about, no doubt acting as scavengers for the neglected nestling herons that had fallen from the nests. Toward evening flocks of graceful white ibis came sailing in to the rookery, and as we skirted the island they took flight—at least 1500 of them, Warden Schultz estimated. What a sight!

For several hours we were the guests of Mr. Schultz on Whiskey Stump Island. His first shack among the pines had been rendered unsafe by termites, but a more durable one has been erected of cypress, which is termite proof. On one occasion when the warden handed his carefully prepared report to Dr. Mills the paper fell in shreds, due to termites. His experiences in bird protection were thrilling. I had found Warden Chandler, of the Okeechobee region, very reticent in referring to unpleasant experiences. Sometimes Mr. Schultz has been under a fire of shot for hours, but escaped. Doctors, lawyers and government officials are the worst offenders.

Mr. Schultz has had time to think during his patrol duty. He believes, and I think rightly so, that collectors need to be curbed. He often observes those who "take" killing a rare species, then throwing it into the bushes. In most cases more careful study with binoculars would settle the identity. Bird banding, too, has largely served its purpose. Routes of migration have been determined now, so why carry on a practice which in rookeries often causes the death of many nestling birds. A winter visitor in Gulfport expressed the same opinion to me. He had fed 60 pounds of seed to cardinals and quail and was quite irate on seeing quail hobbling about after an experience with an enthusiastic bird bander.

Mr. Schultz has a unique feeding station for warblers and other insectivorous birds. On a shelf were citrus fruits cut in half, where bred many fruit flies. This lure attracted several species. Parula and prairie warblers were present. A gray kingbird, much exhausted from flight, perched near the cabin. A few purple martins were inspecting the gourds and martin house.

Great credit is due Dr. and Mrs. Mills for this project which has cost them \$30,000, but which has protected the Tampa Bay rookeries. We rejoice that the National Audubon Society has now assumed responsibility for the work.

March 9 and 10 I spent on an Audubon tour under the direction of Alexander Sprunt, Jr. We toured the east side of Lake Okeechobee one day and visited the Kissimmee Prairies the next. Mr. Sprunt is a delightful, competent guide, a friend of A. Bailey, and not unlike him except for a southern (S. C.) accent. Seven of us in a Plymouth station wagon of the

National Audubon Society moved along the roads at 10 to 15 miles per hour, stopping where wildlife was abundant. A telescope on a tripod supplemented our binoculars.

You should have seen us wading knee deep to see a Florida crane's nest. It was like a muskrat heap, with only one egg (usually two). We saw three adult cranes. Poor burrowing owls had nesting holes full of water for the second time this year.

Limpkins cried like spanked nigger babies (a Sprunt description). We finally saw three feeding beside the road. Ten caracaras paraded or flew close to us at different times during the first day. Thousands of white ibises in flight met me outside the city of Okeechobee as if to welcome a Chicago ornithologist. Beautiful glossy ibises fed close to the highway. Snowy and American egrets were everywhere. Little blue, Louisiana, yellow-crowned, black-crowned, and Ward's (great blue) herons were legion.

On a highway north of town, in a cypress swamp (Cypress Run, Taylor Creek), we saw the red-cockaded woodpecker and the brown-headed nuthatch for the first time. I glimpsed the pileated twice. The yellow-throated warbler of the south delighted us. It is not to be confused with the Florida yellow-throat with its "witchity" song. The anhingas appeared at the last moment, much to our delight.

Following is a list of species seen during my four months in Florida: Common loon, pied-billed grebe, white pelican, brown pelican, cormorant, water-turkey (anhinga), man-o'-war-bird, Ward's heron, American and snowy egrets, Louisiana, little blue, green, black-crowned night and yellow-crowned night herons, American bittern, wood, glossy and white ibises, mallard, Florida duck, baldpate, blue-winged teal, shoveller, ring-neck and scaup ducks, American and red-breasted mergansers, turkey and black vultures, red-tailed hawk, bald eagle, marsh hawk, osprey, Audubon's caracara, sparrow hawk, bob-white, Florida crane, limpkin, king and clapper rails, Florida gallinule, coot, oyster catcher, piping, semipalmated, Wilson's and black-bellied plovers, killdeer, ruddy turnstone, Wilson's snipe, Hudsonian curlew, spotted sandpiper, willet, greater and lesser yellow-legs, knot, dowitcher, pectoral, least and semipalmated sandpipers, sanderling, herring, ring-billed and laughing gulls, Forster's, common, least, royal and Caspian terns, black skimmer, mourning and ground doves, screech owl, chuck-will's-widow, nighthawk, chimney swift, ruby-throated hummingbird, belted kingfisher, flicker, pileated, red-bellied, red-headed, downy and red-cockaded woodpeckers, yellow-bellied sapsucker, eastern and gray kingbirds, crested flycatcher, phoebe, tree, rough-winged and barn swallows, purple martin, blue jay, crow, fish crow, chickadee, tufted titmouse, brown-headed nuthatch, house wren, Carolina wren, mockingbird, catbird, brown thrasher, robin, hermit thrush, bluebird, blue-gray gnatcatcher, ruby- and golden-crowned kinglets, cedar waxwing, loggerhead shrike, white-eyed, yellow-throated and blue-headed vireos, black and white, prothonotary, parula, yellow-throated, pine, prairie and palm warblers, English sparrow, meadowlark, red-winged blackbird, boat-tailed and Florida grackles, cardinal, goldfinch, towhee, and Savannah and song sparrows.

La Grange, Illinois

Aims of the

ILLINOIS AUDUBON SOCIETY



THE SOCIETY was organized in 1897 for the study and protection of wild bird life, and with the following as its objectives and principles:

FIRST: To create and keep alive a consciousness of, and to encourage the study of, our native wild birds.

SECOND: To disseminate knowledge of the birds and their economic value to our agriculture and forests through literature, pictures, lectures, and any other available means.

THIRD: To conserve as far as possible their natural environment, and to work for their safety through education and the betterment and enforcement of State and Federal laws relating to birds.

FOURTH: To establish, and to assist to the best of our ability in the establishment of, bird sanctuaries in Illinois.

FIFTH: To interest children through the schools.

SIXTH: To discourage in every possible way the destruction of wild birds and their eggs, or the wearing of any feathers other than those of domestic fowl.

You know what an important part birds play, protecting crops and all plant life from the attacks of insect pests, and adding to the music of the out-of-doors and to its color and beauty. The economic and aesthetic values of birds demand that the most thoughtful and far-reaching effort be exerted for their protection. We ask you to consider our cause and to join us in an effort to realize the ends toward which we work. All fees and bequests other than those paid annually are held in an Endowment Fund, only the income from which is used for current needs. No officer or director is paid and all money received is used for the advancement of the aims of the Society.



MEMBERSHIP FEES ARE AS FOLLOWS:

<i>Active members</i>	\$2.00 annually
<i>Contributing members</i>	5.00 annually
<i>Sustaining members</i>	\$ 25.00
<i>Life members</i>	100.00
<i>Benefactors</i>	500.00
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Nesting Notes on the Whip-poor-will and Nighthawk

By VERNA R. JOHNSTON

ON MAY 8, 1942, I set out on a field trip along the Sangamon River near Cerro Gordo, Illinois, (14 miles northeast of Decatur) and chanced to discover a whip-poor-will's nest. I send these notes on it for whatever interesting data they may contain.

The nest was located thirty feet inside a forested area, amid osage orange trees, gooseberry and hazelnut shrubs. It contained two white eggs with a few brown spots, laid on some leaves on the ground, not even a depression apparent. The female flushed when I approached within six feet, her buffy tail feathers spread as she silently flew to a slanting tree trunk fifteen feet away and sat watching me. She rested on the tree in a position parallel to the trunk, not crosswise as most birds do. When incubating, she sat in such a position that she resembled perfectly an extension of a log which lay on the ground a few inches from the nest. If I came right up to the nest, she flew low out of sight into the brush farther away. At no time did the bird make any sound or show anything other than timidity on my intrusion of her nesting territory. I saw only the female on or around the nest.

These observations were of special interest to me because I had watched a Howell's nighthawk nest in the Colorado Rockies in the summer of 1941, and was eager to compare the nesting of these related birds. The nighthawk's nest was located in an open spot of an aspen-lodgepole pine forest and consisted of a mere depression in the sandy, rocky soil, two eggs present on July 9. The eggs were much darker than the whip-poor-will's, being gray with heavy black splotches. They blended in perfectly with the background and were next to impossible to find when the bird was off the nest. Even when a parent was incubating and I knew almost the exact location of the nest, I was forced to focus my eyes sharply on the spot for a few seconds before I could separate the bird from its background.

On July 11 the eggs hatched and after that the nighthawk did not move until I came within three feet of the nest; then it did not fly at once but opened its mouth and gave a hissing sound, the wide gape making it look quite fierce. As I kept coming very slowly, it finally flushed, and, still hissing, half dragged one wing as it fluttered and floundered a few feet away, appearing to urge me to follow. When I did not follow, it zigzagged

low a short distance away and sat on the sand watching me. Several times, as I stooped over the nest, it flew near and fluttered and hissed desperately. This behavior contrasted sharply with the shyness of the whip-poor-will. However, the difference in birds' protection of their young and of eggs is very great, and on that score it is unfair to compare these two species at non-corresponding periods in their nesting cycle.



Nighthawk

CHICAGO ACADEMY OF SCIENCES PHOTO

I inspected the nighthawk's nest at eleven a.m. on July 11. When I returned at two p.m. on the same day, the young had been moved five feet from the original nest site. The incubating bird hissed and fluttered as described above. A visit on July 14 found the two young nighthawks moved again, about fifteen feet away this time. Their eyes were now open and their feathers growing rapidly. Three days later they could not be found in the nest vicinity.

Berwyn, Illinois



Birdlife at Lake Merritt—1941

By ESTHER ANN CRAIGMILE

HAVING WITNESSED the duck hunting in the tules along the Klamath River and the grain fields along Lower Klamath Lake in southern Oregon, it was interesting to spend a day at Lake Merritt where the waterfowl were without fear. To find a bird haven in the heart of a city like Oakland, California, is unique indeed.

I arrived toward noon, October 22, and found flocks of ruddy ducks,

with white cheeks, black caps, and perky, stuck-up tails, close to the north shore. I joined the proverbial boy of five and his mother from a neighboring apartment house. He had a sack of dry bread and began to feed the coots which flocked around him, eating eagerly from his hands. The mute swans and cygnets were hungry, too, and one must guard against being nipped on the ankle by these giant birds.

A constant stream of visitors came with food for the hungry flocks. Kaffir corn and crumbs were rapidly devoured by coots, ducks, swans and wild geese. Pintail ducks flocked around, their white vests resembling men in dress suits. Mallards began to arrive at the feeding station soon after noon, many of these noisy fellows nesting on the island in the lake. The American widgeon, or baldpate, was in the minority, but still conspicuous. One redhead and one shoveller were perfectly at home in the group. Wild geese were just as unafraid as the ducks and crowded close to any food offered. There were several Canada, white-fronted, snow, Hutchin's and Ross's geese, and they would doubtless attract many of their kind during migrations.

Several Farallon cormorants perched on posts out in the lake, flying occasionally. Gulls were numerous—herring, ring-billed, and California. Forster terns did not mingle with the throng. A few pied-billed grebes were noted. Roger Tory Peterson's guide helped settle difficult problems and I found two office girls earnestly scanning its pages, as did I.

Land birds were numerous among the shrubs. Toyon berries were brilliant red. Golden-crowned sparrows, Gambel's (white-crowned with pink bill), English, and song sparrows were conspicuous. Linnets were noisy. Brewer's blackbirds were omnipresent, and another that I classified as a cowbird. It resembled the Brewer's, but lacked the yellowish-white eye. Bush-tits and myrtle warblers were much in evidence. A sharp-shinned hawk darted through the shrubs and trees making the most of the opportunities offered by the smaller migrants, just as the marsh hawk frequents the tules and grain fields along Klamath Lake and River, feasting on dead and injured fowl left by the hunters.

At 3:30 the colored attendant staggered out to the feeding ground around an open pool with 100 pounds of kaffir corn. The regular ration is 125 pounds, but someone had appropriated the difference. Hungry guests had been waiting for hours for just that signal. There was a bedlam of noise and confusion as the whistle was blown several times. Late arrivals came winging in. How eagerly they all ate! Mallards were most vociferous. Ruddy ducks and coots did not participate in the feast. The food was equally distributed in the pool and on the land. Many spectators arrived just in time to witness the scene. Some were attracted by the pigeon fanciers, who were literally covered by the birds. You might easily imagine that you were in a Roman city.

As I left the lake I wondered why other cities with a water front do not have similar bird havens. Jack Miner feeds the Canada geese, but this was a far more cosmopolitan group of birds, and in the heart of Oakland, too. Great praise is due the Lake Merritt Breakfast Club for such a worth while enterprise.

Some Highlights

By AMY G. BALDWIN

IN YEARS gone by it was my idea that "birding" stopped with the end of the spring migration, and maybe was taken up again through the fall migration. But since 1929 birding has been extended until for me it now runs throughout the year, and there really isn't a month that doesn't bring its reward. These rewards, or highlights, oftentimes come in the form of some unusual bird seen, an especially fine clump of Jack-in-the-pulpit, hoar frost on a field of weeds, or a beautiful display of snow on the evergreens. If it were not for going into the great outdoors after birds one can see how many other treasures one would miss.

In the spring the quest was for the great horned owl at the Dunes in March, but though everything seemed suitable, a quiet, peaceful night with clouds passing over the moon, the owl was not in a mood to make himself heard. Next day while exploring a blow-out, I climbed to a ridge and, before I could look around, a great owl flew by with considerable speed, up and away over a still higher dune, and was lost to sight.

While at Morton Arboretum February 11, a hermit thrush was a very early record. A lovely flock of purple finches were seen at North Riverside, February 16, and it is always a joy to see these birds and hear their sweet warble. March 15 a friend and I were to have the honor of seeing the first two flocks of Canada geese. March 22 a foursome made a trip to Orland and Lapland longspurs were on the list of birds we should like to see, but how little we knew we would get more than a fleeting look. All at once we saw a flock of about 100 fly down into a field some distance away, and so made our way there. To our delight the birds were busy feeding in an alfalfa field and permitted us to come very close to them. It being the spring of the year they were coming into their nuptial plumage and so were especially beautiful.

Another treat some of us will not forget was seeing the Iceland gull at Jackson Park on March 27. Next, it is always our hope to see the woodcock around April 10 in Oak Woods, and on April 21 the whip-poor-will. Mrs. McElroy was rewarded there one day by finding a mother woodcock with her baby chicks. While at Wolf Lake in quest of rails, a large golden eagle flew near us. After he had gone by I saw the golden glint on his head and was to see him flutter over a flock of blue-winged teal, dive and hit the water with a great splash. The ducks flew out on both sides on him, but at that distance I didn't know whether he got one of them. In the fall we saw another eagle at Thornton. Seeing two of these fine birds in one year will not soon be forgotten. May 10 while looking for shorebirds we found a beautiful pair of piping plovers and, though we know that they nest at Wolf Lake, we have been unable to locate their nesting site;—and so it goes.

It is fall, and one C. O. S. day, with Montrose Beach, Grant Park and Jackson Park to be explored, the glaucous gull was to be the treat of the day. This gull was still at Navy Pier January 28, and we wonder how long he will stay in this vicinity. Strange that only one has been seen here in the last two or three years. When it is on the water with other gulls it

doesn't seem so much larger, but when seen standing on an ice-floe it is easily distinguished, being two to four inches longer than the herring gull.

Now it is December 30, and leaving Chicago for Dixon one would wonder what could be seen to make a trip so far from home worth while. There was no snow in the city and the roads were in A-1 shape. When about halfway there it began to snow, and then increased until it looked as though we might be running into a blizzard. For once in my life I was tempted to suggest turning back, but kept still, leaving it to Mr. Bartel as he had the driving of the car. By the time Lowell Park was reached there was some five or six inches of snow. At the entrance of the Park three large owls were flushed and an intensive search was made by the three of us to see them better and identify them. They were very wary and it was some time before we located them, a pair of great horned owls, sitting side by side and looking down at us. In the top branches of a tall pine tree were the female, a large gray-brown bird, and the male, smaller, a rich golden-brown and much more colorful. Their heads were tilted toward first one of us and then the others as we moved about under them, trying to see them to the best advantage with our 8x30's. Driving through Lowell Park for the first time in winter, it looked like a fairyland under its mantle of snow. I remembered so well a stand of Canadian hemlock as they were in summer, but it was hard to say in what season of the year they were most lovely. The pure white snow falling on the branches made them look as though they were made of exquisite lace. All that remained of green were the moss and lichens on the rocks that were covered with snow. The call of the red-bellied woodpecker was heard, and then he was seen; also chickadee, tufted titmouse, blue jay and crow.

It was hard to leave Lowell Park, but White Pine State Park was on our schedule, so we got under way. In a field we saw a flock of horned larks searching for food on top of the snow. As we came to a corner of the park we were thrilled to see a mixed flock of birds feeding on weed seeds, and among them identified purple finches, goldfinches, juncos, cardinals, cedar waxwings, chickadees, tufted tits and blue jays; later we found crows, red-shouldered and red-tailed hawks. A tramp among those virgin pines was delightful. We saw crows chase a large owl or hawk. We saw one crow plummet straight down through a tree to strike at a bird sitting on a branch below. The poor rabbits had a busy time keeping out of the way of a medium sized brown dog that followed us around. One rabbit came down a path so fast with the dog close behind that he leaped through the loop made by Karl's arm as he held his hand in his pocket. I could not say who was most surprised, man, rabbit or dog, it all happened so fast.

After this we again got into the car and drove through the river at four different places where shallow fords had been built below the water line. The water over these was not frozen, so we were able to cross them safely, but it is a rather thrilling thing to do at any time. We climbed the stairway to the west bluff and while exploring these woods found three robins, a number of juncos, white-breasted nuthatch and a downy woodpecker. It was drawing toward the close of a perfect day and our journey home when we heard what sounded like an owl hooting on a bluff on the

side of the ravine opposite where we were. It was very weird, the high bluffs with the deep ravine between making it more so. This was repeated several times and answered by another owl farther on. Later I was to learn that these were the courting calls of the great horned owl.

January 21 of this year, at 8:15 a.m., there was a most lovely display of hoar frost on grasses, shrubs and trees along 100th Street, between Hoyne and Western. A clump of grass apparently long since dead had put on a dress during the night that would have outdone its summer one. Farther on, Queen Anne's lace and goldenrod were beyond description. The sun was at just the proper angle to show them off to perfection and I was thrilled at the beauty of it. My main interest is in the birds, but to be able to revel in whatever Nature has to offer will not find me insensible.

The sky has many interesting objects,—planets, stars, the aurora borealis, rainbows and sun- and moondogs. This last December I for the first time saw the moons of Jupiter. During our extreme cold weather, while at Ridgway, Iowa, on New Year's day, there was an unusual sight.



Saw-whet Owl

CHICAGO ACADEMY OF SCIENCES PHOTO

Sundogs rode along with the sun all day on a large circle, one on each side. At the same time, in an arc turned away from the circle there was a lovely rainbow. The neighbors told me that for two nights there had been moon-dogs also. I missed those as they were at midnight and toward five in the morning. These were considered rare phenomena.

Before Christmas a trip to the Arboretum provided us with the treat of finding two saw-whet owls. By attracting their attention in front, Mr. Bartel was able to creep up from behind and catch one, and later the other in the same fashion. Seymour Levy banded one and let it go after their pictures were taken. Karl decided that he needed a larger band than he had with him, so he took the other owl home, banded it, kept it until morning, then returned it to the Arboretum, thinking that it might be one of a pair. The old saying, "wise as an owl," seemed to hold good. We were

at the Arboretum after New Year's and we found the saw-whet again, but this time higher in a tree, and when we used the same tactics on it there was disappointment in store. Instead of watching those of us in front, it kept its eyes turned on Karl so steadily that he was unable to see whether it was banded or not.

Still another day we went back and saw a saw-whet, but it was well out of reach, though we could see it well enough to compare the faces of this and a gray-phase screech owl a short distance away. The saw-whet shows no ears, whereas the screech owl had definite ear tufts. This was a delightful day to be out of doors for we were to see five American crossbills—three females and two males. They were in the top of a tall bare tree when found, but soon began to be restless and flew down to a tree that had many pine cones on it. They were easy to find again for we could hear them cracking the seeds out of the cones. This flock was first seen there January 1, and were still there on the 14th. A nice flock of 30 to 40 pine siskins were still in a grove of black alders, in company with cardinals, juncos, chickadees, tree sparrows, and two song sparrows.

The loon was scarce according to our records for the spring and fall. We saw only one, November 17, at Maple Lake.

Chicago, Illinois



Early Days in Illinois

THROUGH THE courtesy of Mr. A. William Schorger, of Madison, Wis., a letter that has been for some years in the possession of Miss Lelia Bascom, also of Madison, has been sent to us because of some rather interesting references to conditions in Illinois 75 years ago. The letter was written at Normal, Ill., by Miss Bascom's uncle, and is dated October 13, 1867. Mr. George Bascom, who had married and moved from Vermont to Illinois the previous year, had this to say:

"* * * I think I shall get along pretty well now. My corn is pretty good and I guess it will sell for six or seven hundred dollars, and I have got wheat enough to make our own bread and have enough to sow next year. I have had some talk with a man by the name of Nickols about renting his farm another year. It is a 160 acre farm and has about 130 acres of plowed ground in it. It is within four miles of Towanda, a station on the C., A., & St. L. R. R. and about 10 miles from here. He asks \$500 for the use of it and will throw in the use of a corn planter and corn plower and a harrow, and let me have my firewood. I think on the whole that it is the cheapest of any place that I have seen. * * *"

"I have been out east to look at raw prairie two or three times but have about given up buying. It costs so much to build and to fence the prairie, and then you could not raise any crop the first year. When I was out east the last time I shot a big black duck and brought home. We had him stuffed and baked and had some sweet potatoes with him, and we made out a good 'square male' as the Irishman said. When I was out there I could have bought all of the wild geese that I wanted that the hunters had shot for 15 cents a pair. They are very plenty out there now. Also plenty of

prairie chickens, brants, crains, ducks, turkey buzzards, and some deer and prairie woolves. If I had time I would like to go out there and hunt two or three weeks and camp out. * * * *

Mr. Ford suggests that the "big black duck" probably was, in fact, a black duck. "Brants" probably were snow geese, blue geese, or possibly Hutchins's geese; at any rate they must have been different from the "wild geese" which he bought at 15 cents a pair. "Crains" it is likely were sand-hill cranes, now, along with the prairie chicken, so scarce that even to see one is an event.

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Metropolitan Chicago Not Popular for Birdlife

By KARL E. BARTEL

DURING A recent auto trip in a south-westerly direction from Chicago on May 26, 1942, a bird census was taken. The birds were observed by Mrs. Amy G. Baldwin, Alfred H. Reuss, Jr., and myself.

The census covered a distance of 100 miles and was divided into two sections. Section one was within what is generally spoken of as the "Chicago region," or up to 50 miles; section two, 50 to 100 miles from the city. Each individual bird was counted, although a few sparrows were not identified, and a total of 34 species was reported for both sections. The birds seen and the number of individuals for the two sections, listed according to abundance, were as follows:

<i>Bird</i>	<i>Sec. 1</i>	<i>Sec. 2</i>	<i>Bird</i>	<i>Sec. 1</i>	<i>Sec. 2</i>
Bronzed grackle.....	49	51	Indigo bunting.....	2	1
Starling	42	48	Flicker	1	2
English sparrow	36	54	Quail	0	2
Robin	8	30	House wren.....	0	2
Meadowlark	9	27	Kingfisher	1	0
Mourning dove.....	3	19	Field sparrow.....	1	0
Purple martin.....	14	3	Bluebird	1	1
Red-winged blackbird..	14	2	Blue-winged teal	1	0
Crow	3	13	Downy woodpecker	1	0
Prairie horned lark....	0	12	Brown thrasher.....	1	0
Kingbird	10	4	Ring-necked pheasant..	1	0
Dickcissel	0	7	Nighthawk	1	2
Barn swallow.....	5	3	Killdeer	0	1
Chimney swift	4	2	Tree swallow	0	1
Black tern.....	4	0	Blue jay.....	0	1
Bobolink	3	1	Goldfinch	0	1
Song sparrow.....	2	0			
Migrant shrike.....	2	0	Total.....	219	290

The census shows that birdlife is more abundant in the section 50 to 100 miles from Chicago. This is not based upon only one census, as a number of trips have been made over the same route and previous counts show a few more species in the 50 to 100 mile section.

Blue Island, Illinois

Summer in the Country

By BERTHA E. JAKUES

Following are some further selections from "A Country Quest," by Mrs. Jaques, completing the description of a summer spent at their home in Michigan.

JULY

I may be compelled to go out of the free lunch business. The Doctor says I am giving all the birds to understand they may help themselves to anything they see. I neglected to make an exception of his seed-planting operations. He prepared a pint of golden bantam corn to plant and left it standing in the garden while he went for the omnipresent fertilizer to fill in the hills. When he returned a few minutes later, the blackbirds—to which he added a modifying expletive—had just reached the bottom of the pan, upon which their beaks were beating a tattoo for more.

Of course, I don't encourage things of this kind any more than I like to have them steal things from the back porch. Only the fact it was steaming hot kept them from carrying off a cherry pie the other day; as it was, they warmed their feet and left a few patterns before they gave up the game. What is cute in a catbird is detestable in a blackbird because of his unlovely character. But with all his smartness he may be fooled. After a shelf cleaning and the discovery of some musty cereals and damp corn-flakes, they were mixed into balls and put on the table. It was new in shape, color and smell, and I believe birds do smell their food. All of the birds in turn looked at it and flew away with the grouchy air seen at some human tables. Even the sparrows who decline nothing looked at the repast dejectedly from neighboring branches.

Said I in a voice of conviction, "That is perfectly good food and if you don't eat it Si's chickens will get it." They did, but I did not have to take it to them. Six young white leghorn pullets, led by that same aforementioned intuition, wandered through the orchard and with one accord fell upon the despised and rejected meal. Grackles will eat anything to keep others from getting it. When they saw the white chickens gobbling, they came down in a body and took charge of the feast. The chickens having had their fill walked away and twenty-three grackles waded in. The young ones with their rusty coats and more rusty voices begged in strangling tones to be fed.

When the table is empty, the sporting members of the tribe use it for athletic contests and exhibitions of the two-step. So far their fights have been bloodless, being confined to threatening passes of the beaks and harmless wing flapping. At the moment there are six grackles standing in the pan of water, eyeing the empty table with mournful air and clacking their eternal clack to call my attention to it. * * * *

The roadside has its tragedies though they may be unobserved. Milk-weed, with its thick green leaves and cloyingly sweet waxy blossoms, attracts like an Oriental beauty, but suggests something baneful in its ready destruction of intruders. Bees she invites to partake of her liberal store of honey, but flies are trapped and their lifeless bodies hang as a warning to

others who may steal the honey without leaving pollen in exchange. Nature is a provident dame and conserves her own interest at any expense.

Compared with my visit in May the woods seem strangely silent, except for the plaintive pewee and that tireless talker, the vireo. Occasionally the dove cooed and a catbird warned me to keep away from certain bushes. Bulk counts less than activity and swiftness of attack in bird life. The spectacle of a meddling crow being driven from his own stronghold by the fierce harrowing of a brave cardinal has just given me pleasure.

Goldfinches are most numerous at this time. Unlike the joyless flat hunter of the city, they are seeking nesting sites in happy yellow and black bands, always keeping an eye out for largest attractions in seed stores. They scallop the air in flight and embroider it with the silvery notes of their "per-chic-o-ree." When they say in their sweet confiding tones "ba-bee," with a rising inflection, there seems nothing dearer in bird language. Most bird families are now engaged in the momentous question of education,



Goldfinch

CHICAGO ACADEMY OF SCIENCES PHOTO

but the happy goldfinches have a long wooing and a late nesting. They eye with favor the long rows of sunflowers planted for them. The beauty of this cheerful flower does not depart with its orange petals, for, later, its heavy head is brilliant with the yellow goldfinch to whom its seeds are a feast, whether he eats them upside down or not. * * * *

This morning I awoke at a pre-arranged signal of the dawn to listen for my feathered friends and learn if any had deserted me. The first word was a gentle twitter of a robin who nearly always starts things, followed by the indigo bunting weaving his unpatterned song, and much like it the chitter-chatter of the wren. Sweeter, because the song is broken into verses, was the song sparrow, interrupted by a sharp query from the oriole. The wood pewee was on hand with his "mis-a-ree" sometimes rising into "vic-to-ree," and like a wood-wind came the coo of the mourning dove.

In a class with the conceited whip-poor-will, the modest little Quaker-looking phoebe repeats her name to the limit of endurance. It is poor return for allowing her to build over our door and shutting ourselves out of the use of it until she gets her phobelings out of the way. A redhead sent a salute from his ball on the flagpole and a blue jay returned a saucy rejoinder as he flew over. Only the song of my beloved catbird was missing. "Qurt, qurt," came from a cherry limb and there he was eyeing me. "Sing, you rascal," but he flicked his tail and said "Qurt, qurt," as he flew away.

A goldfinch couple have selected a pear tree next to the robins and the tiny nest is already a place of absorbing interest. The mother eyes us unwinkingly as we pass just beneath her but father goldfinch is no Don Quixote as the robin is; he is seldom seen or heard and offers tidbits to her in silence. The most perfect example of connubial bliss and parental solicitude is shown by the cardinals who nested in our rosebush eighteen inches from the window. His instant response to her sweet call and the gallantry during courtship is unapproached by any of the birds I know.

The towhee calls himself a "sweet bird" frequently these days and sends me to look into the ravine many times to see what old hen is scratching there so vigorously among the dried leaves. He is the acrobat of the bird kingdom, for who else, having but two legs, could strike out behind with both of them at once and send the leaves flying?

AUGUST

August is the month of pests, including insects, burrs and summer boarders. * * * * Birds, which are the life and joy of the country, are songless, and the few that remain utter complaining notes or warning cries to intruders. What is a dawn worth when the sun rises unattended by the prelude of the birds' symphony! To awake morning after morning and hear only the raucous salute of the petulant woodpecker or the scolding of the wren is not my notion of the way a day should begin. I listen in vain for the sweet ebullitions of the catbird, but he nervously picks at his disordered dress on the wild cherry tree and says "Quirt, quirt." Even the omnipresent grackle has betaken himself and his numerous clan to the corn fields, where he is demonstrating his ability to neatly husk the ears, leaving the naked cob drying in the sun.

The one excitement in the bird world is the visitation of a large flock of blue jays, the pertest, sauciest of feathered creatures, and as full of deviltry as of beauty. For days they have taken possession of the feeding places as if they had been sent for. There are many young ones whose youth is mostly manifest in the uncertainty of their calls. Poised on the edge of the water pan, one tried to drink and practice his "rack-a-diddle" at the same time. It was perilous work; his topknot kept him from falling out and his tail from falling in, as they balanced him alternately. Their chief performances have been on the roof of the porch, where they drop the ripe cherries like bullets and play golf with them. The cherry tree, heavy-headed elderberries, added to the well stocked lunch counter and bathing pools have no doubt much to do with their stop-over here.

Perhaps the birds feel that the slumbrous hot air of these August days

is so packed with insect voices that there is no room to project their clear musical notes. What liquid shimmering song could go unshattered against the wall of rasping locusts, crickets and the cicadas, for this, as I promised long ago to tell you, Inquisitive One, is the hottest sound I know. It bores into one's consciousness like a diamond drill, deeper and deeper, then suddenly stops, leaving one in a vacuum of silence.

SEPTEMBER

The martin house is silent and deserted against the sky; even the sparrows are no longer interested in the sign "To Rent" which seems written all over it. Passing blue jays argue with some pertinacious crow. Redheads protest raspingly at the disturbance. The ubiquitous grackle has departed with other August pests to more fruitful fields, if any there be. The only sweet notes I have heard for days are those of the goldfinches. In the numerous clumps of sunflowers the yellow creatures have a granary that is exhaustless, while they need it. A white-throated sparrow stopped in the elder bushes and pecked at the hanging berries while he hummed his little reminiscent tune.

OCTOBER

As is the case with the few stray vegetables in the garden, so the lessened number of bird voices increases their importance. Blue jays and towhees are plentiful and robins are our constant friends. Crows, flickers and redheads add color but no harmony to the landscape. Flocks of juncos and cedar waxwings fly up at my approach and black-capped chickadees announce themselves. Goldfinches haunt the ragged sunflower stalks. Belated warblers stop for a moment, and the white-throated sparrows pass through in small companies. * * * *

Around the first bend of the low land I come upon a pleasant happening. Standing in the tall grass at the edge of the water is a creature whose long legs and feet proclaim him a water bird. The bill, a prolongation of a flat head, is held high in the air and the giraffe-like neck is beautifully striped in buff and brown. As I rowed slowly back and forth within little more than an oar's length, the beady eyes followed me but the body remained motionless. It was the American bittern, of the heron family, whose cry resembling a wooden pump I long have known. He is also called the stake-driver and "plum puddin'" from the fancied resemblance of his cry to these sounds. Not a musician certainly, but a useful bird in bogs and marshes where he hunts insects industriously. He is not easy to discover because of his protective coloring and curious habit of pointing his long bill skyward till it resembles the reeds in which he stands.

The day would have been a memorable one for the gamut of color along the banks even if I had seen no bittern or heard no wild sweet songs. A few blind gentians and white turtle heads hung over the placid water. Few leaves, even the gorgeous sumac, can so illuminate a landscape as a scarlet woodbine. It glorifies everything to which it clings and makes a common fence post regal with beauty. Masses of reeds and sedges point their brown heads upward unmindful of their green feet in the water. Brilliant red seeds of the cockspur thorn and wild rose hips are destined to be strung and form a rosary of summer memories.

With the setting of the sun in the luminous west came the rising of the nearly full moon, and my devotions were easily changed from one to the other without priest or ritual. Perhaps many are susceptible to these manifestations of Nature and say less about them, but no one with appreciation can view these miracles, generally accepted as a matter of course, without feeling the futility of man ever attaining a pageant of color. * * * *

Alas! and was it only yesterday that I sang my paean of praise! Today there is a cold north wind and a big maple chunk burns in the fireplace. Leaves flutter dismally to the ground and scurry about at the mercy of the wind. The trees look naked and shivering in the cold rain that is almost sleet. The dirge of autumn is sounded.



WITH MUCH regret we report the retirement of Professor C. W. G. Eifrig from Concordia College, and his resignation as an active member of the Board of Directors of our Society. He has taken up his residence at Windermere, Orange County, Florida, and we wish Mr. and Mrs. Eifrig all happiness in their new home. In recognition of his long service to the Society, 14 years as its president, he has been named an Honorary Member of the Board of Directors.



LAST YEAR the Luther Burbank Pet Club of Santa Rosa, California, sponsored a Christmas tree for the birds. Instead of the usual lights, tinsel and bright decorations, the tree was strung with prunes, suet, popcorn, fruit, bread crumbs, and everything birds eat—and they ate it, too.



The Bird Watcher in the Dunes

By WILLIAM D. RICHARDSON

THE BIRD observer in the Indiana dunes has the great advantage of having within easy range, in a comparatively narrow strip of land, a considerable variety of habitat groups—those of the shore, the shore dunes, the deep woods, the open meadows, the ponds, the forested swamps, the marshes, the lanes and forest-edges and the dry meadows. This diversity, coupled with an equivalent diversity of botanical species likewise based on the peculiar and varied physiography of the region, and furthermore, the geographic location at the head of a great body of water which affords a natural migration route from north to south, give the dunes a unique interest for the ornithologist. They have not been fenced up, they had not been built upon. They are still in nearly their natural condition. They were until, we may say, day before yesterday, a primitive, wild, abandoned strip of land, and naturally, in so unusual a region, one might expect something unusual in avian fauna.

Have you lain in your tent all night with the June moon shining through, listening to the whip-poor-wills calling near and far, to the soft-voiced great horned owl, to the maniacal cry of the barred owl (there's a

wild voice!) and the plaintive warble of the screech owl? The rabbit browsing through the woods stops, stomps and listens. The horned owl, "tiger of the air," swooping on silent wings, seizes him in his relentless talons. The whip-poor-will continues calling and you turn over and sleep the sleep of the tired outing man till morning breaks.

Have you ever gone over the trail in the early morning of June before sun-up, walking slowly and noiselessly, listening to the last tired calls of the whip-poor-wills and again to the distant, somnolent voice of the great horned owl and the near twitter of half-awake birds in the shrubs? Then, as the purple night gave way to the dull grey of false dawn and the first warm flushes of morning in the east, have you heard the field sparrows beginning their matin song, which in turn would be carried on by the ventriloquial cat-calls of the yellow-breasted chat, the ringing notes of the chewink, and finally by one singer after another until the full-throated brown thrasher crowned the chorus with a rich outpouring of song? No? Then you have much before you.

The beachcomber pacing the sands has the large herring gulls and their smaller confreres, the ring-bills and Bonapartes, (wonderful divers) for company, especially in spring and fall. Then there are the common terns, "sea-swallows," most graceful fliers, and, occasionally the great Caspian tern winging by in the fall. The busy sandpipers, with vibrating legs, everlastingly search the shore for flotsam. The great blue heron, ankle deep in water, stands and spears his prey. Of the shore birds, only the spotted sandpiper and the piping plover stay through the summer to nest. Some immature, non-breeding, herring and ring-billed gulls remain to feed.

Along the shore dune, the prairie warbler, a rare bird in our region, sings his zeezeezeezeezeezee in ascending scale, keeping watch over his territory which may extend from one-quarter to one-half mile along the shore. The chipping sparrow nests in the junipers, the tree swallow in the hollows of dead trees, the bank swallow in the wind-cut banks, the ever watchful crow in the pines.

In the deeper valleys back of the shore are heard the songs of the scarlet tanager and the red-eyed vireo. The hummingbird nests here. The ruffed grouse rising from her nest in the fallen leaves startles the intruder as she whirrs away on vibrant wings, with noise like an airplane motor.

In the more open woods, among the shrubs, the field sparrow, the chewink, the indigo bunting and the mourning dove (which in the dunes nests on the ground) have their homes. Overhead, usually on a dead limb, the wood pewee makes its nest, so like the limb on which it rests that it can scarcely be distinguished.

In the dune ponds, we find the rails, the coots, the grebes, the great and least bitterns, the long-billed marsh wrens and red-winged blackbirds, our interesting grassy-pond colony. Formerly, no doubt, on pond margins, in marshes and meadows, adjacent to the dunes, many ducks made their nests—mallards, blue-winged teal, shovellers; now only a few drop down during the migrations, to be met by a blizzard from the sportsman's gun.

Along the margins of the wooded swamps, the woodcock is still to be found, probing for worms in the soft muck. The nests are to be found there too, lined with leaves, usually at the base of a small sapling, but they require a well-trained eye to be seen. The camouflage is perfect and the bird does not leave her nest until touched by the foot or hand of the trespasser.

The marsh hawk is king of the wet meadows, building a nest of coarse grasses on the ground, high enough to be out of the wet, but low enough to be concealed by last year's growth of grass and weeds. Near-by, one hears the quaint voice of Henslow's sparrow and the metallic notes of the short-billed marsh wren. The short-eared owl, also a ground nester, and formerly a regular inhabitant, is now extremely rare or has deserted the region altogether.

Along the lanes leading to the dunes, one finds the song sparrow, the yellow warbler, the Maryland yellow-throat, the indigo bunting, the brown thrasher and the catbird, nesting and singing, and the same group is found along the woodland edges and in the brush and thickets adjacent thereto, while in the dry, open meadows along the southern boundary, or between the contemporary and the Tolleston dunes, the bobolink, the meadowlark, the killdeer and the vesper sparrow are at home.

The observer of birds who has followed them in the dunes for many years has engraved on the tablets of his memory many sharply drawn pictures—the sentinel crow, black against the evening sky; the lines of gulls sailing on the shrieking winds of winter along the shore dunes—example of perfect poise; the groups of sanderlings searching the shore for food; the chewink startling the meditative stroller by rustling in the underbrush, kicking leaves with both feet, singing resonantly; the indigo bunting richly colored as with an aniline dye, singing through the midsummer day, melodiously although somewhat mechanically; the scarlet tanager, spark from the tropical sun, flaming among the cool green leaves of the deeper woods; the hummingbird, gem of the woods, sitting on its gem-like lichen-studded nest in the deep forest or overhanging the stream; the oven-bird with its dutch-oven nest reiterating teacher—teacher—teacher—teacher through the woods; the great horned owl sitting on her open nest, snow on her back, amid the sleet and storms of March; the drumming of the ruffed grouse in the early morning of spring—arresting, characteristic, indescribable, utterly unlike any other woodland sound; the low winging of a wedge of wild geese just after dusk, so low you can hear the swish of their wings as they curve down to alight in a meadow. All these pictures and many more remain permanently in his mind.

The winter birds are friendly and interesting. Bohemian waxwings and evening grosbeaks and crossbills come down from the north to feed on the berries and other produce of the dunes, tree sparrows are always abundant, snowflakes and pine siskins less so. Rarely, Artic three-toed woodpeckers and snowy owls drop into the dunes for a winter call. Mergansers and old squaw ducks make their home on the lake. Chickadees, downy woodpeckers, red-headed woodpeckers, nuthatches, cardinals and titmice become more friendly, seeking suet, seeds and crumbs at your door.

After winter the great spring migration begins and group after group moves north with the advancing sun. On they go, propelled by an irresistible impulse—they know not what it is and man can hardly conjecture; blue-birds, blackbirds, sparrows, shore birds, water birds, ducks, geese, hawks, thrushes, warblers—large and small, silent or singing, moving by day or moving by night, according to their habit. Then comes mating time, nesting time, brooding time, molting time, feeding time, and they are ready for the return migratory movement to the south.

Some from the Arctic Circle travel to the Antarctic Circle, some move no more than a few hundred miles from the northern feeding ground to southern feeding ground, stopping at various feeding stations on the way. The golden plover travels from the Arctic prairies to Patagonia, our robins no farther than the gulf coast. There is a great stream of crows from east to west over the dunes, moving from their nesting grounds in Michigan and to the northward back to their winter feeding grounds in central Illinois and Missouri. Wave after wave passes by, silent, serious, or uttering only the call notes necessary to guide them through the dark nights. Finally the last wedges of geese have passed on. Winter closes in and winter birds begin to arrive—old squaw on the lake, evening grosbeaks in the woods.

But what of those that are gone and are seldom seen even in migration? In times past there can be no question that the great blue heron, the sandhill crane, the Canada goose, many ducks, the bald eagle, the osprey, the passenger pigeon, the Carolina parakeet, and others nested in or near the dunes. Some of these are all but extinct, a few Carolina parakeets linger in southern Florida, a few sandhill cranes in Manitoba.

But what of those that are gone forever? What of the immense flocks of passenger pigeons which no doubt in times gone by dropped into the Duneland to feast on the acorns so abundant there or to nest and rear their young? Their last migration has been flown—they are gone forever, destroyed by the hand of man.

(NOTE—The above article by the late William D. Richardson, who was well-known to many of our members for his writings as well as his splendid camera studies of birds and plants, was prepared for *The Exposure*, bulletin of the Chicago Camera Club, and published in its November, 1923, issue.)



MEMBERS AND friends of the Society who filled the auditorium of the Chicago Academy of Sciences for the lecture on "Birds from Sea to Sierra," given by Charles Albert Harwell of Berkeley, California, on the evening of October 27, at its close were congratulating each other on having been there and proclaiming it one of the finest in their experience. His demonstration of various bird songs, from the high-pitched note of the chickadee to the guttural of the great blue heron, covering a range of six full octaves, was fascinating, accompanied as it was by humorous running comment. This was followed by four reels of colored movies showing birds of the sea coast, the desert, the Sacramento Valley, and the higher levels of Yosemite National Park. It was entertaining, inspiring, informative, and an altogether delightful evening.

What is the ILLINOIS AUDUBON SOCIETY?



It is a corporation organized in 1897, not for profit, under the laws of the State of Illinois, for the study and protection of wild birdlife.

It aims to encourage the study of our native wild birds, to increase the appreciation of their aesthetic and economic values, and to work for their safety through education.

All lovers of birds are welcomed to its membership upon signing an application and paying membership dues. All dues and bequests other than those paid annually are held in an Endowment Fund, only the income from which is used for current needs, and there are no paid officers.

Under a ruling of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue contributions to the Society are deductible from income, gifts are deductible for gift tax purposes, and bequests or legacies are deductible for estate tax purposes.

MEMBERSHIP FEES ARE AS FOLLOWS:

ACTIVE MEMBERS.....	\$2.00 annually
CONTRIBUTING MEMBERS.....	\$5.00 annually
SUSTAINING MEMBERS.....	\$25.00
LIFE MEMBERS.....	\$100.00
BENEFACTORS.....	\$500.00
PATRONS	\$1,000.00

The Society maintains an office at the Chicago Academy of Sciences, where literature and information may be obtained and where public lectures are held.

The *Audubon Bulletin* is published quarterly and distributed to its members.



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THE AUDUBON BULLETIN



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Notes of a North Carolina Day

By HARRY R. SMITH

DURING THAT indeterminate state of mind between deep sleep and wakefulness, I have been vaguely conscious of a soft, flute-like call. It continues with regularity for several minutes before I am definitely aware that it is the song of the wood thrush, and that I am in the peaceful little community of Tryon, in southwestern North Carolina where the Great Smokies and the Blue Ridge Mountains begin to fall away to the foot-hills that meet the coastal plain. As I open my eyes and look toward my window I am surprised that there is no indication of daylight. It is 6:10 A.M. Eastern War Time and the date is April 21, 1942.



Hogback Mountain, Tryon, N. C.

Sleepily I recall reading where someone refers to the song of the wood thrush as "cathedral music." Yes, it has the tonal quality of a pipe organ and there is the mystic quality and a solemnity that makes it most natural to associate it with stained glass windows and a religious atmosphere. At the beginning I had thought that only one bird was singing and that I heard its echo, but there are now at least three distinct songs.

Finally awakened, I go to the window and look across the Pacolet Valley. Dawn is approaching and Mt. Tryon is indistinctly outlined in the distance. Cardinals are joining the chorus of the wood thrushes. At home in Evanston, Illinois, the robins will be singing at this hour, but their song is missing here.

6:40 A.M.—Stepping outside, I start down the wooded hill. A light wind is rustling through the pine trees where the myrtle and pine warblers are busily searching for food. Red-eyed vireos are calling, and down by the barn at the foot of the hill the little bird with the big song, the Carolina wren, is calling to his mate. I refer to my watch and find that he sings fourteen times a minute. One wonders how he can carry on with such energy for a half-hour at a time with only brief pauses.

Now the pileated woodpecker that started with a tentative, experimental hammering is really "bearing down." From the sound alone one can appreciate the speed and power of his blows. I run for the dead tree on which he is working but he is gone before I can see him.

A cardinal singing in the top of a dogwood tree makes a striking picture against the solid mass of white. Cardinals are almost as common here as robins are in the North, which is a bit provoking as I hope to see a summer tanager and, therefore, must not ignore any flash of red. A more definite outline of the mountain is emerging through the haze, and as I watch it a turkey vulture without apparent effort is soaring high in the sky.

Across the ravine there is a colorful blanket of azaleas in full bloom. Near me stands a trillium two and a half feet high, with a blossom nearly as large as my hand, and crowfoot violets are blooming among the sweet gum pods and pine needles. I see other flowers with which I am not familiar and a chapter on Nature by John Cowper Powys comes to mind. He says whether it is plants, trees, birds, butterflies, or constellations, we must know "at least their ordinary popular, English or local names" to fully enjoy them. This is unquestionably true, and I regret that I have so little of the botanical knowledge of such men as Donald Culross Peattie, who, incidentally, has lived here and no doubt has tramped many times over these same hills and through the ravines between them.

8:30 A.M.—Down in the valley, after a second breakfast, I start across the meadow speculating upon what birds I shall see in the open fields. There may be chipping sparrows and field sparrows—yes, I hear one of their little trilling songs now; perhaps a kingbird and a sparrow hawk, and along the bank of the creek there is sure to be a song sparrow.

For more than an hour I have been sitting on an old rustic bridge over the little Pacolet River where there are thickets covered with honeysuckle on both banks. I have seen or heard all the birds I expected, and many others I did not think of, including a pair of bob-whites, one of which is pouring out his cheerful call from the edge of the woods. A Maryland yellow-throat is also singing, and redstarts and warblers are darting about while a kingfisher patrols the stream with his rattling call.

As I leave the bridge I stop beside a tulip tree and examine one of its exquisite blossoms. The tree does not have the dramatic appearance of the dogwoods or the *paulownias* because its blossoms are obscured by the

unusual leaves, but the delicate lemon yellow of the petals, shading into orange and then to a deep rich brown, has a more subtle beauty than either.

10:15 A.M.—From the top of the hill in the center of the valley I sit and watch the mountain. Light and shadows change its appearance as the day progresses. On a distant slope the southern yellow pines, which closely resemble the stately *ponderosas* of the West, stand out boldly above the smaller evergreen and deciduous trees.

Back in the valley, I turn off the highway into a narrow road winding up a heavily wooded hill. Along the way I record black and white, blue-winged, and chestnut-sided warblers in my note book.

Here is a large shrub with dark maroon blossoms which seems unfamiliar to me until I become aware of the heavy odor. It is a papaw bush and the flower has a sickly sweet scent similar to the fruit that will come in the fall. I have not seen it since I was a child, and it brings back happy memories of a boy joyously roaming the woods with a father he adored.

On the highway again, across from a pretty cottage with a fine old boxwood hedge, I stop before a pole supporting gourds for any birds that will use them for their nests. On the top of it a mockingbird, in his characteristic cockiness, is alternately scolding and singing to the wide world. In the shrubbery nearby a brown thrasher utters a few hesitant notes as though he were considering a contest. After tuning up for a moment he decides in the affirmative, pouring forth every song he knows. His repertoire is not as varied as the mocker's, but some of the latter's notes are certainly not musical while practically all of the thrasher's are. If I were judging the contest, I should vote for him.

11:30 A.M.—Going up the hill to the charming home of my host and hostess, I sit on the terrace in the warm sunshine for an hour. Sitting is not a lost art down here; in fact, the whole tempo of life has a blessed slowness like the mountain folks' drawling conversation. While idling the time away I lazily watch a little lizard and marvel at his protective coloration. It is very difficult to see him when he is not moving.

3:30 P.M.—After lunch I slept for two hours and now once more start down the ravine. There is a warbler-like bird feeding on a mountain laurel bush. I cannot get a good view of it but there is a glimpse of a black stripe over the eye. There he is on the ground, an oven-bird walking daintily over the forest floor like a pigmy chicken. Surely though, he is not the same bird I was watching. No, he is now on the end of a low twig with his head pointing downward, and I see that it is olive-green with black stripes. I start to refer to my "Peterson's Guide," but before I find the picture or read the description I realize that it is a worm-eating warbler.

For half an hour I have been watching a pair of blue-grey gnatcatchers at their nest. It is a marvel of bird architecture, a deep cup-shaped structure which seems at least three times as large as necessary. It is anchored firmly on a horizontal limb, and is entirely covered with lichen. The nest wall is cleverly built partially around an upright branch at one side, so that it is not permitted to interfere with the perfect symmetry of the completed structure.

There is a flash of yellow at the side of the path and here is a brightly colored warbler not ten feet away. It is a little beauty. I have not seen it before but it offers no problem in identification. The distinctive black and yellow pattern of the head and throat leaves no doubt that it is a male hooded warbler.

From a tangle of vines and bushes comes a succession of erratic sounds, first quizzical, now protesting, now pugnacious and boastful. They are the calls of one of the real individualists among birds, a bird perhaps more often heard than seen, the yellow-breasted chat.



Highway Pacolet Valley

5:30 P.M.—The pileated woodpecker has just led me on a merry chase. I was chasing him by the sound of his drumming from one tree to another, but since it took me five or six minutes to negotiate the distances he covered in seconds it was a losing game. The result is I never saw him and I am fagged out. So now I am not only a rank amateur ornithologist, but also a lazy one as I sit in a comfortable chair watching the birds at the feeding table. One of the interesting things about watching birds at feeders is to note their display of human traits. Some are timid, others are curious or suspicious, and there are bluffers and bullies that are pugnacious and quarrelsome. At present the cardinals are in command of the table, while the white-throated sparrows are picking the gleanings from the ground below. I saw two of these little migrants at home before I left and I wonder if some now here will be among those singing in the backyards when I return.

8:00 P.M.—Shortly after dinner this evening my hostess and my wife shout from the terrace in front of the house, "Come quickly! Hurry!" I grab my binoculars, which are rarely out of sight, and rush outside. Like a

brilliant red Christmas ornament in the top of a small pine tree sits a scarlet tanager, and in another tree next to it are a pair of summer tanagers that I had looked for all day long. It is an excellent opportunity to compare the two males; I had not realized that the color of the former was so much richer than that of his close relative. As for the female, it is so similar to that of the scarlet species that I would ordinarily find it difficult to make a distinction between them in the field.

I never see a cedar waxwing without feeling that it has just been freshly and perfectly groomed, and this seems particularly true of the flock that visits us as the sun is sinking. What other bird is quite so trim and pert? And is there any other bird where the individual seems to be so pleased with the other members of the flock? Compare for example a flock of quarreling gulls with a line of waxwings in their friendly ceremony of passing a berry, or other morsel of food, from one bill to the next while they perch side by side.

I have taken a snapshot of the sun above the pine trees. There is no reason to suppose I shall have a negative worth printing, but I believe I know why we so often waste film in this way. It is an obstinate, but futile, attempt to hold fast to those fleeting moments when we are aware of certain overtones in our response to Nature. Fortunately, though, the memories of these experiences can be cherished. So, along with such memories as a never-to-be-forgotten Texas sunset, moonlight on a silent fir-bordered Canadian lake, and a California condor's great spreading wings over a mountainside, I will treasure the memories of this day in the North Carolina hills.

Evanston, Illinois.



News from Afar

PERMISSION FOR the publication of portions of two letters has been given us by Dr. Alfred Lewy, member of the Board of Directors of our Society, to whom they were addressed. The first, written by Lieut. Howard Murphy of the U. S. Marine Air Corps, does not disclose his whereabouts, but does tell us something of what at least one of our marines does with his spare time. While applauding the service he is giving to our war effort in the Pacific we can envy him the experiences of which he writes as follows:

"Dear Doctor: Since I'm living in what resembles a huge bird's nest—secondarily an air station—I thought you might be interested in some of the types. Our group physician and I have managed to catalogue the birds fairly accurately with the help of one or two bird books. However our most interesting ornithological character I can't be too specific about lest I disclose my position. It isn't likely, but the censor objects.

"To start with, the most raucous type we have is the bosen-bird, or red-billed tropic bird. You may have seen some on the west coast for they range from California to Japan. Large, white with a pinkish sheen, long red bill, and long red tail feather which he uses as a rudder and which designers use to decorate women's hats, he is noisy, belligerent, and lacks ability to walk because of his short legs.

"We have several varieties of petrels, the predominant one being the wedge-tailed shearwater, or "moaning bird," about the size of a pigeon, dark on top and with a white breast. It cries, moans, howls, and screams all night in a most eerie manner, and being of extremely gregarious instincts, gathers in huge flocks to emit a concerted howling. When one is killed on the runway the mate and several hundred others gather around it like professional mourners. They nest under the shrubbery or in grassy patches, digging holes in the coral (which you invariably step into at night). The black petrel is a smaller edition of the above, less noisy and very gentle.

"Among the terns we have the white tern, very beautiful and friendly, being pure white with large, dark eyes and about the size of a robin. They hover over your head in an inquisitive manner, and will occasionally alight on your outstretched hand. The young will perch on your shoulder enjoyably. The majority of young birds here are fed by regurgitation, so it is difficult to really tame them.

"The Hawaiian tern is black and white, sharply marked. They live in immense flocks, breed prolifically, and are very noisy when around, uttering a peculiar warning cry which sends the young scurrying to the underbrush. It looks like a dark cloud rising when you encroach on their territory, and they aren't beyond pecking your head in their wrath. We have several species of terns as yet unidentified by us. They are like the oak family in their endless variety.

"Our greatest character is a species of albatross. I could write endlessly about this bird, with the censor's permission, but I will say that I have never seen a bird with such human characteristics. He provides a never-failing source of amusement to us. We taught the young ones how to fly, each pilot having his pet bird, and it was a riot to see them amble out on the runway in early morning and attempt to fly. They would manage to soar about twenty yards, forget to put their landing gear down and go head over heels. We would launch them from mounds, thus giving them the benefit of a little altitude. The last of the young ones has disappeared now, but they'll be back in force in another month, returning from the Aleutians and thereabouts.

"At present there are some migratory land birds here with their strange woodland cries. The golden plover and the curlew are most prevalent. I discovered one bird tagged with the following: F & W Service 41-308540. Maybe you can tell me what F & W means."

In an article in a recent number of the *Bulletin* Miss Belle Wilson wrote of the birds about Banning, California, and in a letter to Dr. Lewy she makes these further comments:

"Indian School Lane is one of the best outlying streets in Banning and the one on which I have found the greatest number of different species of birds. Number 295 is directly across the street from the large, beautiful estate of Dr. White of Los Angeles, where, since only a caretaker is present, I often hang over the wide gate and check up the birds that move about in the magnificent trees or upon the lawn. Recently I saw a covey of forty-one California quail on the lawn—all quite unafraid—a beautiful sight.

"An accident to my binoculars deprived me of their use just as the birds were returning from the mountains this fall. But I've had both the red-breasted and the red-naped sapsuckers in my yard this September and now the Gambel sparrows have come. And more and more of the latter will continue to arrive and remain for the winter.

"I find Banning an interesting place, which would be delightful if some of my enthusiastic bird friends in the east were here to go on hikes with me. I have to limit the length of these hikes now, but am very fortunate in living only a half-mile or so from the excellent bird haunts on Indian School Lane. Altitude is about 2500 feet—cold often in winter and hot in summer—in fact, this is a mountainous desert.

"I have made trips to Palm Springs and nearby canyons and to Twenty-nine Palms, all in low altitudes right out on the desert, and found many interesting birds. In March I saw the phainopepla nesting in mistletoe not far from Palm Springs; later it ascended to this level and I'm sure it nested in Banning, for I saw one carrying food in its beak, but I failed to find its nest. At the oasis in Twenty-nine Palms I saw an eared grebe. Although in full breeding plumage, the bird was so small that one of our party kept insisting it must be a young bird. Later I learned that a small flock of these grebes had been driven in on a sand storm and, fortunately, had settled on a small artificial pond near an inn where they are kept supplied with fish. One grebe had been blinded by the sand. Since one of our party resided in Twenty-nine Palms and learned of the flock of grebes that were being fed, I'm hoping that he reported the lone one at the oasis and so saved its life.

"Please remember me to my good Chicago bird friends. I miss them."

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The Swamp

By KARL E. BARTEL

WHEN ONE speaks of a swamp the mind unconsciously pictures it as impossible to get into. That is not always the case. A swamp does not necessarily have to have water in it at all times. The fact is that there are more varieties of swamp than could be listed here, and there are a dozen or more within 50 miles of Chicago. Birdlife abounds in them and each type of swamp has its own typical species.

To name a few kinds of swamp is indeed easy. There is a tamarack swamp at Volo, Illinois, in the northwestern part of the state, which has black larch growing in a slight depression. This swamp covers an area of about ten acres and has water in it at all times, but has a heavy carpet of moss that one can almost walk upon growing over the water. Some of the birds usually found nesting here are the great blue heron, some of the larger hawks, red-eyed vireo, wood thrush and some warblers.

Then there is the cat-tail swamp, so called because of the abundant growth of cat-tails (*Typha latifolia*), which will sometimes grow out of as well as in the water. The most common nesting birds in a swamp of this type are the red-winged blackbird, pied-billed grebe, coot, long-billed marsh wren, and some of the ducks.

The grass swamp is a section of land that floods in the spring and fall of the year, water being evident only at those times and drying up during the heat of the summer. It is in the coarse growth of long and short grasses which are characteristic of this type of swamp that the rails, bitterns, marsh hawks and sparrows nest.

There is an island swamp to which I have been going for the past ten years, situated in the bottom lands of the Illinois River valley, about 100 miles southwest of Chicago. The main attraction of this swamp is that it holds about 400 nests of great blue herons, the young of which I try to band



Young marsh hawk in a grass swamp

each year. If the water is low this swamp will by the first of July have giant ragweeds standing from eight to ten feet high, intermingled with wild cucumber vines. As many as 70 species of birds have been found on or near this island in the month of June.

May 28, 1942, a trip was taken to this swamp by Alfred M. Reuss, Jr., Mrs. Amy G. Baldwin and the author. To get to the island we had to row for an hour and a half. The trip was made specifically to see whether the American egrets were nesting. They were. This is the farthest north that these birds have nested in Illinois since their recovery from near extermination.

Upon arrival we found a log under a shady tree and had our lunch. While eating I mentioned that I had been going to this island for ten years and had never seen a redstart's nest. Just then my eye caught a yellow flash in a grapevine and, upon following it, lit upon a female redstart building a nest. The nest was about five feet from where we were sitting. Was I surprised! It was not completed but had in it cotton down from the willow trees and fine strips that were taken from the center of the giant ragweeds.

The wooded section was just full of song and a check discovered the following 62 species:

Double-crested cormorant, great blue heron, American egret, green heron, black-crowned night heron, wood duck, red-shouldered hawk, sparrow

hawk, marsh hawk, bob-white, killdeer, herring gull, common tern, black tern, mourning dove, yellow-billed cuckoo, nighthawk, chimney swift, red-bellied woodpecker, hairy woodpecker, downy woodpecker, kingbird, crested flycatcher, alder flycatcher, wood pewee, tree swallow, bank swallow, rough-winged swallow, barn swallow, purple martin, blue jay, crow, black-capped chickadee, tufted titmouse, house wren, long-billed marsh wren, catbird, brown thrasher, robin, wood thrush, bluebird, cedar waxwing, starling, warbling vireo, prothonotary warbler, yellow warbler, northern yellow-throat, yellow-breasted chat, redstart, English sparrow, eastern meadow-lark, Baltimore oriole, red-winged blackbird, cowbird, cardinal, rose-breasted grosbeak, indigo bunting, goldfinch, towhee, vesper sparrow, field sparrow, song sparrow.

Blue Island, Illinois.



A Spring Tonic

By JAMES N. LAYNE, Lane Technical School

THE DAY was young with golden splendor as I walked along the woodland path bordering the stream. My thoughts were centered on the many beautiful things about me. Across the river a flock of pigeons wheeled, first one and then the other taking the lead, until, finally circling lower and lower, they settled to the earth. I walked on, the sun warm at my back. I paused to watch several gulls floating high above me on motionless wings. They presented a beautiful spectacle with their white wings and bodies silhouetted against the turquoise blue sky. A flock of robins passed over me with a chorus of chirping. A meadowlark on a distant fencepost poured forth his happy song. Several crows flapped over the golden field and their cawing drifted through the woods.

I approached a railway trestle. After climbing the embankment I surveyed the woods around me, for this was a fine vantage point. The river, usually passive, was now angry and white with rage as it poured over rocks beneath the trestle. A stick unknowingly floated into the current and was lost in the green foamy depths. Back over the path a pair of red-shouldered hawks glided. They no doubt had chosen that spot as their nesting site, for it was rather woody and swampy, with an abundance of frogs and mice.

At the foot of the embankment a troupe of cardinals flitted about in the bushes. Starlings abounded and the air was filled with their cries, some displeasing but others actually melodious. I left the trestle and took the path on that side. The woods were much thicker and most of the trees were elms, with a fair amount of oaks. Overhead a red-tailed hawk soared, and when it banked the sun shone on its chestnut tail like fire. Suddenly the woods were filled with "Killee, killee" and a beautiful female sparrow hawk alighted in the topmost branches of a near-by tree. In a minute or so she was joined by her mate. Together they sat and preened themselves. The male flew and the female followed immediately until both were out of sight. As I walked on a cock pheasant rose and whirred away, and as I watched through my field glasses he set his wings and glided, beating them three or four times rapidly and then gliding again.

The day was well done when I started home. A sparrow hawk came overhead calling rapidly, circled and settled in a distant tree. I was overjoyed at seeing a pair of mourning doves sitting side by side on a branch above me. They were silent as they sat there, no doubt happy in the presence of each other. I entered a dense thicket and suddenly a woodcock zig-zagged out of the moist leaves and whisked away. Farther on the performance was repeated by another. Then I saw both of them rising in great spirals, higher and higher. Their wings were beaten rapidly and they looked like large bats. Through the glasses I discerned their long slim bills. One had risen, whistling, almost beyond my sight, when suddenly he flew straight, then erratically, then nosed into a dive. Down, down he came almost perpendicularly, making a long spiral at a terrific speed. As he neared the ground he levelled off and flew about five feet high into a covert. The other one soon repeated the performance. This was the grand finale to my outing. It was dark now, and the occasional call of an excited robin came to me over the rushing of the water as I stood on the trestle and bade farewell to the woods until another day. Hoping in vain to the last to catch a glimpse of a screech owl, I reluctantly left the woods.



Our Lectures

MEMBERS AND friends of our Society had the pleasure of listening to a talk by Mr. Wesley F. Kubichek, of the Fish and Wildlife Service, Department of the Interior, on the evening of January 15, his subject being "Wildlife at Home." He related the story of the Upper Souris River and its reclamation for wildlife, illustrating this and all his topics with very fine color movies taken by himself, assisted quite capably by Mrs. Kubichek. Then followed the life story of the western grebe with their fascinating practice of walking upright on the water during the mating season, and other habits not common to the grebe family. The final section of the lecture showed the prairie chicken and the sharp-tailed grouse, with a comparison of their actions on the booming ground during the mating dance. Because of a heavy snow storm that day some of our members were unable to reach the Academy and thus missed a most worth while evening.

Mr. E. T. Baroody, of Berwyn, one of our Board of Directors, gave a talk on Syria on the evening of February 16. A lecture by Mr. Murl Deusing, of Milwaukee, scheduled for that time was unavoidably postponed. Mr. Baroody showed some very fine color movies made during a visit to Egypt and Syria that gave a more intimate view of life there than could have been obtained by anyone without his family connections and personal knowledge of the country and its customs. We appreciate his kindness in helping us to avoid disappointing those whom we were unable to notify of the change. We hope to have Mr. Deusing with us at some later time.

March 5, at 8:00 o'clock, we shall again welcome to the Academy of Sciences, where all our programs are given, Mr. Karl H. Maslowski, whose subject will be "From Seashore to Glacier." He will take us by way of his

all color film from the southernmost specks of land in the Great Florida Reef, the Dry Tortugas Islands, through the middle west, to the glaciers of northwestern Montana. Included will be such things as the story of old Fort Jefferson, slow motion shots of sooty terns in flight, the home life of the scarlet tanager, and activities of such alpine dwellers as the whistling marmot and white-tailed ptarmigan. Members, their friends and families, are invited.



What Birds Eat

By C. O. DECKER

WE ARE all familiar with the common sparrow and have watched him picking up grain and seeds; we have wondered at the skill and persistence of the robin in finding and extracting the earthworm from our grass plots; many of us have seen the osprey "strike" for his fish; the woodpecker drilling for the boring insects is a common sight; but how many of us have thought of all the different substances which birds find desirable as food?

In the first place we must know that even our most familiar bird friends require a more varied diet than we usually think. Seed-eaters, insectivorous species and the predators must all have certain mineral salts, such as those from which they may derive calcium phosphate for the bones and calcium carbonate for the shells of their eggs. The gravel and pebbles that are found in their crops are not to be considered in this as they are taken only for the grinding effect of the hard surfaces. But few, or very few, species limit themselves in their diets as we unconsciously limit them in our thoughts.

Vegetable-feeders form a very large portion of the birds. There are the fruit- and grain-eaters, and those which feed almost entirely on buds, leaves, berries, nuts, nectar, sap, and even pollen. It is to this class of feeders that farmers and gardeners voice the greatest objection and whose destruction they are most apt to advocate. A good share of the bill of fare of the Arctic grouse, or ptarmigan, is made up of lichens. Certain plants have even been named for the birds which are especially partial to them, for example, duckweed and partridge berry. On the other hand, some species of birds have acquired local names from food associations, such as the cherry bird (cedar waxwing), pea bird (Baltimore oriole), and rice bird (bobolink). In turn the plants may affect the lives of the birds, as in the case of the goldfinch, the nesting of which is delayed until the ripening of the thistle, upon the seeds of which it feeds and the down of which goes into the making of its nest. In eating all of these vegetable foods the birds must necessarily consume quantities of the insects which are associated with them. We may not be too certain that the sapsucker is not as much concerned with the insects drawn by the flow of sap as by the sap itself.

Insects form practically the sole food of scores of species of birds and enter into the diets of hundreds. There is probably not a single group of insects that does not suffer from the appetite of some species of bird. The eggs and larvae are dug and pried out by woodpeckers, nuthatches and

creepers; those underground are scratched up by quail, partridge, and many sparrows and thrushes; warblers and vireos scan every twig and leaf; flycatchers, like cats, lie in wait and spring out after low-flying insects; while swifts, swallows and martins glean their harvest from the high-flying creatures. When night comes, the insects which have chosen that time to carry on their business are pounced upon by the whip-poor-will in the lower and the nighthawk in the upper air. Many times when we think that hummingbirds are taking dainty sips of nectar from the flowers they are in reality picking minute spiders and flies from the deep cups. It has been said that without birds within a space of ten years the earth would not be habitable for man, owing to the increase of noxious insects.

Earthworms are high on the menus of such different species as the thrushes, woodcocks and cranes. I have a very pleasant memory of watching a pair of woodcocks probing on a mud flat and, when the mud accumulated on the bill, seeing them scrape it off with the foot before trying again. Slugs and snails are eaten by many of the smaller birds, and one of them, the Everglade kite, is so fond of a certain species of snail peculiar to that region that it is locally known as the "snail hawk." Large mounds of shells are found where the kite has carried the snails to a favorite spot to feed, and the increasing scarcity of the Everglade kite has been attributed to the gradual lessening of the supply of this favored food.

Crabs, starfish, sea urchins, shellfish, and even the jellyfish, which is often 95 per cent water, are eaten by crows, ravens, gulls, and probably others. They have been known to carry shellfish aloft and drop them on the rocks to break them open. A curious adaptation of this idea has been noted on ostrich farms in South Africa, where ravens carry stones up and drop them on the eggs which they are otherwise unable to break. In our country the eggs of other birds are delicacies which many feathered robbers, such as jays and crows, cannot resist.

Fish have many enemies among the birds, which have numerous ingenious ways of obtaining their victims. The slim, evil-looking snake bird of the southern swamps darts through the water and spears the fish on its needle-pointed beak. Cormorants and several of the ducks, grebes, etc., catch their prey by diving. Among the strenuous seekers after fish is the osprey, which hovers on slowly vibrating wings until a finny back shows near the surface, when, giving itself to gravitation, it drops like a plummet. It seizes its prey in its talons, while the kingfisher, after watching patiently from some overhanging branch, uses its bill to capture the fish. Terns dive for their fish, gulls usually snatch them from the surface, and skuas and jaegers get theirs at second hand, forcing them to disgorge or stealing from the more skillful fishers of the sea.

Hérons are the "still-fishers" among birds and stand in the shallow waters, silent and motionless, but with their sharp bill and long neck hung on a hair trigger. So we see that few, if any, varieties of fish escape the attention of the birds, and even decayed masses as large as whales when thrown ashore are taken care of by the winged scavengers. Inland this latter service is performed by the carrion eaters, the most commonly known being the vultures and the now rapidly disappearing condor, the latter a

victim of poisoned carcasses put out by ranchers for wolves. Frogs, turtles, lizards and snakes all pay their toll, the road runner of the southwest being particularly adept in dealing with the lizards and snakes living in its territory, so much so that he is locally sometimes called the "lizard bird."

Cannibalism is never a very pleasant subject, but some birds do include other birds on their bill of fare, although probably none will feed exclusively on members of their own class. The shrike, or butcher bird, has a bad reputation in this regard, but does include many of the larger insects, such as grasshoppers and locusts, and smaller mammals, such as mice and shrews, in its diet. Perhaps the most persistent offender would be the duck hawk, which, where birds are abundant, is reported to eat merely the flesh of the head and neck and the eyes of each victim, leaving the remainder of the body untouched. However, the principal source of food among the hawks and owls has been definitely shown to be the various crop-destroying rodents and larger insects. Probably no species of wildlife is entirely free from paying tribute to some kind of bird, eagles and hawks having been shot that carried even a strong smell of skunk—but whether they were eaten is still an open question. Nor do we know why the grebes eat their own feathers, in some cases as much as 66 per cent of the stomach contents having been identified as such.

This has been a brief and quite incomplete review of the almost unlimited range of substances which furnish the birds with food, but it does show something of the interrelation of all life on earth. A list of the creatures which prey upon birds would be quite as revealing. Every creature seems to come into contact with other unrelated groups and life as a whole is affected thereby. A warbler seeking out the insects among the leaves, or a bittern spearing a frog, seems a trivial incident, and yet the effects of accumulated events no more important than these are felt by all the world, so delicate is the balance of Nature.

Chicago, Illinois.



Christmas Census — 1942

AT THIS time we are again pleased to publish the several reports which have been received from various localities. They are not so numerous and fewer observers have taken part, which may in some measure be due to the entrance of quite a number of our younger bird students into the war industries and the armed services. The restrictions on what still comes under the head of pleasure driving are undoubtedly also a factor. However, we are glad to see that in spite of many unfavorable conditions there are still those who can find the time and the enthusiasm that will take them into the field to see what is happening to our native birds.

Many of our readers must have had interesting experiences on some of these excursions. *The Audubon Bulletin* invites you to send them to us and let us share them with others.

Reports received are as follows:

Blue Island, Cook Co. In the vicinity of Blue Island, Oak Hill banding

station, and fields south and east of the station, December 22 to 31, snow covering the ground the first three days and bare thereafter, temperature ranging from 35° to 3°. Birds listed show largest numbers of individuals seen in one day. Red-shouldered hawk, 2; marsh hawk, 1; bob-white, 5; ring-necked pheasant, 14; herring gull, 5; mourning dove, 1; barn owl, 3; screech owl, 2; red-bellied woodpecker, 1; hairy woodpecker, 3; downy woodpecker, 11; blue jay, 9; crow, 6; black-capped chickadee, 10; tufted titmouse, 5; white-breasted nuthatch, 3; red-breasted nuthatch, 1; brown creeper, 1; northern shrike, 1; starling, 60; English sparrow, 35; red-winged blackbird (flying over), 5; cardinal, 14; purple finch, 1; junco, 18; tree sparrow, 7; song sparrow, 1; total 28 species, 230 individuals. A brown thrasher and a bittern were seen on December 19, and a great blue heron on the 15th.—Karl E. Bartel.

Chicago, Cook Co. All along the lake front from 63rd Street north to the city limits (except Montrose Harbor), December 29, 10:00 A.M. to 2:45 P.M., wind northeast, light fog and rain, temperature 38°. One mile on foot (around Navy Pier) and 20 miles by auto. Mallard duck, 2; golden-eye, 15; old-squaw, 26; American merganser, 233; red-breasted merganser, 50; herring gull, 400+; ring-billed gull, 175+; starling, 100+; English sparrow, 75+; total 9 species, 1,076 (est.) individuals. I stopped the car wherever birds could be seen, but there were many places where from the car I could not see the lake and there may have been birds there.—Karl E. Bartel.

Joliet, Will Co. Pilcher Park Arboretum, December 25, 12:30 to 4:30 P.M., wind east, foggy and damp, snow here and there, temperature 33°. Twelve miles by auto and 3½ on foot. Red-shouldered hawk, 1; herring gull, 2; hairy woodpecker, 2; downy woodpecker, 4; blue jay, 1; crow, 28; tufted titmouse, 1; starling, 4; English sparrow, 50; red-winged blackbird, 1; purple finch, 1; American goldfinch, 9; junco, 8; tree sparrow, 1; total 16 species, 117 individuals.—Karl E. Bartel.

Grafton, Illinois. Pere Marquette Park, Federal Area and Wildlife Refuge, War Department property along the Illinois River, and farms in between, in all a stretch 15 miles long and eight wide, December 27, 6:00 A.M. to 5:00 P.M., cloudy following a three-inch rainfall during early morning, ground bare, soaked with rain, wind northeast, 15 miles, temperature 42° to 40°. Thirty-two observers in six parties; total hours, 48; total party miles, 131 (44 by foot, 87 by car). Pied-billed grebe, 1; mallard, 935, est.; black duck, 11; gadwall, 210; pintail, 53; lesser scaup duck, 34; American golden-eye, 26; American merganser, 45; red-breasted merganser, 4; Cooper's hawk, 1; red-tailed hawk, 9; red-shouldered hawk, 1; bald eagle, 17; marsh hawk, 11; sparrow hawk, 19; bob-white, 52; killdeer, 1; ring-billed gull, 241; rock dove, 3; mourning dove, 7; short-eared owl, 1; kingfisher, 3; flicker, 62; pileated woodpecker, 2; red-bellied woodpecker, 68; red-headed woodpecker, 81; hairy woodpecker, 26; downy woodpecker, 70; prairie horned lark, 4; blue jay, 86; crow, 76; black-capped chickadee, 96; tufted titmouse, 102; white-breasted nuthatch, 21; brown creeper, 9; Carolina wren, 54; mockingbird, 1; robin, 7; bluebird, 32; golden-crowned kinglet, 8; cedar waxwing, 15; starling, 154; English sparrow, 931, est.;

European tree sparrow, 3; meadowlark, 9; red-wing, 2; bronzed grackle, 12; cardinal, 284; purple finch, 1; goldfinch, 9; slate-colored junco, 529; tree sparrow, 815, est.; fox sparrow, 12; swamp sparrow, 44; song sparrow, 67; total, 55 species, 5,377 individuals.—Members of the Pere Marquette League and guests: O. C. K. Hutchinson, Cora Hutchinson, Neil M. Waterbury, Beatrice J. Waterbury, Orville W. Harris, Mrs. O. Harris, Bud Berry, Bonnie Berry, Don Menke, Rev. George M. Link, David Dale, Jack Buese, Jack Decker, Mrs. Guy E. Bonney, Lois Hopwood, Al S. Kaszynski, Cel Kaszynski, Ann Waterbury, Louise Hutchinson, Chester Harris, Lora Ward, Alice E. Waterbury, William C. Carpenter, Eugene Snider, Joseph Hartman, Bill Robertson, Vincent Baumann, James Hartman, Junior Roth, Joe Shockley, Emma Lou Gross, Dolores Baumann.

Lake Geneva, Wisconsin. Around entire lake, December 27, 7:45 A.M. to 4:30 P.M., strong north wind, overcast, heavy rain in morning turning to drizzle around noon, and to sleet and snow about 3:00 P.M., ground covered with 2 to 8 inches of snow, west half of lake open, rough and white-capped. Twenty-five miles by car, 6 on foot, observers together. Canada goose, 2; mallard, 17; black duck, 7; gadwall, 2; canvasback, 37; scaup (seen flying and had the long white wing-bar of the greater scaup), 33; golden-eye, 162; American merganser, 27; ring-necked pheasant, 1; coot, 23; herring gull, 16; downy woodpecker, 2; blue jay, 2; crow, 21; black-capped chickadee, 7; white-breasted nuthatch, 3; brown creeper, 1; starling, 4; English sparrow, 7; purple finch, 2; slate-colored junco, 6; tree sparrow, 1; total 22 species, 395 individuals. The poor weather caused a list far below normal in specimens and numbers for this area.—Earl Anderson and C. O. Palmquist.

Lisle, DuPage Co. Morton Arboretum, December 27, 9:30 A.M. to 3:30 P.M., wind northeast changing to northwest in the afternoon, light rain all day, temperature 35°. Four miles on foot and ten by car. Marsh hawk, 1; ring-necked pheasant, 6; herring gull, 8; long-eared owl, 1; downy woodpecker, 1; blue jay, 2; crow, 11; black-capped chickadee, 4; red-breasted nuthatch, 1; golden-crowned kinglet, 10; starling, 6; English sparrow, 4; cardinal, 11; purple finch, 6; red crossbill, 2; junco, 18; total 16 species, 92 individuals. The crossbills were also seen here two weeks before.—The Chicago Ornithological Society, Mrs. Baldwin, Mrs. Greenfield, Leona Draheim, Millicent Stebbins, Karl E. Bartel, and Jim Levy.

Orland Park, Cook Co. Orland Wildlife Preserve, December 25, 9:00 A.M. to 12:00 M., wind east, cloudy and very foggy, snow here and there, temperature 33°. Ten miles by auto around Orland and three miles on foot. The slough was frozen over. Mallard (dead, fresh and was banded); red-shouldered hawk, 3; ring-necked pheasant, 2; herring gull, 2; downy woodpecker, 2; blue jay, 1; crow, 18; black-capped chickadee, 3; brown creeper, 1; northern shrike, 2; starling, 8; English sparrow, 30; bronzed grackle, 1; tree sparrow, 1; total 13 species, 74 individuals. One shrike was seen at Orland, while the other was about 2½ miles east. The grackle was chased out of the hog pen by the farmer at the west end of the slough.—Karl E. Bartel.

Waukegan, Lake Co. Along Waukegan Pier, harbor and beach, and

the beach, fields and pines north of Waukegan, January 1, 10:00 A.M. to 3:30 P.M., wind northeast, light snow falling in the morning, clearing in the afternoon, temperature 32°. American golden-eye, 65; old-squaw, 30; American merganser, 50; red-breasted merganser, 45; rough-legged hawk, 1; sparrow hawk, 1; ring-necked pheasant, 2; herring gull, 250+; ring-billed gull, 30; blue jay, 3; crow, 14; starling, 200+; English sparrow, 35; tree sparrow, 2; total 14 species, 728 (est.) individuals.—Karl E. Bartel, Mrs. Baldwin, Leona Draheim, Jim Levy.

Glen Ellyn, DuPage Co. In Glen Ellyn and Morton Arboretum, December 30, 9:00 A.M. to 4:00 P.M., overcast most of the day with strong wind, temperature 31° in morning, colder in afternoon. Ring-necked pheasant, 1; herring gull, 1; downy woodpecker, 2 (both females); hairy woodpecker, 5 (4 male, 1 female); crow, 74; blue jay, 2; chickadee, 15; brown creeper, 3; Carolina wren, 1; robin, 1; starling, 34; English sparrow, 12; cardinal, 23 (11 male, 12 female, 14 in one flock); pine siskin, 4; goldfinch, 4; junco, 12; tree sparrow, 10; total 17 species, 204 individuals.—Benjamin Gault Bird Club, Fay E. Hunter, President.

Michael, Illinois. Calhoun County, centering at Michael, December 20. Twenty-three observers in four groups. A list of 58 species observed is received, but without record of numbers or other conditions.

Springfield, Sangamon Co. Territory as listed below, December 20, cloudy, clearing about noon, fresh breeze, temperature 20° to 24°, four inches of snow. Mallard, 5000; black duck, 1500; baldpate, 20; pintail, 14; golden-eye, 3; American merganser, 50; red-breasted merganser, 6; Cooper's hawk, 1; red-tailed hawk, 4; red-shouldered hawk, 2; rough-legged hawk, 1; marsh hawk, 1; sparrow hawk, 4; bob-white, 22; herring gull, 1; ring-billed gull, 51; mourning dove, 1; barred owl, 1; flicker, 4; red-bellied woodpecker, 10; red-headed woodpecker, 8; hairy woodpecker, 11; downy woodpecker, 25; prairie horned lark, 6; blue jay, 70; crow, 354; black-capped chickadee, 115; titmouse, 68; white-breasted nuthatch, 22; brown creeper, 9; Carolina wren, 1; mockingbird, 3; robin, 1; golden-crowned kinglet, 5; starling, 100; English sparrow, 370; rock dove, 6; meadowlark, 1; cardinal, 62; purple finch, 6; goldfinch, 10; junco, 116; tree sparrow, 163; song sparrow, 19; Lapland longspur, 1; snow bunting, 2; total 46 species, 8250 individuals.—Bill O'Brien, around Pleasant Plains in morning, Oak Ridge Cemetery in afternoon; Lena Hardbarger, Oak Ridge Cemetery and Lincoln Park; N. E. Nilsson, Washington Park west and north along Spring Creek to Oak Park Cemetery; Helen Ware, Washington Park and Oak Knolls; Mrs. V. Eifert and Charlotte DuBois, Washington Park and Country Club region; Mrs. C. E. Sellers and Mrs. T. I. Fullenwider, at their feeding stations; Bill Robertson and Mrs. C. Bonney, on bus to Lake Springfield, conducted to open water at Spalding Dam and then driven in car part way around the lake by Lake Policeman Allen. Lake Springfield was frozen over except for two small open spaces.

What is the ILLINOIS AUDUBON SOCIETY?



It is a corporation organized in 1897, not for profit, under the laws of the State of Illinois, for the study and protection of wild birdlife.

It aims to encourage the study of our native wild birds, to increase the appreciation of their aesthetic and economic values, and to work for their safety through education.

All lovers of birds are welcomed to its membership upon signing an application and paying membership dues. All dues and bequests other than those paid annually are held in an Endowment Fund, only the income from which is used for current needs, and there are no paid officers.

Under a ruling of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue contributions to the Society are deductible from income, gifts are deductible for gift tax purposes, and bequests or legacies are deductible for estate tax purposes.

MEMBERSHIP FEES ARE AS FOLLOWS:

ACTIVE MEMBERS.....	\$2.00 annually
CONTRIBUTING MEMBERS.....	\$5.00 annually
SUSTAINING MEMBERS.....	\$25.00
LIFE MEMBERS	\$100.00
BENEFACTORS	\$500.00
PATRONS	\$1,000.00

The Society maintains an office at the Chicago Academy of Sciences, where literature and information may be obtained and where public lectures are held.

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THE AUDUBON BULLETIN



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ILLINOIS AUDUBON SOCIETY
For the Protection of Wild Birds

Affiliated with

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The Nests of Two Hawks

By JAMES N. LAYNE

APRIL, 1942, found me prepared to study, photograph, and band a few hawks. I was not attempting to cover a large area or to do a great deal of recording, for although interested in birds of prey for several years this was the first time I had planned to really observe and study the wild hawks.

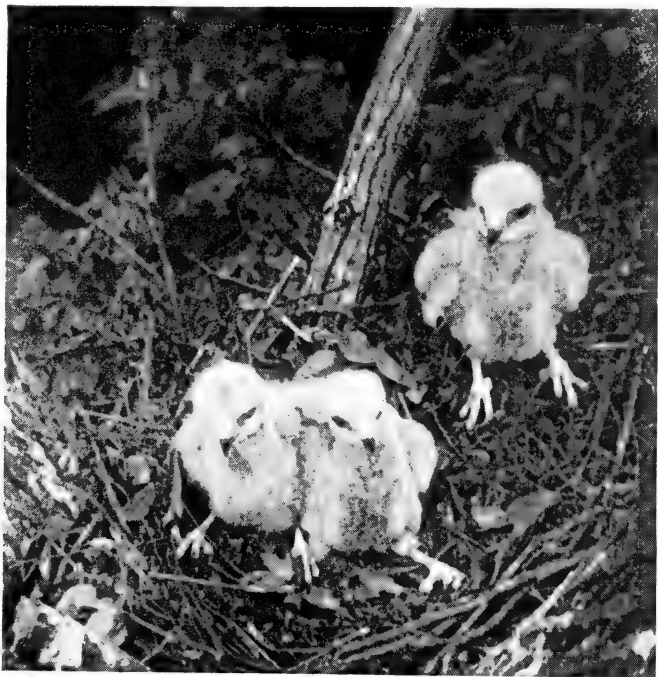
My first experience with the "kings of the avian world" came through training them for falconry, and thus, as is the case with all conscientious falconers, I became intensely interested in the wild raptores and in their protection.



Nest and eggs of red-shouldered hawk, April 22

On April 17, at Highland Park, Illinois, I located two nests of red-shouldered hawks (*Buteo lineatus*) about three miles apart. The nests, fairly well constructed of sticks, were about 65 feet from the ground. The trunk of each nest tree was bare of branches to about 40 or 50 feet, and surrounding the base of the trees was, in both cases, a lush growth of poison ivy and a maze of tangled vines that rivaled the most cleverly constructed barbed wire entanglement.

It was a simple matter to determine that the nests were inhabited because through the leafless branches white down could be seen clinging to the edges of the bulky construction and the droppings of the adults spotted the ground in profusion. The first nest to which I climbed contained four eggs, buff colored, spotted usually toward one end with brown. They were about the size of hen's eggs and they lay, small ends pointed in, in a depression lined with soft down in the center of the shallow platform of



Young red-shouldered hawks, May 17

sticks. The adults were shy, as is usually the case, and confined their protests to circling above and uttering their musical cry of "*Keeyou, keeyou.*" The female, identified by her larger size, was bolder than her mate and circled quite low on several occasions.

The second nest, like the first, contained eggs in a down-lined hollow, but in this case only three eggs had been laid. The adults acted in the same manner as did the others, except that the female of this pair let her legs dangle at intervals in her circling, giving her the appearance of an airplane lowering and retracting its landing gear.

A month later the young had hatched and in the first nest all but one were alive. The fourth obviously had hatched last and, being weaker, had no doubt been mishandled and starved by his older nestmates. At any rate I removed the odorous body from the nest. There were two things which

interested me. One was the fact that the interior of the nest had frequently been lined with green foliage, thus covering the remains of previous meals; the other was the sanitary way the little hawks were careful not to dirty the nest, always backing carefully to the edge.

When I attempted to band the nestlings they would flip over on their backs and present their needle-sharp talons like a boxer, and when the hand approached they would strike out in a flash, and quite often they did not miss. As I finished the banding I had a new respect for those who were banding eagles.

The second nest had only one survivor. In the nest with him was one egg, and search as I might I could discover no remains of another nestling or of another egg. During this visit the parents of both nests were much bolder than when the nests contained only eggs and they circled quite near, even alighting in nearby trees to scream at me.

On May 30 I paid my last respects to the now nearly full-fledged nestlings. In fact, as my head and shoulders appeared over the edge of the first nest one little hawk, braver than the rest, promptly launched herself from the edge and volplaned to earth. She seemed quite pleased and proud of herself as I placed her back in the nest, and regarded her nestmates contemptuously. The lone hawk in the second nest had thrived beautifully, being the sole object of his parents' care, and had received plenty of food. Even though a little younger than those in the other nest he was almost as well developed and weighed more than any of them.

As I left the nests for the last time I had the feeling of parting with friends, for I had come to love these birds that soon would be wheeling high against the heavens, and as I hesitantly left the forest their thin screams reached my ears and seemed to be saying farewell.

Setting up their household about the same date as the red-shouldered hawks were a pair of diminutive and beautiful sparrow hawks (*Falco sparverius*). These little falcons had chosen as their nesting site the habitual cavity, this time located some 60 feet high in a live elm in LaBaugh Wood, a forest preserve. I began to watch them in March and they were so fascinating that I often stayed for an entire day just following them through the woods. As the days became warmer the tempo of their mating increased and the female made her choice of a nesting cavity. The male, when not bringing her offerings in the form of mice, was performing beautiful maneuvers for his mate. Rising high into the air he would plunge like a meteor down through the trees until, just as he seemed to be going to dash himself against the ground, he would swoop up again to repeat, much in the manner of a roller coaster. During this performance his wild cry of "Killee, killee" rose and fell about the woods.

By the third week in April the female had laid five eggs, buff-colored, spotted profusely with cinnamon, arranged in the bottom of the cavity on a bed of decayed wood, with the small ends pointing inward. The female was seldom seen. Only when her mate brought food did she leave the nest, and then only to eat and exercise a bit; then back to her eggs she would go, relieving the male who had incubated them in her short absence. The little

male was a good provider and often brought back more mice than his mate could possibly eat. This surplus was ingeniously stored in a hollow stub in a nearby tree against future need.

The falcons were courageous in the defense of their nest. I saw them drive away a large red-tailed hawk that innocently happened to be flying near, and woe be to any squirrel or crow that ventured too near their beloved eggs. They showed no fear of me when I climbed to their nest. Wheeling and screaming above, they would take turns at diving at me from



Young red-shouldered hawks, May 30

back and front, sometimes coming within six inches of my head. It was thrilling to see one of these audacious little mites flashing toward me with the wind whining through half-closed wings, dark eyes flashing, and lean yellow talons in an attitude of attack.

Only two of the eggs hatched, and soon the little nestlings were rapidly acquiring their feathers. As soon as the tail feathers, wing coverts, and back feathers appeared it was easy to determine the sex of the young, one a male and one a female. They developed more rapidly than the red-should-

dered nestlings and about the first of June were ready to break home ties.

At this date another pair of sparrow hawks nested about 150 yards away in a dead tree. Strangely enough, there were no hostilities between the two families, but I noticed that not once did either of the males venture near the other's cavity, and each hunted in a different section of the woods. The female laid five eggs, four of which hatched, two females and two males, and as they grew the small home became more and more cramped. When one of the little falcons desired to move he was forced to walk over his brothers and sisters.

I was astonished on two different occasions when, after rapping on the side of the nesting tree and then climbing to the cavity, I found the adult female sitting quietly in the hollow. She allowed herself to be grasped and banded without struggling, but upon being released would come dashing back and rush about the tree, diving and screaming at me. The male was very shy and seldom appeared.

On my last visit to their nest I found the young had learned to fly and were perched in various trees about their previous home, watched over by the loving mother. Soon the male appeared, bearing in his talons a fat mouse. He circled overhead calling to his offspring, they answered excitedly and followed him off to a distant tree. The female remained for a moment watching her young that soon would leave her, and with a haughty look for me she seemingly shrugged her shoulders and trailed after her family.

Nearby in a cemetery wood lot I discovered a family of screech owls. The young numbering four were hidden in a cavity in a live oak, concealed by leaves. At this late date they were prepared to leave home and a week later were gone. However, a pair of flickers quickly confiscated the abandoned cavity and were busy preparing to raise their own family. I made an effort to locate a marsh hawk's nest but was able to find only the remains of a last year's nest.

By this time summer had arrived and my efforts were concluded. It is true I had not accomplished a great deal, but I had learned much and was anxious to know more. I had taken some photographs which I value very much and I felt that I could not have put the time spent in the beautiful, clean outdoors to any better use. I had come to respect and admire birds of prey, and never will I see any justification in the destruction of any hawk, eagle or owl. They deserve and should be accorded far better treatment from the hand of man than has heretofore been meted out to them. *Chicago, Illinois.*

(Shortly after the receipt of the above article the Chicago papers carried a story of a hawk that was taken to the Albany Park police station by two boys. One of the officers at the station remembered that James Layne, a 16 year old student at Lane Technical School, was interested in hawks. He was called to the station and there found it to be one of the red-shouldered nestlings he tells about here and which he had taken from the Highland Park nest. It was a happy reunion for both James and "Warrior," his pet.)

First Avian Impressions in Florida

By C. W. G. EIFRIG

AFTER FORTY-SEVEN years of assiduous bird observation and study, often over-passionately carried on, October 13 to 17, 1942, found us on our way to a new home in Florida. Three items that impressed themselves on the memory on this somewhat lengthy drive were the great number of opossums and skunks seen killed on the highway; also a pileated woodpecker, certainly a rare victim of cars; and the passing of a dead tree used as a roosting place by turkey vultures. There were 13 on the tree when we passed (near Brownstown, Indiana), but an informant told us that he had counted as high as 30.

Windermere, our home, is located 13 miles west of Orlando in central Florida. This is the great citrus belt of the state, and at the same time the lake region of Florida. It comes in the nature of a surprise to a northerner to see so many lakes in such a low, flat state. Orlando claims, if I mistake not, 32 lakes within or touching its city limits. Our village lies between three lakes, rather sizable at that; we live close to the finest of the three, Lake Butler. In this, near our shore, is an island of about 60 acres, wooded and wet, on which is found a famous heronry of white ibises. These are just now returning from their winter home farther south.

Even though an ornithologist from the north has read much of the bird literature for many years, yet he will not know precisely what to look for in a new home so much nearer the equator than where he spent most of his life. So the writer was not startled when one of the first birds he saw on his lawn was a red-shafted flicker. It acted very much at home, was not shy, and stayed around for several days. Only when I consulted Howell's *Florida Bird Life* did I see that it had never been recorded from Florida. I am familiar with it from extended visits west. Similarly, on February 8, while paddling a boat on Lake Butler a flock of violet-green swallows flew by closely, with a sprinkling of cliff swallows. The snowy white side of the rump, almost seeming to meet on top, together with the peculiar green of the back, were unfailing signs. The buffy rump of the cliff swallows was quite different. Also this species is not given by Howell. The tree swallow, too, was there, assembling in greater numbers from day to day, preparatory to their flight north. They, together with a few bank and rough-winged swallows, were flying over the lakes all winter—if temperatures from 70° to 84° can be called winter. Finally, on January 18 a small vireo alighted in one of the myrtle bushes outside of our dining room windows. It allowed close inspection, because it stayed quite a while at a distance of five to ten feet. It turned out to be a Bell's vireo, which Howell gives in the hypothetical list. The bird came back later, also a blue-headed or solitary vireo, twice to the same bush, with the same leisurely behavior.

The behavior of the local bird residents seemed somewhat peculiar in this land of continuous sunshine. When we arrived the most outstanding birds on our grounds were blue jays and red-bellied woodpeckers. They were also the noisiest. Perhaps I should mention here also the Florida

red-wings and mockingbirds. The blue jays plainly were of two subspecies. A small one had among the many notes of its repertory a loud gull-like call. I ran out several times, thinking there were some gulls on the lawn, till I saw one make the noise. The red-belly was also noisy, one loud, raucous call like the red-head, a loud cat-like one, besides several others. After a few days they were nearly all gone (this holds good for the local form of the gray squirrel too), and then they were here again. Thus, on the 23rd of March I saw about eight bluebirds on the way to Orlando; on the 24th, driving over the same way, not a one. Therefore, the eight were probably migrating ones, others that I saw there all "winter" Florida ones.

The permanent residents which were more or less in evidence since October were the following: mockingbird, blue jay (the small one disappeared, it must have been the southern blue jay), Florida jay (quite different from the blue jay), bluebird, cardinal, blue-gray gnatcatcher, summer tanager, tufted titmouse, brown thrasher, white-eyed towhee (the red-eyed passed through), Florida bobwhite, black and turkey vultures, coot, pied-billed grebe (the horned grebe was twice seen on the lake), Carolina wren (probably also the Florida wren, a larger edition of the Carolina), meadowlark, loggerhead shrike, Florida redwing, southern and Florida crows, mourning and ground doves, southern flicker, pileated woodpecker, little sparrow hawk (?), Florida screech owl, Florida red-shouldered hawk, Ward's heron, American and perhaps snowy egrets, little blue and Louisiana herons, Florida cormorants, and the kingfisher. The last named reminds me of an amusing coincidence. One evening I sat on my neighbor's dock, watching the sunset and drinking in the beauty of lovely Lake Butler. Minnows were jumping out around me. I thought to myself, it is strange that I have seen no kingfisher so far. Just then the rattle of one sounded from near the shore behind me, and in a moment the author of it flew by me.

Besides these permanent residents there were, of course, the winter residents from the north. One day in October or November was a flycatcher day; they must have been the ones from the south-eastern coast states. Some kingbirds stayed several days. The phoebe was much in evidence all winter, as were the myrtle and palm warblers. The former found things to their liking in the numerous bushes along the lakes and elsewhere; the palms were unostentatiously picking up things on the lawns, in orange groves, in fact anywhere. That also holds good for the chipping and field sparrows. Yesterday (March 24) there were quite a few on and below my feeding shelf. In fact, they are on it now. I wonder when they plan to be in their northern summer home, which must be at the southern edge of their breeding range.

So that is one charm for the newcomer from the north; what to expect, where and when. As already indicated, another one is the complication of the subspecies new to him. That becomes evident the first day one is here. There are crows flying over, and redwings in the tree next to the kitchen, but they speak with a foreign accent, as John Muir says. The crows do not say *caw*, but *aw*, *ah*, and *gawk*, the former calls reminding one of the calls of young crows up north, the latter of barnyard ducks. The redwing's tones one recognizes at once as such, but again the syllables are different. Instead

of *okalee* and *congaree*, they say *okalee'wee*, *okalaree'ah*, *okalit'wee*, and other similar sounds; in fact no two seem to call the same way.

I forgot to mention the robins. There were none here when we arrived, also no English sparrows and starlings. The first robins I noted on January 4, four. The next day there were twelve, and they were just as trusting and confiding as at River Forest. They looked up at us as though they wanted to say, well, we found you at last. They too stayed way over their time, up to March 18, but they must know. I have seen few species of warblers, two prairie warblers (Florida subspecies?), a parula, two yellow-throated, one yellow-throat. But it is difficult to see warblers as most trees are in full foliage all winter; this and the overly abundant festoons of Spanish moss make it more difficult than seeing them up north in September. The island is now a place of activity. The white ibises are coming in with their immensely majestic flight; with my glass I can see two big Ward's herons repair their huge nests on big limbs of large cypresses, and all the other herons and egrets are also active.

The last week or two one or several chuck-will's-widows are giving vent to their none too melodious calls, consisting of an almost inaudible *ch'k*, followed by *cowl row*, or *chuck wilwill*. Besides the robins and blue-birds, among thrushes I have so far seen only one hermit thrush, no wood thrush. Cedar waxwings have been here in numbers. On the lakes in Orlando lesser scaups, ringnecks, ruddys, mallards, canvasbacks, coots and others have been all winter, as tame as barnyard fowl. Also numerous ring-billed gulls; they hardly step out of the way when you follow the cement paths around the lakes.

In conclusion: just now there are two bobwhites on the feeding shelf and eight below, plus three ground doves. Such is Florida. Of course, the wealth of plant life is a chapter by itself, and a lovely one, too.

Windermere, Florida.

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Owl Mistakes Cap for Rabbit

ISLE ROYALE, an island in the western end of Lake Superior, is in winter completely isolated from the mainland of Michigan's Upper Peninsula, to which it belongs. There is no telephone or telegraph connection, and ice conditions in the surrounding lake make impracticable the use of such boats as are kept there. Since the coming into use of radio, however, it has become a more or less regular means of communication between the lumber camps and such permanent residents as there are on the island and occasional amateurs on the mainland who chance to pick up their calls. A series of such "talks" between an operator on Isle Royale and Ralph H. Babcock in Grand Rapids, Mich., gave the latter an opportunity to render a service to the victim of the following incident.

A young man, new to the lumber camps and to winter life in the north woods, had shot some rabbits and of the skins had made for himself a cap. Shortly afterward he started out for a walk in the early dusk wearing his new fur headpiece. He had not gone far when without warning something

landed on his head. An owl had struck as it saw the rabbit-skin cap bobbing along through the woods. Frantic calls brought help hurrying from the bunk houses, but before the owl could be beaten off its talons had pierced one of the victim's eyes, damaged the other so that it was a question whether it could be saved, and otherwise badly lacerated his face and hands. He was helped back to the camp and everything that inexperienced men could do for him was done. No doctor was on the island, and here the radio played its part.

A call to Grand Rapids was relayed to the Department of Conservation at Lansing and they ordered one of their cutters to make the run to Isle Royale and bring out the unfortunate young man. This was done, and with his departure ended the connection of both radio operators with the story and all chance of further details. How did the victim fare? We do not know. What kind of owl was it? We do not know, but a fair inference from the season and locality would be that it was either a great horned or a snowy owl. Mr. Babcock received in recognition from the Department of Conservation a letter expressing their very warm appreciation of his assistance.



Nesting Notes on the Black-Capped Chickadee

By VERA R. JOHNSTON

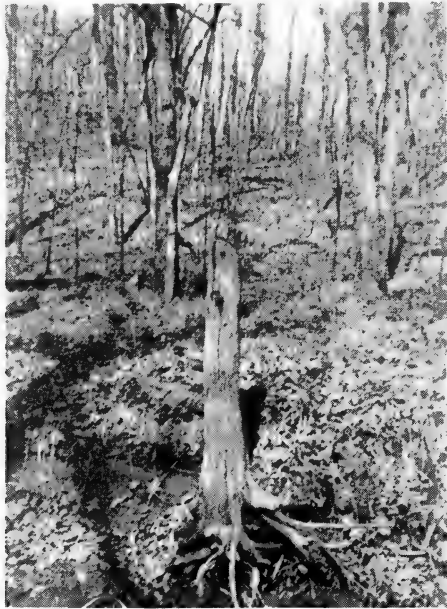
DURING THE spring of 1940 and of 1941 I discovered two nests of the black-capped chickadee along the Sangamon River near Decatur, Illinois. One nest was used for two weeks and then deserted (due chiefly to pressure exerted by a pair of house wrens), but a successful brood was reared in the second nest and detailed observations were made of its progress. These observations were made as a part of graduate work in zoology at the University of Illinois under the supervision of Dr. S. Charles Kendeigh and are here summarized and discussed.

The nest was located in a dead stump, five feet high, in an old woodpecker hole eight inches from the top. The stump stood on the bank of a creek in a floodplain forest, with several large trees close by, all of which were used by the birds in approaching.

The nest was made of down, dried grasses, and feathers; a thin layer of this material lined the bottom and sides of the cavity. Seven eggs were laid by the chickadee, all of them tan in color with scattered reddish-brown blotches.

The eggs were laid between April 18 and April 22, and hatched on May 9, 1941. During the first two weeks of incubation one bird was on the nest about 45 minutes out of every hour, and away from the nest about 15 minutes. It was fed by the mate on an average of once every 20 to 25 minutes. The mate always approached calling soft "*Phoe-bes*," and would usually perch on a limb 10 to 20 feet from the nest singing "*Phoe-be*" three or four times before it flew to the hole, stuck in its head, fed the incubating bird, and flew away. When it was time for the bird to leave the nest, the mate would approach calling "*Phoe-be*" and sit on a limb nearby and call

until the incubating bird flew out. Then they would preen a minute and fly away for the feeding and exercise period of about 15 minutes. When one returned it was impossible to tell whether it was the same bird that incubated before or whether it was the mate; but the same cycle was followed again and again. Toward the end of the incubation period the bird on the nest spent less time away from the nest (about five minutes) and was fed more often by the mate (once in 15 minutes).



Chickadee nest in dead stub

During the first three days after hatching both parents fed the young, but after the third day one of the pair disappeared and the other bird reared the family of seven by itself. The young birds were naked at birth and for three or four days after, except for a little down, and were blind and ugly in appearance. They squealed often after the third day and would open their mouths wide instantly when I imitated "*Phoe-be*." After seven days they no longer responded to my call.

The young chickadees were fed on an average of once every two to three minutes during the two-week period when they were developing. This agrees with Wilbur K. Butts' figure of chickadees feeding the young once every two and one-third minutes (1931).^{*} This rate of feeding held true both when the two birds were feeding and when one was doing all the work. During the first six days after hatching the parent stayed on the nest for periods of 10 to 15 minutes every hour and then spent the rest of the time

^{*}A Study of the Chickadee and White-breasted Nuthatch by Means of Marked Individuals. Bird Banding, Volume I, 149-168; Volume II, 1-25, 59-75.

feeding rapidly in the trees within 100 feet of the nest, often making trips to the nest with food three times per minute. After the sixth day, when the young birds began to show the beginnings of feathers, the parent spent practically no time during the day on the nest, but used all its time for feeding.

No "*Phoe-be*" songs were heard after the young hatched. The only songs uttered were a few "*Chick-a-dee-dees*," scolding the observer on several approaches to the nest.

The young birds gained size rapidly during the first week and had their first coat of thin black feathers on the tenth day. Their eyes opened on the eleventh day, and on the thirteenth day they looked, for the first time, like chickadees. Within the next three days they grew rapidly and appeared fully developed on the sixteenth day. By the nineteenth day they had left the nest.

Harvey, Illinois.



Winter in the Smokies

By LILLIAN CRAMP

WE HAVE spent this winter in a log cabin between two mountain ranges in the Great Smokies region. We are out in the country a few miles, with woods and a small stream that never freezes over, on one side, and an open meadow on the other. We are about half way between southern Florida and Chicago, but the difference in altitude partly balances the difference in latitude, so far as birdlife and climate are concerned. After eight winters in Florida we have enjoyed the old bird friends again.

We have about the same birds here that we had in and around Chicago, except that some stay all winter that did not stay there. We have had the usual hardy ones at the feeding shelves right through snow, some zero weather, and much ten above zero. Blue jays, cardinals, nuthatches, downy and hairy woodpeckers, chewinks, tits, and chickadees were constant boarders. The chickadee, of course, is the Carolina chickadee. He looks just like the familiar blackcap, but his song is different. Instead of the usual "*pee-wee*," this one has a fuzzy "*phoe, phoe-wee, wee*." There are always four notes.

Brown thrasher came up out of the woods on the very cold days. He began singing March 12 from the tops of the tallest trees, and has been singing most of the day ever since. I thought there was only one, but the day he started singing I saw a female slipping through the underbrush.

The song sparrow has been a very satisfactory bird neighbor. He not only sang all summer, but most of the winter. Mornings that were so cold that the rhododendrons were all curled up I could hear his "*sweet, sweet, sweet*." He rather considers himself special owner of a large flat rock where we scatter cracked corn intended for all such birds as like it. He is very pugnacious and unafraid and chases birds twice his size. He soon learned that I drove the common sparrow away, and when I appeared at the

window he helped by going right after the pests, though he never flew away himself.

In addition to the hardies, we have the Carolina wrens, phoebes, bluebirds, flickers and brown creepers all winter. The little brown creeper came to the porch rail for peanut butter, which most of the birds like above all offerings in the food line. In sheltered places we saw robins, meadowlarks, field sparrows, mourning doves, though not all of them on the shelf. The field sparrows and robins do come occasionally, but phoebe and flicker seem to prefer their insect diet.

Earlier than I remember their returning around Chicago, the birds began coming back. I saw a hermit thrush in a woodsy path as early as February 15. Bewick's wren appeared March 29 and they were looking over nesting boxes early in April. Speaking of nesting boxes, Dr. Cramp built a bluebird house according to approved plans, put a coat of oil stain on the outside, hung it on the post of a rustic arbor about five feet from the ground, and the next day the bluebirds started building in it. The first week in April there were four eggs. Chipping sparrows were back at the feeding shelf February 29. They are all-day feeders and so unafraid that they hardly look up when we go in and out close enough to touch them.

Fox sparrows were here only in passing during February. I missed their song altogether. White-throated sparrows and juncos were here all winter and regular patrons of the shelf. They are both still here. The white-throat's high sweet song wakens me every morning.

The robins began coming back in large flocks early in February. They descended upon our lawn by the dozens, stayed for a day or two, then moved on. The first ones that came to stay, the middle of March, were quite disgruntled over a few very cold days. Mr. Robin went about with feathers all fluffed out to twice normal size, his head pulled down into his shoulders, the maddest looking bird I ever saw. We had a triangle, with a fight that lasted three days. The two males were so exhausted that they could only follow each other around, mouths wide open, panting for breath. We hoped each night that it was ended, but each morning they started all over again. We are not sure the feud has ended. There seems to be an extra male around and frequently there is a fight.

There have been a few birds not common on my list. The pileated woodpecker was a surprise the first time I saw him, though I find he is not uncommon in the mountains here. I saw him flying and was surprised to see a bird as large as a crow showing so much white. When he flattened himself against a tree trunk and began a loud flicker-like shouting, I knew what he was. Fortunately I had my glasses and got a good look at him. I have seen him several times since and frequently hear his loud hammering in the woods.

A mockingbird has come to the bird bath to drink every day all winter. The curious thing about it is that we have never seen one up here summers. When we drive down the mountain a thousand feet we find plenty of them. We are hoping this one finds a mate and stays with us, though he doesn't seem interested in any of the food we put out.

I have seen a few hawks, the broad-winged, the sharp-shinned and the turkey vulture. But the best of all was the swallow-tailed kite. A clipping from a Miami paper sent me by a friend said that Frank Chapman had gone to Florida to see the swallow-tailed kite. He moved to Asheville, twenty miles from here, this past year. We saw the kite fly over as we sat at supper. The flight was so different from any bird of its size that it attracted our attention. It lighted in a tree close by and I went out with my glasses. The head was white, and when it flew again I saw that the underparts were white. The long wings, long swallow-like tail, and the distinctly swallow flight, were unmistakable. I had seen one in Florida but had not expected it here. However, the North Carolina bird book, published this year, says it may be seen in North Carolina. I hope Mr. Chapman had as good luck!

Today, April 12, three more birds arrived. The wood thrush was singing in the rain this morning. Later the ruby-crowned kinglet added his amazing little song, and a red-eyed vireo was singing as though taking up just where he left off last fall. The wood thrush is the greatest addition of all to the bird chorus. There are so many of them that every corner of the woods echoes with the flute-like song. They sing early in the morning, and till almost dark. It is easily our outstanding musician of the bird world in these parts.

Hendersonville, North Carolina.



“Our Hearts Were Young and Gay”

By EDWARD R. FORD

TEEN AGE bird students in the early nineties had no family motor cars in which to make their excursions. To reach a new field, sixty miles from the city, three of us laid our plans. I had gone to work and had a weekly stipend and so was able to go on ahead and get together the needed supplies. The others were, first, to take the cable-car to 63d Street and then, burdened only with shot-guns and blankets, to *walk* the I. C. tracks to Kankakee. It was spring vacation for the two school-boys; I had leave, in the cold April weather, to take half of my annual two weeks holiday.

My part done, I waited patiently in the Kankakee depot for my friends to appear. Night came on; I became sleepy and ready to quit my vigil and go to the hotel across the way. Hour after hour passed, but still I hoped and fixed my eyes on the dim-lit street crossing down the track. At length two gun barrels shone wanly in the distance and presently two footsore and taciturn lads came wearily up to the station. They spoke only to ask if I had bought the grub. I showed them what I had provided, the load was divided and we set out on the road east, away from the town.

Some two miles, stumbling along the dark pike, brought us to a hayshed—the kind of which the upper part only is enclosed—and there we piled in. I had had supper in town and they had eaten something en route and it was sleep rather than food we craved. But they were dead with fatigue and I was brightly awake, and it was I alone who heard the cattle munching

the hay and rubbing their sides against the uprights, and it was I alone who heard the mice scurrying and squeaking all through the night.

To get across the river we had to borrow a boat and, to make return of it, one was chosen by lot to re-cross the stream, walk three miles to the bridge and three more to rejoin his companions. Meanwhile there was shelter to be thought of. In a woodlot near the river lay piled cord-wood. Three pairs of hands rearranged these to make a three-sided shelter. Poles, covered with the weather-matted top layer of a hay-stack, shut out the sky, and more hay made a bed.

With all this we were not too busy to preclude the finding of a horned owl's nest and to bring the newly-fledged young into camp. Supper done we were ready, literally, to hit the hay; but hardly had we done so when there burst from overhead a challenging and soul-terrifying "Hoo-Hoo-Ah-h!"—a sound which continued for most of the night. (We liberated the young owls the next day.) While this was going on the night grew so cold that we were compelled to build a big fire before our shelter, standing watch, turn about, to keep it going.

Morning sunshine set all aright and, what with bread (without butter), fried salt pork and coffee, we made a rapturous meal and joyfully discussed our position. To use our one rubber blanket to cover all three, each rolled in his own woolen one, was folly. One might have known that to use the rubber one to close the opening of the shelter would be the most effective. And so it proved.

Prairie chickens were booming, meadowlarks singing, red-tails calling, chewinks scuttling in the dry leaves; the marsh hawk quartered over the dead slough grass, and boys with full bellies and an endless week of days ahead were lusty and loud in their bantering and horse-play.

Skins had to be made, eggs blown, guns cleaned, rabbits shot and dressed, partly at least—but what's a hair or two when one is eating hare anyway? Water had to be brought from the brook (not so much for washing, either), there was wood to gather and fresh hay to be carried in for bedding. (Oh, you modern campers-out, see what you miss!)

The osage orange hedges are gone, alas! The shrikes must adapt themselves to less formidable chevaux-de-frise and less convenient meat-hooks. And the little quail, who could feed for miles without leaving their shelter, now must dart ever more furtively beneath a less protective cover. And is there a Cooper's hawk left there—that swift-striking "blue darter" whose destructiveness of poultry must, to his great disadvantage, be set over against the thrill of his bold, predaceous presence. And the owls are gone, and the wolves whose cubs the old Frenchman took each year from their cave and claimed the bounty and let the old ones go free that they might, another year, give him more revenue. But still on the pastures and prairies of the Illinois country are born, each year, a new generation of Bartramian sandpipers, shore larks, yellow-winged sparrows and grass finches—the names by which we knew them in a day long gone.

Iroquois—Kankakee: stirring and historic names. Where the two streams join there was, in that day, a great pasture and down to its green

levels and spring pools came the flocks of splendid golden plover. Mazed by their number and beauty I shot when they were, to all seeming, out of range, and brought down one. The following flock stooped to the wounded bird and then were away.

Were I an Indian I'm sure I should hope that the Happy Hunting Grounds would be as the region of the Iroquois and the Kankakee appeared to me in that vibrant spring of more than fifty years ago.



Parade of May

*The woodpecker in cap of red
Is like a drummer gay;
He's busy in the maple tree;
Hear how he taps away.
For yellow jonquils on parade
And tulips row on row,
The lilacs wave their purple plumes
With rhythm to and fro.*

*The irises with flags of blue
Seem ready to salute,
As from the distance you can hear
The martin's magic flute.
Shy violets peep from the ground
And pansies look so gay;
The birds sing as they build their nests:
'Tis the parade of May.*

—AUDREY RAMONA EGGERS



Stories of Vicious Eagles

WE WONDER whether the newspapers will ever stop printing articles about murderous eagles attacking young children, with all details of the killing of the assailant, pictures of its outstretched form draped on a fence, the likeness of the innocent intended victim, the brave rescuer and interested neighbors?

Our latest example of this kind of tragedy occurred recently near the mouth of Four-mile Run, Virginia. Its story made the front page of the morning *Washington Post*, and found a less conspicuous place in the afternoon papers. In the morning it was a "ferocious eagle," but by afternoon it had been toned down to a "big hawk." In both cases the published photograph showed plainly that the unfortunate bird was a fish-hawk, or osprey. Its large size rather than its ferocity led to its death.

In lower Virginia and in Maryland, where the osprey nests in numbers, its presence is welcomed, and the bird often responds by building its aerie

close to the planter's home, and accepting his hospitality year after year. In that region no citizen, or his children, has any feeling for the familiar bird but friendliness. All know that the osprey eats nothing but fish, which it seizes near the surface of river or inlet, and they enjoy the bird's graceful flight as it soars and hovers at its fishing. The planter and his unlearned helpers, alike, respect the right of the bird to live. They like to see it around, and do not begrudge it an occasional fish. They distinguish the osprey from the eagle, our national emblem, and respect them equally.

Alexander Wilson, more than a century ago, wrote a poem setting forth the friendliness existing between the rural fisherman and the fish-hawk. But times have changed. The fisherman's boy, perhaps, has become a city resident, and, whether reporter or mere idler with a gun, may see nothing in either eagle or osprey but a predacious bird that makes a tempting mark, or a bird that he regards as a vicious enemy of mankind.

Of course, eagles as attacker of helpless babes are nothing new—in print. Since early times, folklore and love of publicity have combined to produce stories of babes captured by eagles, and artists have depicted them in the act. In the stories of early times, the babe might be carried away just as the frantic mother rushed out of her mountain chalet, or it might be shown lying in the aerie, about to become food for the young eagles. In more modern times these child "victims" have grown larger and heavier. We now read newspaper accounts of half-grown boys and girls who have escaped death by a hair's breadth.

In the meantime the food habits and the powers of the eagles have been studied. The carrying ability of birds of exceptional strength has been tested. In all the voluminous literature one will find not one authentic account of an eagle carrying away a child, although boys weighing up to thirty-five pounds may figure in the tales. But in an actual test a tame golden eagle, given a flying start fifteen feet from the ground, carried an eight-pound weight only fourteen yards before he was forced to the ground.

As for the osprey recently publicized as an eagle in the District of Columbia, it may have been sick or injured. It had earlier landed on the porch of a house, whose occupant kicked at the bird and complained that the fish-hawk "showed fight."

It would seem that the reporters, and particularly editors, by this time, should know better than to print such silly fiction. Such stories cannot help but perpetuate old wife's tales and prejudices against hawks, owls and eagles, most of which are now proved beyond question to be beneficial birds.—*Nature Magazine*, January, 1943.



MEMBERS AND guests of the Society who were present at the Chicago Academy of Sciences to hear the lecture "Wild Wings" by Mr. Murl Deusing on Friday evening, April 23, were most enthusiastic in their response. We hope that the Society may at some time have the privilege of again presenting Mr. Deusing to the bird-minded people of Chicago.

What is the ILLINOIS AUDUBON SOCIETY?



It is a corporation organized in 1897, not for profit, under the laws of the State of Illinois, for the study and protection of wild birdlife.

It aims to encourage the study of our native wild birds, to increase the appreciation of their aesthetic and economic values, and to work for their safety through education.

All lovers of birds are welcomed to its membership upon signing an application and paying membership dues. All dues and bequests other than those paid annually are held in an Endowment Fund, only the income from which is used for current needs, and there are no paid officers.

Under a ruling of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue contributions to the Society are deductible from income, gifts are deductible for gift tax purposes, and bequests or legacies are deductible for estate tax purposes.

MEMBERSHIP FEES ARE AS FOLLOWS:

ACTIVE MEMBERS	\$2.00 annually
CONTRIBUTING MEMBERS.....	\$5.00 annually
SUSTAINING MEMBERS	\$25.00
LIFE MEMBERS	\$100.00
BENEFACTORS	\$500.00
PATRONS	\$1,000.00

The Society maintains an office at the Chicago Academy of Sciences, where literature and information may be obtained and where public lectures are held.

The *Audubon Bulletin* is published quarterly and distributed to its members.

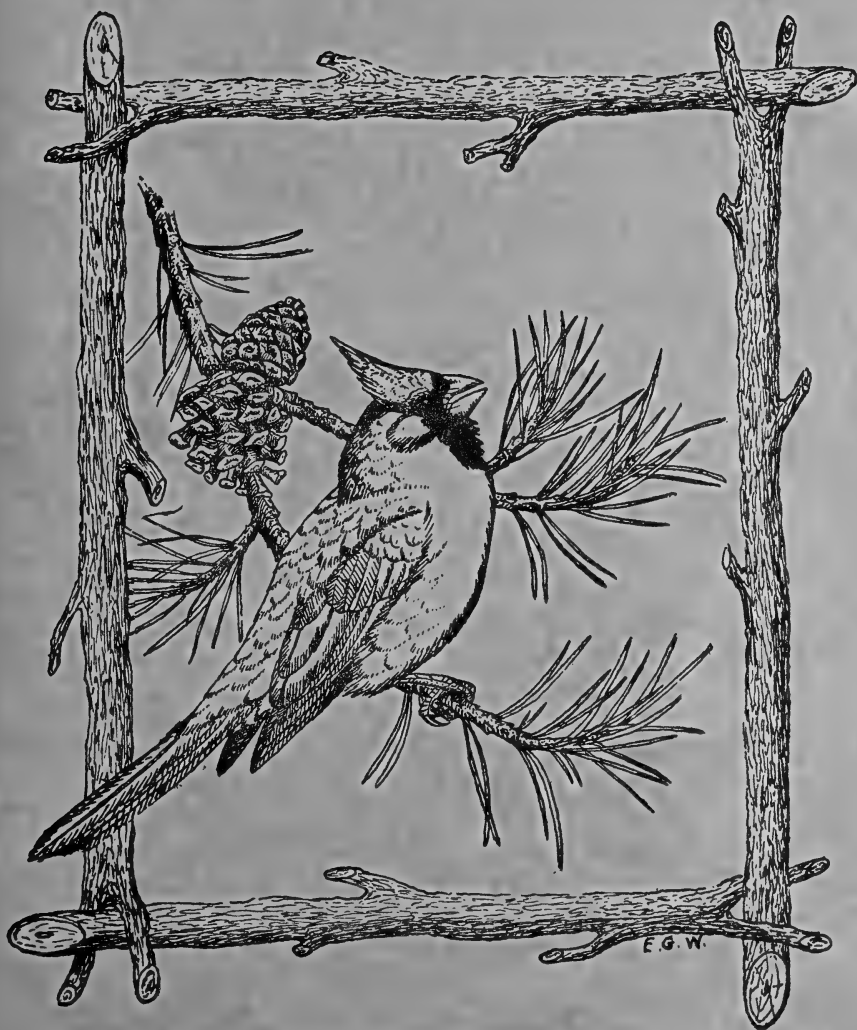


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THE AUDUBON BULLETIN



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NATURAL
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For the Protection of Wild Birds

Affiliated with

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CHICAGO

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*The Society invites the membership of all bird
lovers and those desiring to support its activities*

THE AUDUBON BULLETIN

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September, 1943

A Visit to the W. K. Kellogg Bird Sanctuary

By MRS. GEORGE BURCH

IN MAY, while visiting Dr. and Mrs. Miles Pirnie and family at the W. K. Kellogg Bird Sanctuary, I found birdlife at its height and the place a veritable paradise. The sanctuary, consisting of nearly 200 acres which surrounds Wintergreen Lake, lies 14 miles northwest of Battle Creek, Michigan. On the lake one can see the many varieties of captive waterfowl, also wild wood ducks, blue-winged teal, and other ducks. By fall there are hundreds of Canada geese, but in summer one sees only a dozen broods of from three to five foraging for food even close to the director's residence. Blue peacocks spread their gorgeous fans and wild turkeys strut about, adding color to the picture. It is interesting to know that in late summer the long feathers of the peacock's train are moulted, to be replaced by new ones which are not full length until winter.



COURTESY OF W. K. KELLOGG BIRD SANCTUARY
PHOTO BY MILES D. PIRNIE

The Hitch-hiker: Mute swan and young

Among the captive flock of waterfowl I found the swans especially interesting: whooper swans (of Europe), white birds with black and

yellow beaks, and whistling swans (of North America), identified by their black beaks marked only with a touch of yellow in front of each eye. The mute swans (of Europe), with brilliant red beaks and with wings raised, are the kind most frequently seen in parks. An Australian swan is conspicuous in its black plumage.

More than 175 wild birds have been recorded there since 1931. Mourning doves nest abundantly among the pines and many red-winged blackbirds raise their families in the buttonbushes at the long swale. Purple martins, tree swallows, bluebirds, and a few other species use the many nest boxes which are offered them. Yellow warblers and chipping sparrows were nesting in the decorative trees and shrubs near the residence.

In covered pens I found the ring-necked pheasant and several of his brightly colored relatives, the Impeyan, Lady Amherst, and golden pheasant, all from Asia.

Nearly 7,000 marked wild black ducks and mallards have yielded close to 600 records of recapture at points from Alaska to Florida, and Idaho to New York. Waterfowl leg-banded at the sanctuary have been reported taken at the Hudson Bay breeding grounds.

Inspired by Jack Miner's success with his wild goose refuge near Kingsville, Ontario, W. K. Kellogg established this sanctuary in 1927. A short time later he deeded the project to Michigan State College and established a trust fund which provides most of the maintenance. The program includes research and teaching in wildlife management in addition to offering a wildlife spectacle for the public and a safe refuge for thousands of migrating waterfowl. A lakeside museum interprets the animals and plants of the sanctuary, and also serves as a shelter house in cold or rainy weather. Labels identify many of the demonstration plantings of ornamental trees and shrubs which also are particularly useful to wild birds.

The director is Dr. Miles D. Pirnie, who received his Ph.D. from Cornell University in 1928. After serving three years as ornithologist for Michigan's Conservation Department he resigned to accept charge of this sanctuary for Michigan State College. A drive around the lake reveals interesting open spaces which afford ample opportunity for waterfowl study, and groupings of a great variety of native trees and wild shrubs show how well his plan for natural beautification has been carried out. This project is open every day of the year and visitors are always welcome.

Chicago, Illinois

☞ ☞ ☞

*The hummingbird is such a jewel
No wonder that his body's fuel,
In part, is undiluted mead,
Sucked from the gorgeous jewel weed.
His lady's brood from pearls are hatched;
The pearls are two and they are matched.*

—EDWARD R. FORD

An Interesting Letter

Dear Betty Ann:

Cedar Rapids, Iowa,
November 7th, 1940

They have told me about your being in the hospital, which I hope will not be for long, and I send you my very best wishes.

Mary Anne tells me you are collecting all sorts of horses, and am wondering if you collect pictures of them. If so, enclosed are a few that I printed up myself, just this week. These are pictures that I snapped last Saturday afternoon, out near Alburnett.



Sleepy near the big stump

And shall I tell you about the big owl that I saw back in September. Sept. 13th, to be exact, 1940.

Well, this big owl was out in the woods back of the Cedar Rapids Air Port. A huge Barred Owl, maybe close to two feet tall. Shall we name it old 'Sleepy Eyes,' or just say 'Sleepy' for short? Now maybe it was on account of the weather and the wind that day, but the numerous airplanes roared so low

and so close to those trees that old Sleepy could not sleep. So what's to do but go down and hide in the woods by the creek. And first, a little rest down on the bank of the creek. But NO! for hello! here comes a man—just a little man. What does he want? And what's that he holds in his hand. Oh! a camera. Well, that's all right. Just so it isn't a gun.

And Betty Ann, that little man was just me. For as I was driving along that nice afternoon, I noticed a big bird flying up the creek a ways. I was curious, and stopped and parked the car near the bridge, and hiked up the creek, and just around a bend, standing down on the bank of the creek by a big stump, I saw that big owl, right close to the water. And with my camera in hand, I excitedly stole up, slowly, and snapped this first picture.



Old Sleepy on the post

Then I tried to get still closer for another snap, but old Sleepy noticed me and flew over to the first of a row of posts out in the water. And such big wings. I advanced slowly, step by step, and Sleepy seemed about to fly again when I snapped the next picture.



Sleepy peeking out from the weeds

bird, but with no success. Old Sleepy just would not fly for me. Then I found a long piece of light brush which I carried over and tried to toss that into the patch of tall weeds, but Sleepy just stayed there. It was quite a walk back to the bridge, but I wanted to get over on the other side of the creek, so back to the bridge I went, crossed over, and as I approached, there was old Sleepy peeking out from the weeds.

One more picture snapped, and I loaded a new film in my little camera, and tried for some more. I like to carry an extra film with me, and was very glad I had one that day.

Then selecting a tough stick about four feet long perhaps, I brushed the weeds aside and coaxed Sleepy out into the open for several more poses. Sometimes old Sleepy made one eye look very big, and then the other. Shut one eye, then maybe the other, or both. And with spread wings and roughed-up feathers old Sleepy looked much like a cross hen with a brood of little chicks.

Sometimes Sleepy would grasp the end of the stick firmly with one foot, and

And with just one more frame left on the film, I thought I would like to try that last one on old Sleepy up in flight. So with the camera adjusted and standing in readiness, I carefully tossed out some light clods of earth, but old Sleepy was stubborn, and refused to fly for me, and just flew from post to post and then over into the weeds across the creek and tried to go into hiding. I went to the edge of the water and tossed more clods into the weeds, but with care, not wanting to hurt the pretty



Sleepy looked like a cross hen

hang on while being lifted way off the sand. I played with Sleepy, maybe close to two hours. I just kept on snapping pictures at close range and finished up the extra film complete. And it was fun taking that last snap. As I worked the stick down in the soft, loose sand, Sleepy grasped hold with both feet, and old "Sleepy Eyes" stayed on while I raised my arm and held it out at length, and bracing the end of the stick against the trunk of a tree, and holding the camera in the other hand, snapped that last picture. Some say the face looks like a monkey-face. I left old Sleepy by that big tree, with my best wishes.



And so endeth this true story about Old Sleepy Eyes

Now dear Betty Ann, I most sincerely wish you speedy recovery. May you feel better and better, day by day, and soon be feeling fine again.

Cheerio,— — —

Your uncle,

HERBERT.

(We appreciate the permission received to reprint the above letter, written to Miss Betty Ann Billings by her uncle, Mr. Herbert A. Beenk, and the use of the original photographs which were supplied by him. —*Editor.*)



On the Trail of the Chat

By AMY G. BALDWIN

THERE IS A REAL TREAT in store for anyone who has an opportunity to study the yellow-breasted chat, either in migration or on his breeding grounds.

Roger T. Peterson says, "Except for its color the chat seems more like a catbird or a mocker than a warbler. Its superior size (considerably larger than a sparrow), its rather long tail, its eccentric song and actions, and its brushy habitat, all suggest those larger birds. Both sexes are plain olive-green above with white 'spectacles'; the throat and breast are bright

yellow; the belly white. The long tail and large size at once eliminate the possibility of it being any other warbler."

Mr. Forbush, in "Birds of Massachusetts", says it has a very interesting nuptial flight song, I presume something like the prairie horned lark or woodcock, flying high above the nesting site and then dropping down in full song. This will be something to watch for when they start nesting another year.

For some years it was possible for me to see the chat only occasionally in migration, several times in Jackson Park, once a fleeting glimpse in Waukegan, and at other places around Chicago. I have never forgotten my first sight of him in Jackson Park. That was truly a red letter day. Just by chance as I was on my way elsewhere with a little time to spare, being near the park I thought I would just hurry in to the Wooded Island for a short time. While standing quietly at the edge of the lagoon, looking across at a small island, the chat came out into full view, not for long but long enough for me to get a splendid view of him. He gave no call, which seems to be typical in migration so far as I have noticed.

Whether it is that he is very shy or that he is just fond of playing tricks on one, I just can't make up my mind. You can try ever so hard to see him on his breeding territory where he gives his calls or song and he will evade observation by creeping slyly from one bush to another. He seems to see you, but the leaves hide him from view. On better acquaintance with him and by sitting down and being quiet, he will eventually come out and be seen, probably at an entirely different place, oftentimes flying to a high place on a small tree near the nesting site or to a taller tree a little farther away. It is fortunate if you see him fly up there for otherwise you would not know where to look for him. A friend "put me wise" to this trick of his. As though this were not enough to make him intriguing he is also a very good ventriloquist. Be sure you have both time and patience, for you cannot hurry Mr. Chat; then you will be fully rewarded as he is really an interesting and handsome bird.

Once this spring in the latter part of May, three of us were looking for warblers. I had a feeling that the chat was just ahead in a low bush, but look as we would we could not see one, so decided that I was mistaken. We changed our location, two being outside the swampy area and the other going in another direction. The latter flushed the chat and got a splendid view, giving him a new life-list bird. We circled around and the chat flew to a low branch, then down to the grass and we all had a most satisfactory study of him. From there he flew to a large stone and gave us a fine exhibition of himself. How did that chat get away from three watching for him when he had to cross an open place to get over to where he was found? This makes me feel that he is tricky instead of shy, for why will he be so evasive one time and come out and be so bold within such a short time? Incidentally, this day the blue grosbeak was added to my life list.

I thought I had his breeding habitat all settled in my mind, for in three different localities the area was substantially the same; then I found out I was wrong. This is one reason that the study of birds is so fascinating: the longer you study them the more there seems to be to learn.

One day at Orland Wildlife Sanctuary I was hiking alone when I heard a peculiar call, very ventriloqual, for it sounded as though it was right under my feet. I had been told that the chat had a number of different calls, but up to this time had not heard them so did not realize what it could be. I thought I was stepping on a mouse, snake, or rodent of some kind. It was a queer sort of *meow* repeated several times. Not finding anything under my feet I looked up to see the chat looking at me, and all I could say was, "You rascal!" Here I learned the chat's calls and from then on was to know them whenever heard and not be deceived by him again.

I was to see him next at Mrs. Smith's, on the Desplaines River, and become still better acquainted. Standing semi-hidden, I could see him and watch him give the calls over and over again, among them the whistle for the dog, which some of the books tell about. A trip to Depue, on the Illinois River, was rewarded by seeing and hearing several birds calling back and forth. On a trip to Mr. Ridgeway's "Bird Haven" at Olney, Illinois, I heard the chat calling but was unable to venture into the swamp because of briars and thick undergrowth. It was best not to go into a strange location without boots.

Up to this time each habitat had been the same: swampy, with lots of brush, trees, and swamp weeds and grasses, a good place for snakes. This environment must provide food to his liking. Then on a trip to Waukegan a friend and I found him nesting on the edge of a swamp, adjoining a ravine and a bluff. This was getting away from the center of a swamp a little. This bird evaded us to distraction, and as this friend had not seen the chat for years it was disappointing to know that he was only a few yards from us and still not be able to get a glimpse of him. No means we used was of any avail, so we practically gave up trying and started away, when all at once he came out in full view on the path ahead of us, and then was in no hurry to leave us. Here we were also to see the hummingbird swinging in the arc of his nuptial flight.

At the Arboretum, while riding along the extreme eastern side on Prairie Road, friends and I were surprised by a peculiar call unlike any we had heard and could not figure out what bird it could be until up flew a chat to the top of a tree. He sat there looking at us, giving the same call over and over, and though we watched for some time he did not vary it with his other calls. The next day three other friends and I were there to see him and he was very accommodating, giving many, if not all, of his calls. There was a dense green hedge of low bushes along the fence which divides the Arboretum from pasture land beyond. Two weeks later other friends were with me and the chat was still calling, but now the green hedge was a bower of wild roses and it was a beautiful sight. No wonder the chat chose such a spot for his nest with his mate and three or four babies. This breeding ground was different from any of the others and was the driest of all, though a small sanctuary lagoon was not far away and a small drainage stream flowed close by.

Here we saw bluebirds, robins, doves, towhees, indigo buntings, Carolina wren, chickadees, and heard the short-billed marsh wren just over the fence.

Over the pasture we saw an American bittern and crows flying. Many of these birds were still singing though it was now the middle of July. The chat had lots of company, birds as charming as he. What is more lovely than a bluebird or indigo bunting in full color?

This June while at Edinburgh, Indiana, a friend took me exploring to many interesting places around her home. Here the chats were common for they were heard in a number of different places. While I was there they seemed to be quite secretive, but she wrote me later that they had become much more friendly.

Without doubt there is much more to learn about the chat, but these have been my observations up to this time.

Chicago, Illinois



In the Eyes of the Beholder

By ALMA M. HUNNEMAN

HUNDREDS of birds seen! One to two hundred species! We need only to hear of a find, to seize notebook and binoculars, and dash for the bus that will take us to it. Behavior, haunt, color, habitat, song! We marvel at the beauty of color in the prothonotary warbler, wax triumphant before a hideout, and chuckle over the gait of the sandhill crane. We exclaim at the daintiness of the hummingbird, or go into ecstasies over the streamlined body-form and the streamlined flight-formations and maneuvers of the cormorant. And who of us can not dream when the wood thrush sings? We believe in birds as those persons believe in fairies who know how to find them; but did you know that there are children who do not look, ever, for fairies? Did you know that they see no birds because, for them, there are none? Did you know that they will never think of them, never know that there are any, unless someone brings to them the picture of sky and wind and rain and grass and trees? Did you know that they will never find birds until someone leads them to their haunts—and to Believing?

The children whom I know best live in old black houses that list crazily, and in ugly brick buildings that house an incredible number of tenants. Their trees and their grass-plots can be counted on the fingers of one hand. Their garbage cans are often coverless washtubs ringed about with discard from the kitchen, spoiled lemons and the leavings of the wine-making. Toddlers may be seen scrambling about in search of treasure, among the heaps of dirty paper, ashes, and even garbage, in the empty lot next door or across the street. Their parents, in many instances, are too used to the big blue flies that boom and zoom warningly or suggestively to pay them any heed. Of these, none look for anything more beautiful than has been hunted or found by those at home or among their friends and neighbors.

The children do not play in "The Prairie", a square which they have so designated because it is empty of buildings. They do not know that it could be made into a place to play, any more than they know about the

taxes from which an owner may become exempt by clearing his land of everything except rubble. They cross The Prairie sometimes, not too far from the corner, to save a few steps; but only a few venturesome ones from among the seven- and eight-year-olds work their way through the miniature jungle formed by giant ragweed, burdock, thistles and other weeds that scratch one's legs and hands or stick to one's clothing. No one looks here for edible herbs, perhaps because the stunted stray dandelion, which might be pretty, is trampled in the few square inches which it requires for existence at the margin. The adventurers, however, have found berries. They have eaten them, too; but they, and their mothers and the doctor, subsequently had a very bad half hour. As it happened, the children found the fruit of the jimson weed.

Sparrow? A puzzled frown and a shake of the head that meant "never heard of it" was the answer to my query about the noisy little pests that quarreled nearly all the year around above our windows. Somewhat later, when a big white bird flew high above us on his easy way toward the gray river nearby or the harbor beyond, where the water begins to be blue, a boy announced authoritatively, "That's a seegle!" But then he had had the advantages of a vacation in a Waukegan camp. There was scarcely more than a trace of interest when I asked the children to listen to the swifts twittering from afar. Perhaps I supplanted That-funny-lady-that-likes-things-like-that whom some of the children seemed to know, or That-old-man-that's-got-a-garden; but the time came when someone brought me a dead oven-bird which possibly had come to grief because of a telegraph wire. There was the day a black-eyed three-year-old carried about by the head a brown thrasher which some grown-up had snatched up for him as its eyes were filming, and which he refused to give up until it dropped unheeded from his hand, and he was searching once more in the rubbish heaps. The children fell into the way of bringing me birds in the spring. But the birds were dead, and I could never be certain that the children had only "found" them.

Had anyone else seen the thrush which I saw for a bleak moment wildly flying about the rusty and dangling rain pipes of an old black house, it would probably have been brought to me clutched in a grimy hand, its wings still quivering perhaps, but its eyes glazing. Had the adventurous eight-year-olds come upon the vesper sparrow which I saw in The Prairie, had they been able to run down the little transient that seemed, like the children of the vicinity, to have been stranded there by an accident of migration, it would not have been left there for me to find. The sparrows above our windows at best do not matter to anybody. Few note the "seegles". Fewer see the swifts. There was a time when nobody noticed whether or not there was a bird of any kind. And nobody seemed to care.

Here, the children are not *used* to birds. They are likely, oftener than not, to grin amusedly when they speak of That-old-man-that's-got-a-garden; but there are school picnics, nowadays, and settlement-house vacations, and bird classes and bird walks (Good morning, Audubon!) under the trees and along the streams of parks and woods. The dime stores display a

little bird key. "Beauty," it has been said, "is in the eyes of the beholder." That being true, it is as good as receiving a top-efficiency rating to hear one of the boys or the girls whom I know best say wonderingly, "That one? Robin? It's perrydy!"

Chicago, Illinois



American Egrets Spreading Northward

THAT GROWING public interest in birdlife is being recognized is shown by the fact that two rather large heron rookeries have recently been described in special articles appearing in papers of wide circulation. One located along the Mississippi River near Clarksville, Missouri, contains between 800 and 1000 nests of black-crowned night herons, great blue herons and American egrets. Some 200 of the nests are those of egrets, which have used this location for three years. In one large tree as many as 28 nests were counted, all three species frequently nesting in the same tree.

The second rookery is the subject of an illustrated article appearing in the *Des Moines Sunday Register*, and is of particular interest because it describes the only known nesting of American egrets in Iowa. The site of this rookery is some three miles up the Mississippi River from Sabula, Iowa, and it was occupied for the first time last year. In an area of about two acres some 250 egret nests were built this year and the colony, including the young of the year, numbers some 750 birds. Dams constructed to insure a nine-foot channel in the river have flooded some lands, and the water covers some of the ground during normal stages so that it can be reached only by boat. This makes ideal feeding conditions for the egrets and undoubtedly accounts for this spreading of their breeding range. As Sabula is almost directly west from Chicago it may not be too much to hope that egrets will be found in this territory before long.



Lightning Hits Bird House

TRAGEDY OVERTOOK one of the farm bird homes recently. Lightning struck a purple martin colony house, destroying the house itself and splitting the pole which supported it. The morning after the storm the farm residents found wood splinters more than 75 feet from the martin house. The birds' "apartment building" was on the ground in pieces, and the frightened birds were circling excitedly over the area. It is probable that some of the martins were killed, altho the men could find none of the bodies on the ground.

Two days after the accident occurred several of the mystified martins still were circling over their fallen home. After long periods of this excited flying, they would fly over to another martin house about 60 feet away. The accident caused the martins from the ruined house to use the adjacent home as headquarters for their feeding flights.—"Day by Day on the Farm," in *Chicago Tribune*.

The Bald Eagle—Our National Bird

By C. O. DECKER

MAN FOR AGES has considered the eagle the "king of birds" and in recognition of its grace and strength in flight taken it as a symbol of majesty and power. Excavations on the site of an ancient city dating more than 4000 years before the Christian era have recovered tablets and seals which bear the engraved picture of an eagle. It is shown in much the same conventionalized form as we use today, that is, "displayed", or facing us with wings and legs spread and its head turned in profile.

Somewhere in those days a people found themselves defending their borders against enemies from two sides and conceived the idea that the eagle, its emblem, must be on guard in two directions at the same time. From this was derived the double-headed eagle, which at their greatest periods was included in the standards of Imperial Russia, Austria and Prussia.

To the early Greeks the eagle was the messenger of Zeus. The Romans adopted the eagle officially in 87 B.C. and it was placed on the military standards borne at the head of all the legions of its army. Imperial Rome retained it, and the "eagles of Rome" came to be a common figure of speech to express her military prowess.

During our Civil War a regiment of Wisconsin troops carried a live eagle at its head as its regimental standard. Soaring and screaming high above the battle, "Old Abe", as it came to be called, was an inspiration and symbol of victory to the whole army.

The Great Seal of the United States of America was adopted June 20, 1782, and the bald eagle represented thereon became our "National Bird". In its right claw it holds a spray of ripe olives as an emblem of a peaceful disposition, while in the left is a cluster of arrows in place of the ancient Greek thunderbolts—an indication of resolution to enforce peace.

That the bald eagle did not receive universal approval is shown by the statement of Benjamin Franklin that it was a bird of "low moral character". In that comment he ignored one important fact. Of all creatures, man is the only one that has developed a moral sense. To all others might makes right, and we are now fighting a world war to prove, among other things, that man has advanced beyond that stage. There is no breach of the code of all Nature, man excepted, when the bald eagle takes what he wants wherever or from whatever source he can get it. Nor is he alone among birds in this. Skuas and jaegers are notorious for their practice of despoiling gulls and terns of their catch. The booby of the Pacific coast is a constant victim. Alfred M. Bailey has estimated that three-fourths of the fish taken by the booby are forfeited to the larger and stronger man-o'-war bird.

The bald eagle is a large and powerful bird, easily recognized by the pure white head, neck and tail, which are in sharp contrast with a dusky brown body. When perching the white head will attract attention when the bird might not otherwise be noticed. In flight the head and tail

practically disappear when seen against a background of white clouds. The osprey, sometimes mistakenly reported as the bald eagle, and nearly as large, should be readily recognized by its all light under parts and the dark bars across the tail.

Measuring from 30 to 40 inches in length and with a wing spread of from 72 to 90 inches, the male eagle is some three to five inches shorter than the female. Immature birds are often larger than the adults. When seen flying the wing stroke, though unhurried and rather labored, gives one the impression of great power, and the eagle is capable of considerable speed when it so desires. Instances are known where it has overtaken and struck down the swan, Canada goose, brant and pintail. When seen soaring on nearly motionless wings and at great heights it is a magnificent appearing bird and an inspiration to all observers.

Formerly the bald eagle was common over practically all of North America, but now it is rare in much of the country. On the Florida coast it is fairly common, and may be called abundant on parts of the north-west coast. In the *Bulletin's* Christmas census for 1941 nine were reported from southern Illinois, while the same territory in 1942 gave seventeen. It generally avoids the vicinity of human habitation, but where it is not molested will sometimes nest quite near to travelled roads. I know of one nest that has been continuously occupied for several years which is not more than a hundred yards from a paved city street, and another somewhat farther from a heavily travelled highway. Both old birds were present when we approached one of these nests, but one of them left very soon afterward. When they began to stretch their wings and move around we discovered there were two about half-grown young in the nest. Some two hours passed before the parent bird that had been hunting returned with a fish which was immediately torn into strips and fed to the young birds. A few minutes later one of the parents again flew away, and when we left after having watched for over three hours, had not yet returned. At no time was the nest left unwatched by both birds.

The nest is a flat-topped platform composed chiefly of sticks, but which may contain almost any available material, coarsely put together and lined with grass and roots. A nest in Florida has been described as being 15 feet in height and 8 feet across. In it are deposited two, rarely three, eggs about the size of goose eggs. The period of incubation has been variously reported as from 28 to 42 days, and the nesting time varies with the location from November or December in Florida to late April along our northern borders. One brood only is hatched each year. The young are a dark brown and do not fully acquire the white markings until the third or fourth year. One authority states that the eyes of the newly hatched young are light bluish, changing by degrees as the plumage appears to a dark hazel brown, and, when fully matured, to a bright straw color. Bald eagles mate for life and apparently are very fond of each other.

There are many stories of how the bald eagle robs the osprey, a more efficient fisher than itself, of its catch. That they do hunt for themselves is shown by the stories of two writers who tell of watching them

catch coots, and the similarity of procedure would seem to indicate a well established habit. The eagle hovered over a flock of coots, forcing them to dive, and when they came to the surface, simply continued the tactics until one became sufficiently exhausted to be an easy prey. Their keen eyes are proverbial. Eaton tells how, as he watched one soaring at a great height, the bird started downward to pick up a floating fish three miles from the spot where the bird had been soaring—so far away when it picked up the fish that he could not see it in the bird's talons with a six-power glass.

While he is by nature a fish eater and fish form his principal food, analysis of the food habits of the bald eagle shows a very wide range of food materials. In some seasons and localities many ducks and other varieties of birdlife are taken. F. H. Herrick, in a study of the food brought to an Ohio nest, found that in 1922 fish formed 70%, and in 1923 as much as 96%, of the amount. In 1934, out of 105 feedings he identified 87 as fish. Various reports, mostly from Alaska and British Columbia, tell of the finding of remains of gulls, cormorants, puffins, murres, guillemots, and some sparrows, and in the South one reported a wild turkey and another a turtle. On the other hand, there are many reports that show gophers, rats, mice, and other small mammals, and one where a fox was the victim.

Many bald eagles have been shot by hunters to be mounted as trophies, but the greatest loss has been in Alaska. The Territory offered a bounty in 1917, and in the next ten years it is estimated that 70,000 were killed. In recent years bounties have been paid on some 2,000 or more each year. The theory on which the bounty was based, that eagles took too many salmon, can hardly be sustained as they seldom, if ever, take any but dead fish that would not be of any use to the canners in any case.

Dr. H. C. Oberholzer in 1906 summed up by saying that "all things considered, the bald eagle is rather more beneficial than otherwise, since much of its food is of little economic value, while the good it does more than compensates for its obnoxious deeds." This is recognized in Illinois law by the complete protection which has been given it by legislative enactment. It is protected in many other states and, as our "National Bird", should be in all, if only for sentimental reasons.



Fitting Monument for Benjamin T. Gault

BENJAMIN T. GAULT, whose eager feet and keen, peering eyes traveled the woods and waters and prairies around the village as well as far afield, now rests in the heart of the nature he loved.

And his resting spot in the little Forest Hill cemetery is a consecrated bit of the nature he loved. It has been so arranged by the Morton Arboretum, in cooperation with the memorial committee of the Benjamin T. Gault Bird Club. Mrs. Joseph Cudahy, chairman of the arboretum board, authorized the arboretum's participation, which was executed by C. E. Godschalk, superintendent, in consultation with Mrs. W. E. Stofer, Mrs. R. A. Van Lone and Mrs. Al Chase, representing the bird club.

Two fine old weathered, lichen-covered boulders were taken from their home in the arboretum's immemorial hills and placed on the grave. One has eroded hollows which will catch the rain, nature's own bird bath, for Mr. Gault's feathered friends; the other is carved with his name and dates, 1858 and 1942, and the single word "Naturalist." This would have been on a bronze plate bolted to the stone had the times permitted, and will be so completed when it is possible.

Around these stones is wreathed a planting of Waukegan juniper, which will bind them closely to their new home, and keeping guard over all is a hawthorne tree, of the *punctata* variety, which completes the very fitting memorial to the village's famous nature lover—Benjamin T. Gault.

Villagers, familiar with his unpretentious little person, didn't realize that he was known all over the world of nature lovers, that he took an active part in important scientific moves, that his deep-seated aim was the preservation of Illinois' natural heritages. In his death, he is recognized and fittingly remembered, and his spot in Forest Hill cemetery will in a measure express the ruling passion of his life. This very satisfying memorial was entirely taken care of by the Morton Arboretum. The Benjamin T. Gault Bird Club will keep Mr. Gault's memory alive in a very practical way by the annual gift to the Glen Ellyn library of money for the purchase of new nature books.

The local library also houses many very fine books pertaining to nature which Mr. Gault had collected and gave to it. At the arboretum are other books which this library couldn't use, as well as many pamphlets and bulletins valuable in research work, and a collection of a couple of hundred bird's nests, which Mr. Gault had carefully saved and labelled. The arboretum has placed these in cellophane bags and they are available to anyone who wishes to study them.

Benjamin T. Gault enriched the world in which he lived, and with his departure from it, left a heritage that will grow more precious with the succeeding years.—*The Glen Ellyn News*

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Banding Events of 1942-1943

By KARL E. BARTEL

BANDING BIRDS in time of war is not very profitable, due to longer working hours, shortage of help, air raid warden's duties, gas rationing, etc. Despite these handicaps I managed to get some birds banded somehow, even with the little time I had.

Starting with July 1, 1942, and ending June 30, 1943, which is the government fiscal year, the principal events as they occurred were as follows:

- July 1, 1942. First lot of bronzed grackles came to my yard; banded 11.
- July 4. Over the holiday was at Depue, Illinois, to band great blue herons, only three being banded.
- July 7. First bluebirds banded out of my bluebird houses.
- July 22. Female house wren returned, banded June 12, 1941.

- July 25. Bronzed grackle banded July 14, 1941, was found dead at Oak Forest, Illinois.
- July 26. Two brown thrashers returned, one banded Sept. 25, 1941, the other May 25, 1942.
- July 31. House wren returned, banded May 24, 1942.
- Aug. 15. Song sparrow banded Mar. 9, 1942, was found dead at Goshen, Ind.
- Aug. 25. Yellow-bellied flycatcher banded, the second in ten years.
- Sept. 1. First olive-backed thrush and redstart banded.
- Sept. 2. Brown thrasher returned, banded July 21, 1941.
- Sept. 27. Starling banded July 17, 1942, was shot in Blue Island.
- Sept. 28. First gray-cheeked thrush banded.
- Oct. 4. Barn owl banded.
- Oct. 11. First white-crowned, Harris's and fox sparrows and juncos banded.
- Oct. 13. Screech owl returned, banded Oct. 19, 1941.
- Oct. 18. Another barn owl banded.
- Oct. 23. Winter wren banded.
- Nov. 1. Thirty-two birds banded today, including a red-shouldered hawk.
- Nov. 8. Banded a junco that had left leg off below elbow; cardinal returned, banded Dec. 13, 1940.
- Nov. 14. Another red-shouldered hawk banded.
- Nov. 16. Screech owl banded.
- Nov. 19. First chickadee and white-breasted nuthatch banded; junco banded Nov. 30, 1940, returned and was killed by a shrike.
- Nov. 27. Another barn owl banded.
- Dec. 19. Junco returned, banded Nov. 24, 1941.
- Jan. 24, 1943. Blue jay returned, banded Oct. 11, 1942.
- Feb. 6. Blue jay banded Nov. 8, 1941, was found dead at Mt. Greenwood, Illinois.
- Mar. 6. Junco returned, banded Nov. 27, 1938; previous returns on Nov. 30, 1939, Jan. 18, 1941, and Feb. 13, 1942; this bird is about five years old. Cardinal returned, banded Aug. 1, 1941.
- Apr. 1. Junco returned, banded Nov. 29, 1942.
- Apr. 2. Red-shouldered hawk banded.
- Apr. 7. Red-shouldered hawk banded (this pair nested in Oak Hill Cemetery).
- Apr. 10. Red-eyed towhee returned, banded May 2, 1941.
- Apr. 18. Brown thrasher returned, banded Apr. 20, 1941.
- Apr. 22. Brown thrasher returned, banded July 31, 1941.
- Apr. 24. Brown thrasher returned, banded Aug. 23, 1941.
- Apr. 29. Field sparrow returned, banded Aug. 1, 1941.
- May 1. First nest of mourning doves banded.
- May 29. Dead robin brought to me was banded Aug. 12, 1942.
- June 5. Seven mourning doves banded in nests; banded 16 black-crowned night herons in colony at Plainfield, Ill.
- June 8. Banded 54 black-crowned night herons at Plainfield.
- June 19. Catbird banded Aug. 25, 1940, found dead in Blue Island.

Following is a list of the species banded during the year in the order of the total number of each:

83 Slate-colored juncos	3 Barn owls
81 Robins	3 Brown creepers
75 White-crowned sparrows	3 Great blue herons
70 Black-crowned night herons	2 Swamp sparrows
59 Bronzed grackles	2 Hermit thrushes
24 Fox sparrows	2 Tufted titmice
18 Brown thrashers	2 Gray-cheeked thrushes
17 Catbirds	2 White-crowned sparrows
12 Blue jays	1 Screech owl
11 Red-eyed towhees	1 Lincoln sparrow
10 Chickadees	1 White-breasted nuthatch
10 Oven-birds	1 Redstart
9 Olive-backed thrushes	1 Magnolia warbler
9 Mourning doves	1 Golden-crowned kinglet
9 Song sparrows	1 Harris's sparrow
9 Starlings	1 Winter wren
8 Downy woodpeckers	1 Yellow-billed cuckoo
7 Cardinals	1 Coot
5 Bluebirds	1 Yellow-bellied flycatcher
4 Tree sparrows	1 Flicker
4 Red-shouldered hawks	1 House wren

For this fiscal year I banded 565 birds of 42 species. This is the first year in which I have banded less than 1000 birds, and during the 11 years from January 1933 to June 1943 I have banded a total of 16,603 individuals. *Blue Island, Illinois*



The Mourning Dove

*Sweet is the hermit's evening bell,
And sweet the mellow canticle
Of the wood thrush; but more I love
The murmur of the mourning dove.*

*'Tis he awakes the vague unrest
That makes me wander east and west—
The fond, fond bird, tender and true,
He'll take the very heart from you.*

*O whirring wings! O trembling throat
That puts such heartbreak in a note!
All through the woodland shadows dim
My heart is glad to follow him.*

*O soft and low!—but I'll no more
Over the ferny forest floor
At dawn or dusk to listen lest
He pluck the heart out of my breast.*

—W. W. CHRISTMAN

What is the ILLINOIS AUDUBON SOCIETY?



It is a corporation organized in 1897, not for profit, under the laws of the State of Illinois, for the study and protection of wild birdlife.

It aims to encourage the study of our native wild birds, to increase the appreciation of their aesthetic and economic values, and to work for their safety through education.

All lovers of birds are welcomed to its membership upon signing an application and paying membership dues. All dues and bequests other than those paid annually are held in an Endowment Fund, only the income from which is used for current needs, and there are no paid officers.

Under a ruling of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue contributions to the Society are deductible from income, gifts are deductible for gift tax purposes, and bequests or legacies are deductible for estate tax purposes.

MEMBERSHIP FEES ARE AS FOLLOWS:

ACTIVE MEMBERS	\$2.00 annually
CONTRIBUTING MEMBERS.....	\$5.00 annually
SUSTAINING MEMBERS	\$25.00
LIFE MEMBERS	\$100.00
BENEFACTORS	\$500.00
PATRONS	\$1,000.00

The Society maintains an office at the Chicago Academy of Sciences, where literature and information may be obtained and where public lectures are held.

The *Audubon Bulletin* is published quarterly and distributed to its members.



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The Birds of Baboquivari

By CORA CLARKE McELROY

MOST LOVERS OF BIRDS probably retain in their memories vivid pictures of the settings where they first saw new species. Only a few were learned so early that no knowledge of the circumstances remains. Almost no one can say where he saw his first robin, but who does not recall the place where he saw less common birds and learned their names, perhaps a fox sparrow or a buffle-head? Some eight or nine years ago I spent the winter in Tucson, Arizona. It was the first time I had ever been in the Southwest and of course there was scarcely a familiar bird there. Not even an English sparrow was listed in the bird guide and the robins were said to be larger and seldom seen or heard. And so for the forty or more species I learned there are nearly as many well-remembered bits of that strange landscape.

When I first arrived I knew no one. I had no books on birds, and was equipped with only a small pair of Miracles and a great eagerness to learn



CHICAGO ACADEMY OF SCIENCES PHOTO

Young Gambel's quail

the name of anything I saw on wings. I had no more than unpacked my suitcases when I was aware of the great number of delightful, rosy sparrows flying about the house and singing as they flew. My landlady said they were house finches, which was quite right. Not so accurate was the name she gave the small doves that were constantly walking about in my

sandy back yard. She said they were called "No Hopes" because that was what they were always saying. It was a week or two before I could get books, very inadequate ones, from the city library and decide they were Inca doves. About my house I first saw a number of other birds. The Gila woodpecker was common. In a neglected cactus garden at the rear of my lot was a thrasher with a lovely song, the Palmer's thrasher. One day I noticed a great excitement just outside of my kitchen window. There was an eruption of flying white ants and flocks of small birds were busily gorging themselves. They were Audubon's warblers, something like our myrtles, but were duller in color. Had I known more about white ants as termites I might have been more concerned about the stability of the foundations of my house than about the identification of the warblers.

There were a number of other birds that I associate with the town itself. The cactus wren I could always find in the cactus garden of the University of Arizona. The cactus woodpecker I can still see going up the palm tree by the city library. The green-backed goldfinch was in a tiny park on my way to church, and the black phoebe I saw while sitting on a stone wall west of town. One evening I went out into my back yard and saw, I thought, a flock of old friends that had just come in, white-crowned sparrows; but upon closer study I found they were Gambel's sparrows. My most vivid memory is of the hundreds of them that went to bed each evening in the olive trees just west of the library of the University, where I used often to go in the late afternoon to read, to watch the sunset and to walk home under the olives, listening to the Gambel's singing their vesper chorus.

It was my great good fortune to have taken a furnished house adjoining the home of Dr. and Mrs. Vorhies. Dr. Vorhies was, I think, the professor of entomology at the University, but he was also a bird student and was head of a Nature Club that twice a month made trips to interesting points in the country round about. When they found I was wanting to learn as much of the bird life of the locality as possible they not only asked me to join the Club but took me with them in their car on numerous trips. These trips were not primarily for birds, but I always learned a few new ones each time. At Picacho, which is a large artificial lake, were a dozen or so great white pelicans overhead. At Casa Grande I recall the pair of western horned owls in the shed over the ruins; also the Say's phoebe that sat on one of the beams projecting outside. On the way to Casa Grande I saw my first road-runners. A pair stopped by the road quite near the car and were just as queer looking as I had hoped they would be. On the same trip the car flushed a flock of lark buntings.

But by far the best remembered trip was the one to the mountain, Baboquivari. The object was to climb this peak which until recently only a very few people had been able to scale. We had to start early, about 7:30 A.M., for there was an eighty mile drive through the desert, much of it with no apparent road. An unusually large number of people, about forty, made up the party. Our first stop was at the small Papago Indian village of Sells. We all got out of the cars and spent half an hour or so getting acquainted. Here I saw my first Gambel's quail, a whole cage full of them. All who remember the quail of Disney's *Bambi* will know how

imperious they appear compared with our bob whites. Finally we reached our destination for the day, a beautiful level spot, enclosed on three sides by high walls of colorful stone, and opening on the west to views of distant ranges. There was a good deal of vegetation other than cacti — live oaks, cat's-paw, mesquite, manzanita, and much I did not know.

The crowd gathered to listen to a short talk on the history of the mountain by a Dr. Forbes, who had first scaled it. A teacher standing beside me whispered as a beautiful crested black bird with white wing patches darted about our heads, "There's the phainopepla." I heard no more of the early local history.

All the people I knew were among the dozen or so who started out on the long mountain climb. My friend loaned me her "Western Bird Guide," but I had no glasses. Even so I never have had such a wonderful day with birds. No one else was interested in them and so I was free to spend my time where and how I pleased. The birds were many; nearly every tree seemed to have one or more. I could get close to them and often, standing behind some great rock, could study a bird until I got the essential characteristics, which I wrote down in my note book. Some I could identify with the help of my little bird guide but the names of others I learned from Dr. Vorhies as I described them to him on the way home. Perhaps my chief delight was with the bridled titmice. I sat under a tree and watched a flock of them on the ground only a few feet away. Many small dull green birds were with them, but I never could be sure of the identification of these. There were Harris's woodpeckers, Palmer's thrashers, crissal thrashers, Arizona jays, the spurred towhee, a verdin, and a green-tailed towhee. Dr. Vorhies asked me on the way home if I had seen a green-tailed towhee and I said, "Oh, no," thinking a towhee should look like a towhee. Later I found that the bird I had been so very excited about and which in my ignorance I had tried to make into a rufous-crowned sparrow, was in reality the green-tailed towhee.

As the afternoon passed many of the people started back to their homes. A few of us gathered about the camp-fire and watched the sunset through the opening in the mountains to the west. Once in a while some of the climbers would come down the trail. After a time the full moon came up over the mountains, beautiful as only an Arizona moon can be. Not until nine o'clock did my friends get down, Mrs. Vorhies barely able to stumble to the fire. The lunch was unpacked and plates of fried chicken, salads, sandwiches, cakes disappeared rapidly.

The drive home through the desert I shall never forget. The stillness, the bright wash of moonlight, the weird landscape with the giant cactus, chollas, ocotillas, all seemed of a different world. Only the speeding automobile and the presence of friends held me to actuality. I have never seen the place since. I think I should refuse to go again if I could, for the beauty and charm are so fixed in my memory, after these years perhaps not too realistically, that I could not bear to find any detail altered. I shall always think of it as a place apart, a veritable Shangri-la for birds.

Springfield, Illinois.

At a Feeding Shelf in Florida

By C. W. G. EIFRIG

AS BECOMES an ex-president of the Illinois Audubon Society, the writer, upon arriving at his new home in Florida, made a feeding shelf for birds which he placed below a live oak near his study window. And it is remarkable what a lot of peculiarities in voice and action, what odd mannerisms and foibles one will notice on the part of birds, such as one rarely has a chance to see when going out into wood and field.

The only boarders noted on and below the shelf are in order of their abundance: Florida bob-white, blue jay, Florida redwing, red-bellied woodpecker, Florida cardinal, ground dove, English sparrow, tufted titmouse, brown thrasher, and white-eyed towhee. The mockingbird and flicker looked over the shelf once, but as there were no ants or other insects there they immediately left in disgust.

The most timid, but at the same time the most numerous boarder is the Florida bob-white. There were as many as twenty-four below and on the shelf at one time, four on the shelf at once. They announce their coming by a loud call of their leader. There is one family of nineteen and one of thirteen that come together. One can tell that they are there by the volume of subdued chattering they indulge in, frequently punctuated by queer louder sounds, signals and calls. One has a call much like a whip-poor-will. The mating call, *bob white*, is not heard now. The Florida variety is supposed to be smaller than the northern one, and no doubt it is, but some of them seem to me to be just as large as their northern congeners. There is more black in the coloring of these, as becomes birds that live where there is much water and vegetation. Two of my boarders seem to walk higher, have longer legs than the others. I suppose there have been various introductions from other regions—your state game commissions can hardly do without that now. Often one or several will suddenly run around or after each other with incredible speed, as though they were just gliding, not moving any legs. If there is a blue jay near one, the quail will suddenly bristle up and rush at it in a rather intimidating way. When there is no food, one or the other will voice its indignation in a loud call of different timbre. At least so it sounds to me.

The most gluttonous and insolent of my boarders is the blue jay. That is to be expected. I have counted as high as ten on and under the shelf at one time. It is easy to see that there are two subspecies before you when looking at them. Some seem to me to be just as large as the ones in Illinois, the others are smaller and grayer on the back of the neck. These latter, too, have that loud hawk-like call. All of them, like the quail, have quite a repertory of sounds and calls, somewhat different from those you hear up north. There is an amusing confusion among systematists as to who's who among the blue jays in Florida. The A.O.U. checklist gives three blue jays all told: the northern (*Cyanocitta c. cristata*), the Florida (*C. c. florincola*), and Semple's (*C. c. semplei*). Howell, in his book "Florida Bird Life," calls the first one southern blue jay and makes it the breeding species for the northern half of the state. The smaller one and only other

variety he calls *Cyanocitta c. semplei*, Semple's blue jay, omitting *florincola* entirely. But that will hardly do, as *florincola* has been established by Coues, sixty years ago. So if one is to be dropped, it should be *semplei*. But that is neither here nor there for the watcher at the feeding shelf. The blue jays are chased off the shelf by all the others save the demure little titmouse and the towhee. The jays sometimes muster up enough courage to chase off the titmouse.

That the redwings appearing at the shelf to the number of ten to twelve must be the Florida subspecies is at once evident by the fact that the same ones stay here summer and winter and have somewhat different notes from the northern ones. Otherwise they seem to me to be of the same size, only the females are darker in color. Incidentally, in looking over the varieties of redwing given in the A.O.U. checklist, one finds that the breeding range of none of the fourteen forms given there includes Illinois. Here is a chance for a member of the Audubon Society to invent a name for the redwings of Illinois! Just now my redwings are nearly all tailless due to molting. Also, there are only males in the group coming to the shelf. After the breeding season the females and young evidently stay by themselves, and the males form stag parties. They are not easily intimidated, but readily chase off the blue jays.

I am sorry to be compelled to bring in the English sparrow. When we came here there was not an English sparrow in the village. But one day in spring I saw a pair near a small poultry yard. In due time the two had turned into eight, and these eight are irregular visitants at my feeding shelf. But they are rather shy and make no trouble. They act as though they know that they are merely intruders.

The red-bellied woodpecker is rather abundant at times. Just now it is much less so. It is the only woodpecker that frequents the feeding shelf, and when on it he chases away all comers. The moment a redwing or blue jay arrives on the shelf the red-belly opens his beak at him and produces an ugly snake-like hiss which makes any bird depart. Otherwise they are noisy too. They have a flicker-like cackle, loud and clear, a loud meow-like call, and the raucous call of the red-headed woodpecker. They are handsome fellows, but the young lack the fine red crown and nape. The red on the belly is so insignificant that the name is really a joke.

The scene before me changes continually. Just now there are twelve redwings, one brown thrasher, one blue jay, two cardinals, and one gray squirrel on and under the shelf. I expect the quails any moment.

A pure delight to the observer is the dainty little ground dove. Their soft cooing can be heard much of the day—I suspect a pair of nests in one of my orange trees. They have a delicate blending of soft grays and browns similar to the mourning dove, which acts as a concealing coloration when they gingerly walk on the ground. They are about the size of a bluebird, but show much auburn red when they fly. They rarely go on the shelf, but are content to stay on the ground. They are mild-mannered, yet when one gets near another they fly at each other. The other day I noticed one standing by itself and rapidly vibrating its wings, as though it were rehearsing future mating antics.

To attract cardinals to one's feeding shelf is the height of ambition of most northern feeders. A pair of them plus a young one come to our shelf several times a day. The Florida cardinal is smaller but more intensely red than the northern one, that is the male; the female and young are darker than the northern form. They seem to look reproachfully at me because there is no sunflower seed on the shelf; they do not know that you cannot buy it for love or money.

That too is the reason why the tufted titmouse, *Baeolophus bicolor*, does not come as often as at first. They do not seem to like the chicken feed that is now on the shelf. Mild and gentle as they are, they leave the scene when others come.

The brown thrasher also is the same one as in Illinois. It is songless now, but, no doubt, will soon begin to warble its fine song. It affects a hermit-like behavior, sticking to dense shrubbery and the ground below trees. Unlike its first cousin, the mockingbird, when it comes to the shelf it rarely goes to the top, but stays on the ground, where it fiercely goes after any blue jay that may be there. It makes the dry leaves below trees fly, not with the feet, but with the bill. An odd behavior is that it raises its body from the ground by straightening the legs in order to give its blows to the ground more purchase.

My tamest, most confiding boarder is the white-eyed towhee. Its call and song are similar to the red-eye's up north, but higher pitched and softer. It would not be difficult to get it to feed out of one's hand.

Windermere, Florida, September 15, 1943.



From Friends in Military Service

AGAIN WE ARE INDEBTED to Dr. Alfred Lewy, member of our Board of Directors, for permission to quote portions of three letters received by him from men in service who are very much interested in the birdlife they have met in distant lands. The first, from Major Robert Lewy, his son, will make most of us envious, as he evidently intended it should.

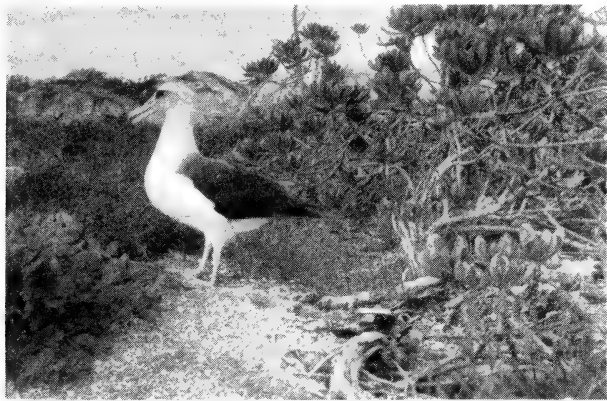
"I am writing this letter with a threefold purpose: I want to continue to write weekly, I wish to make the ornithological mouth water, and you will have to guess at the third. Yesterday we went out to the swamp (about a fourth the size of McGinnes Slough). Major Miles Baker went along—his brother is one of the directors of the National Audubon Society. With one sweep of the field glasses, traversing about 45 degrees, we saw Australian duck, chestnut teal, black swan, royal spoonbill, plumed egret, and straw-necked ibis (flock of 15). I wonder if there is any place other than a zoo where such would be possible. It certainly makes the birds here interesting and those at home rather tame by comparison. This was not all; we also saw several species of shorebirds, kingfishers that were only four inches long, the pale-headed rosella, the scaly-breasted lorikeet, gallinules, Australian blue crane, etc., in the brief period that we were out. The spoonbill was a new experience for me. In all we saw 22 species in an

hour's time, not including a dead cow that we were aware of before we saw it."

The second letter is from Capt. Howard J. Murphy, to whom we offer our congratulations on his safe return to this country. We remember an earlier letter from the then Lieut. Murphy in which he told of various birds he had met in the Pacific islands, though he was not at that time permitted to more particularly identify his location. The following portions of his letter to Dr. Lewy show that he has been concerned with the real fighting in the South Pacific, but that he has not lost his interest in Nature.

"Today I received the literature from the American Museum on birds. I'm sure it was mailed months ago and it must have followed me all over the Pacific, for the envelope is covered with postmarks. However, the contents are even more pertinent now, for it includes many places I've visited in the South Pacific—New Hebrides, Samoa, Solomons, etc.

"I returned to this country three months ago after a total of fifteen months on foreign duty. You realized I was on Midway when I described



Laysan albatross

all those birds. I stayed there for five months and then went to the South Pacific.

"Of course, I joined in the scrap at Guadalcanal, and had a rather unique experience in the Solomons. A Jap destroyer shot me down two hundred miles from Henderson Field and I spent nine days on a Japanese occupied island, Choiseul. Lived with some friendly natives until rescued and, despite the intensity of the situation, had a good time. Unfortunately I contracted malaria on the eighth day and was quite ill when picked up. I've fully recovered from it, however.

"I was thinking of your son when I visited Australia; we spent ten days in Sydney and stopped briefly in Brisbane. Also spent a month in New Zealand.

"Collected a number of shells and became familiar with many varieties of birds and fish in the island area. Had several run-ins with moray eels

while goggle fishing, and once with a shark. I pursued this pastime in blissful ignorance of the many dangers lurking in tropical waters. But I learned the hard way.

"I have Alexander's book and discovered a few errors in it. In a recent lecture to 500 officers I convulsed them with a description of Midway's 'gooney' bird, the white albatross."

The third letter, from which the following is quoted, is a later one from Capt. Murphy, and gives us more about his South Sea bird friends.

"Here are some rather good pictures of the Laysan albatross, more commonly known as the "gooney" bird. You must know where they were taken, although I won't admit to taking them there. However, if you care to publish the pictures, they were taken in the Hawaiian archipelago, so to speak.

"The shots are fairly characteristic, displaying the island habitat of the birds. They nest in the type of shrubbery shown, which is known as "scaevolo," and the young usually secure themselves on top of the coral



Pair of Laysan albatrosses

mounds shown. This little bit of altitude on an almost flat island enables them to take advantage of every slight breeze, in which they flap their wings and simulate a "take-off" in general. Frequently in the process a gust will hit one and send him rolling down the hill. But, nothing daunted, he clambers back up and resumes his vigorous flapping. Again, the wind will sometimes lift one off the ground a foot or so, much to his surprise and bewilderment. When this happens, his expression appears to be a mixture of incredulity and ecstatic wonderment. So he tries it again.

"The pair in the picture have just completed their love dance, the male looking masterly and the female clacking her bill in a seemingly scolding manner. The single one in the other picture is giving a warning clack also as he glances at the intruder out of the corner of his eye. I'm rather proud of these shots for I have yet to see any good pictures of this type of albatross. Note the delicate shading around the eyes to ward off reflection of the sun. And I can attest to the sharpness of their beaks."

Our Lecture Series

THE ILLINOIS AUDUBON SOCIETY, in cooperation with the National Audubon Society, has arranged for a series of five lectures to be given during the coming season in the auditorium of The Chicago Academy of Sciences. All will be illustrated with motion pictures in natural color, and will be presented without charge to the members of the Society and their friends. All who are interested in the study of and conservation of our wild birds and wildlife in general are earnestly invited to be present.

The first will have been given on November 12, before this is off the press. It presented Mr. C. A. (Bert) Harwell, California native son and former Yosemite Park naturalist. His subject, "Wings Over the Desert," explored the scenic grandeur of the Great American Desert and the stately Grand Canyon. The birds of the region were seen through the pictures, and heard through Mr. Harwell's whistled imitations. Those who heard him last year certainly will not have missed him this time.

Second on our list is Mr. John H. Storer, of Waltham, Mass., who will appear before us for the first time on Tuesday evening, January 18, 1944, with his film of American wildlife, "Wings, Fins and Antlers." These fascinating scenes are the record of 20,000 miles covered in eight months of study and search from Florida to New Brunswick for the pictures that bring to the screen the intimate lives of some of America's most beautiful birds and animals. They range from the egret, the swallow-tail kite, and the roseate spoonbill of Florida to the display of strength and skill of the migrating salmon in the rivers of Canada.

In arranging this program the Society feels that it is offering its members both information and entertainment. We hope that you will invite your friends, and that they may be encouraged to support the Society and its work by becoming members. Additional notices will be sent shortly before each lecture.



Helping Mother Robin

THE FOLLOWING EXTRACT from a letter written by an invalid who lives in Ontario, Canada, shows once more how wild creatures react to a close contact with man before they learn to fear him.

"Before I get too far away from the summer I must tell you about our robins. They built a nest above the light on the veranda and were so persistent about having that site. Mr. Quick, our landlord, who lives in the other half of the house, took it down twice but said he didn't have the heart to do it the third time.

"Then there were four eggs in the nest and Don Quick and Ruth used to get the ladder every day and look at them. They even brought one of the eggs out so I could see it, and apparently the mother didn't mind. One Thursday two wee robins came out, on Friday another one, and on Saturday

the last one. On Sunday the kids took one out to let me see how nude it was! One was definitely smaller than the others so a couple of days later Don put nail polish on its beak so we could keep track of it and see if it caught up to the others in size, but it never did.

"By the following Sunday the others were so big Don was afraid they would push the little one out, so he fixed up a nest in a strawberry box and we kept it in that. He fed it chicken mash—sometimes moistened with tomato juice to give it more flavor! He insisted on giving it water with an eye-dropper, and I insisted that he dig worms for it. We did that for two days, then put the strawberry box in a bushel basket on the back lawn, where very soon the mother found it and brought it plenty of worms. It was so cute. Don used to put it in their sun porch at night and the mother would be round with a mouthful of worms before he was up in the morning and hop up the steps and talk to the little one until Don put it out.

"On the 12th day two of them flopped out of the nest and hopped around on the lawn, but couldn't seem to fly, so the kids put them back in the nest in case a cat should get them. But they just flopped out again and by night were gone for good, and the next day the third one left. Also, that day the little one hopped from the basket to my foot and sat there for a long time.

"For a week Ruth and Don carried the little one around perched on one finger and it would sit there so smugly and let us stroke its back. I put it to sleep several times stroking its head. Ruth used to exhibit it, perched on her finger, to all our visitors, and it would chirp so arrogantly. One day I was "minding" it and the mother tried so hard to coax it away. She had a mouthful of worms and would come within two feet and then hop away, but the little one wouldn't go beyond the edge of the veranda.

"I laughed at Don and Ruth trying to teach it to fly. They would perch it on one finger and swoop their arm around quickly to give it the idea, and the little thing would never move a muscle, and after this mad whirl there it sat quite unruffled. I suggested that one of them fly a bit to show it how! However when it was two weeks old it hopped away with its mother. The kids worried for a couple of days as we didn't think it could fly very well and there are a lot of cats around. Then it came back and there was great rejoicing. Its chirp was different from any of the others, much sharper, and we all recognized it. For a couple of weeks it used to come around every day and come up to the back steps, but hopped away when anyone tried to get near it. I realize there isn't anything unusual about the story, but we did have a lot of fun watching them, and it was interesting how the mother would hop around the lawn or hedge and watch Don carry her baby around on his finger.

"This, I think, is unusual. A hummingbird came and sniffed at my legs. It was in the early summer and I had a bright red afghan on my legs, and the hummingbird hovered along the side of my leg for seconds. I stood it as long as I could and when I thought it was going to stab me with that long sharp bill I moved, and of course it flew away. It was so close I could almost have patted it!"

Seney National Wildlife Refuge

DURING THE PAST SUMMER a survey was arranged through the cooperation of Mr. J. Clark Salyer II, Chief, Division of Wildlife Refuges, Fish and Wildlife Service, Department of the Interior, with the object of checking upon the birdlife to be found in Seney National Wildlife Refuge. Dr. Alfred Lewy and Mr. Karl E. Bartel were invited to make this census, and after some hurried preparation, which included several trips to the local ration boards, they, accompanied by Mrs. Lewy, left Chicago on the morning of August 1, 1943.

Mr. Salyer has kindly supplied the following historical background and brief resume of the response of wildlife to the refuge.

"The Seney National Wildlife Refuge, located in Schoolcraft County, Michigan, was established by Executive order, December 10, 1935, under the provisions of the Migratory Bird Conservation Act of February 18, 1929, as amended. Approximately 86,947 acres of land are now within its confines. The white man's hand has been very heavy against this area which once abounded in all forms of wildlife and was covered by great stands of hardwoods and pines. Logging activities between 1881 and 1890 removed most of the great trees, leaving only scattered remnants of the once vast forests. Numerous fires, following logging, completed the devastation. In the Spring of 1912 commercial drainage was inaugurated in the Seney Marshes, thus further endangering the remaining wildlife by draining away the water areas to make the rich accumulations beneath available for agricultural purposes. This venture succeeded only in further despoiling the once excellent wildlife habitat, mutely attested by the many abandoned farm buildings dotting the countryside a few years later; the expensive drainage canals are still visible in the area.

"In 1933 the Michigan Game Commission recommended that the federal government consider the Seney Marshes as a possible locale for a federal refuge, and this agency has shown excellent cooperation in the subsequent development of the refuge.

"Using the original drainage ditches and canals in all possible instances, the government engineers set about reversing the processes put in motion by drainage and the waters were returned to the dried-out marshes. After water impoundment followed the reestablishment of desirable food plants. This area offers a combination of swamplands, open water and uplands that provide the finest kind of wildlife habitat.

"Waterfowl management has received considerable attention in the development of this refuge and the response of the Canada goose, mallard and black duck has vindicated this action. Each year sees a larger number of Canada geese returning to the refuge to nest. Herons, including the great blue heron, American bitern and eastern least bittern, are again nesting in these marshes, while the sora and Virginia rail are common summer residents. The sandhill crane may again be seen doing its ludicrous dance and young birds are no longer a rarity. Ruffed grouse, prairie chicken and the sharp-tailed grouse have increased in numbers under refuge protection. The prairie chicken had been putting up a losing fight in this

region but in the Fall of 1942 it was reported as more abundant on the farmlands southeast of the refuge than it had been in previous years.

"The black bear which was common in early times is again becoming common, similarly, the beaver which was greatly reduced from its previous abundance, has shown rapid increases, while the white-tailed deer has become numerous enough to permit the issuance of open seasons in the winters of 1941 and 1942. Such fur-bearers as the mink, muskrat, fox, otter, raccoon and skunk have increased since the establishment of the refuge and



PHOTO BY KARL E. BARTEL

Refuge offices

the subsequent protection given these species. The stately moose is occasionally seen in some secluded spot and the cows and their young are known to seek shelter here.

"Thus man is turning his ingenuity and learning to overcoming the results attained by the lack of vision and greed of former years, and the Seney Marshes are again becoming the wild life haven they were before the white man's advent."

ROADSIDE CENSUS

Before leaving Chicago Dr. Lewy and Mr. Bartel had decided to make a roadside census, which could be easily taken due to the O.P.A. 35-mile speed limit. The weather was very hot, with a slight southwest wind. All birds that could be identified were recorded, and following are those seen between Chicago and Milwaukee, listed in the order observed, new birds being added to the list as seen along the road:

Song sparrow, 7; purple martin, 9; starling, too numerous to count; killdeer, 4; sparrow hawk, 4; redwing, 7; robin, 3; northern flicker, 4; bronzed grackle, 3; chimney swift, 5; house wren, 2; meadowlark, 10; yellow warbler, 1; crow, 8; red-bellied woodpecker, 1; kingfisher, 9; blue jay, 3; goldfinch, 3; indigo bunting, 3; mourning dove, 6; ring-necked pheasant, 1; cowbird, 3; green heron, 1; barn swallow, 3; red-headed woodpecker, 1; northern yellow-throat, 1; tree swallow, 1; quail, 1.

In Milwaukee a short stop was made at Mr. Jung's house, during which he showed some movies taken in Arizona. They left Milwaukee for Green Bay at 1:00 P.M. and the following birds were recorded: red-eyed vireo, 1; wood pewee, 1; chimney swift, 6; purple martin, 227; spotted sandpiper, 1; field sparrow, 2; house wren, 5; barn swallow, 11; black tern, 4; goldfinch, 2; tree swallow, 1; robin, 15; herring gull, 2; kingbird, 8; song sparrow, 3; crow, 3; Savannah sparrow, 12; mourning dove, 2; meadowlark, 5; redwing, 10; Baltimore oriole, 1; chipping sparrow, 2; ring-billed gull, 2.

Green Bay, Wisconsin, 200 miles from Chicago, was reached at 4:15 P.M. It was still quite light, so it was decided to drive on to Marinette, a distance of 56 miles. In this territory the first red pines were seen, and the following birds were listed: goldfinch, 3; indigo bunting, 1; kingbird, 1; purple martin, 135; Savannah sparrow, 3; robin, 2; barn swallow, 4; flicker, 1; chipping sparrow, 2; chimney swift, 8; meadowlark, 3; western meadowlark (heard), 1; song sparrow, 1; bluebird, 1; tree swallow, 20; crow, 23; nighthawk, 5.

The night was spent at Marinette, and at 9:45 A.M., August 2, the party was on its way. It had rained during the night, which made the day a little cooler. About half-way between Marinette and Escanaba, Michigan, the first hemlock, spruce and balsam trees were noticed. On this portion of the route these birds were checked off: house wren, 4; nighthawk, 3; herring gull, 41; chimney swift, 5; kingfisher, 2; ring-necked pheasant, 1; robin, 16; purple martin, 37; song sparrow, 5; chipping sparrow, 1; kingbird, 25; flicker, 4; cedar waxwing, 12; tree swallow, 6; crow, 52; redwing, 7; rusty blackbird, 2; black duck, 1; barn swallow, 10; black tern, 14; killdeer, 2; Caspian tern, 6; bluebird, 5; meadowlark, 2; yellow warbler, 1; cliff swallow, 5; catbird, 1; red-eyed vireo, 6; cowbird, 1; goldfinch, 4; wood pewee, 1; red-headed woodpecker, 1.

Escanaba was left at 1:30 P.M., and the following flowering plants were noted in abundance from there on: dogwood, wild lettuce, fireweed, mullein, goldenrod, elderberry, joe-pye weed, bergamot, dogbane, false heather, and blueberries. Between Escanaba and Germfask, the entrance to Seney Wildlife Refuge, the following birds were seen: kingfisher, 1; robin, 5; kingbird, 6; pied-billed grebe, 1; redwing, 7; common tern, 1; meadowlark, 2; cedar waxwing, 6; bluebird, 9; crow, 33; cowbird, 2; barn swallow, 2; starling, large flock; flicker, 1; vesper sparrow, 1; goldfinch, 3; chimney swift, 1; marsh hawk, 1; mourning dove, 1; herring gull, 3; ring-billed gull, 2; song sparrow, 1; osprey, 1; tree swallow, 1; purple martin, 17; chipping sparrow, 3.

On this trip over 100 birds were not identified. There is not such a significant difference in the bird population in the first 200 miles as there is 200 to 400 miles north from Chicago. Most of the martins were seen in small flocks preparing to go south. Kingbirds were probably the most common roadside birds. The route taken was along the lake shore, thus explaining the appearance of ducks and gulls. Fifty-three species were seen along the 417 miles in the two days.

AT THE REFUGE

The entrance to the refuge at Germfask, Mich., was reached at about 5:30 P.M. on August 2, and the party was greeted by Dr. Karl Lagler, with whom they shared the cabin accommodation during their stay. The next morning, in charge of Mr. C. S. Johnson, manager of the refuge, they drove around the different roads while he indicated the various pools and places where birds were most likely to be found. Right here it may be well



PHOTO BY KARL E. BARTEL

Deer on refuge

to impress the fact that this refuge is not one to be hiked over; it contains about 147 square miles and is 20 miles long one way, and all of the birding was done with the use of the car. The roads, built upon the dikes constructed to retain the water in the several pools and connecting stream channels, are only wide enough for one car, so there was no chance to turn around. Whenever a washout or impassable bridge was encountered it meant backing up through the soft sand for as far as one or two miles.

The ensuing 11 days, August 3 to 13 inclusive, were spent by Mr. Bartel and Dr. Lewy in repeated visits to the many pools and other spots which seemed likely to produce birds. At first individual counts were made, but this became impractical as they realized how numerous some species were, and that in the attempt new arrivals might be missed as a small wave of migrating warblers came in. No unusual ones were included unless identified by both observers in order to minimize the percentage of error inherent in field identification. In the following list of 122 species seen on or very near the refuge, to avoid duplication when numbers are given they are of those seen in any one day, and are not intended to represent the whole number of any species present on the refuge. No attempt was made to differentiate subspecies, the prevailing one being accepted for the region.

Common loon, 2; pied-billed grebe, 1 with 2 young; cormorant, 2; great blue heron, uncounted numbers; American egret, 1; black-crowned night heron, 5; bittern, 3; Canada goose, common; mallard, 1; black duck, 30; blue-winged teal, 14; wood duck, 3; ring-neck, 1; scaup, 1; hooded mer-

ganser, 25; American merganser, 12; red-breasted merganser, 6; goshawk, 1; sharp-shinned hawk, 1; Cooper's hawk, 1; broad-winged hawk, 1; rough-legged hawk, 1; bald eagle, 3; marsh hawk, 2; osprey, 1; sparrow hawk, 8; sandhill crane, 15; semipalmated plover, 6; killdeer, 3; Wilson's snipe, 14; spotted sandpiper, 3; solitary sandpiper, 5; greater yellow-legs, 2; lesser yellow-legs, 14; pectoral sandpiper, 2; least sandpiper, 4; dowitcher, 2; stilt sandpiper, 4; semipalmated sandpiper, 25; herring gull, 1; Caspian tern, 5; mourning dove, 1; yellow-billed cuckoo, 1; great horned owl (heard), 1; barred owl, 1; nighthawk, considerable numbers; chimney swift, 3; kingfisher, common; flicker, 4; hairy woodpecker, 2; downy woodpecker, 1; pileated woodpecker, 2; kingbird, 15; phoebe, 3; yellow-bellied flycatcher, 1; Acadian flycatcher, 1; alder flycatcher, 1; wood pewee, 2; olive-sided flycatcher, 1; tree swallow, 1; barn swallow, 30; purple martin, 2; blue jay, 1; crow, 15; chickadee, 2; tufted titmouse, 1; white-breasted nuthatch, 1; red-breasted nuthatch, 1; winter wren, 4; prairie marsh wren, 1; short-billed marsh wren, 3; catbird, 1; brown thrasher, 1; robin, 4; wood thrush, 1; bluebird, 5; golden-crowned kinglet, 1; ruby-crowned kinglet, 1; cedar waxwing, common; starling, numbers; red-eyed vireo, 1; black and white warbler, 2; Tennessee warbler, 1; Nashville warbler, 1; yellow warbler, 3; magnolia warbler, 1; Cape May warbler, 1; black-throated blue warbler, 1; myrtle warbler, 4; black-throated green warbler, 1; Blackburnian warbler, 1; chestnut-sided warbler, 1; black-poll warbler, 1; pine warbler, 2; palm warbler, 1; oven-bird, 1; Connecticut warbler, 2; northern yellow-throat, common; Wilson's warbler, 2; Canada warbler, 1; redstart, 2; English sparrow, at Germfask, none seen on the refuge; bobolink, 1 with young; redwing, common; rusty blackbird, 2; bronzed grackle, common; cowbird, 1; rose-breasted grosbeak, 1; indigo bunting, 1; purple finch, 1; pine siskin, 2; goldfinch, many; red-eyed towhee, 1; Savannah sparrow, quite common; vesper sparrow, 1; junco, 12; chipping sparrow, 2; clay-colored sparrow, 4; field sparrow, 1; white-throated sparrow, 1; swamp sparrow, common; song sparrow, common.

Three birds seen by only Dr. Lewy or Mr. Bartel and not positively identified by both are not included in the above, but are mentioned here so that they may be looked for: Kirtland's warbler, Baird's sparrow, and golden-crowned sparrow. Mr. Bartel says that, while some ornithologists may doubt the Kirtland's warbler, every bird book that he consults only convinces him the more that he saw one. Also, while on a side trip to Grand Marais, some ten miles north of the refuge, Dr. Lewy saw the northern raven and picked up a dead saw-whet owl.

COMMENT AND OBSERVATIONS

The following comments and observations have been supplied by both observers and are given without attempting to assign any particular one to either.

Great blue herons abounded in all the pools, and the finding of the American egret was quite an event. It was the first one ever observed there and was seen every day throughout the stay. Dr. Christofferson, of Blaney Park, made a visit to see it and add it to his life-list. Canada geese were

in every pool and were there by hundreds. Ducks were seen in numbers, many immature, except the wood duck, ring-neck and scaup, of which only two or three were seen. All three mergansers were common, with the hooded heading the list. Hawks were rare, except the sparrow hawk, eight of which were seen in one day, one feeding young.

At least three bald eagles, two young and one adult, visited the refuge; no nest was located. An osprey nest with an adult on the edge was found at Blaney Park. Fifteen sandhill cranes in pool H at one time was a special treat, and a flock of 14 Wilson's snipe was an unusual sight. Comparatively few sandpipers were present despite good mud flats for them. Three or four kingfishers were seen about every pool. A pair of pileated woodpeckers were watched for about five minutes. Many kingbirds and cedar waxwings were feeding young all over the place. Goldfinches, cedar waxwings and bronzed grackles increased considerably during the stay, and at the end nighthawks were in small flocks.

Only one tree swallow was seen, but there were barn swallows around the headquarters buildings. The only warblers seen with young were the myrtle and northern yellow-throat. The warblers and chickadees were mostly seen in the jack pine knolls; the sparrows, except song and swamp, in the bracken and sweet fern, more open territory; the woodpeckers and nuthatches seemed to like the Norway pine; the taller hardwood was mostly mixed with hemlock and pine, and there were found few and more rare (in that locality) species, such as winter wren, barred owl, and veery. No English sparrows were seen on the refuge itself, but quite a number were in evidence near the entrance at Germfask. Song sparrows sprang up every few yards along the dikes, and swamp sparrows were fairly common in the marshes nearby. Numbers of Savannah sparrows were found along the dikes, and one immature was caught and banded by Mr. Bartel. Most of the sparrows were in such drab color that it was quite a problem to identify them. As relatively few birds were still singing, many escaped notice and many got into the luxuriant cover before a good look at them could be had.

There had been seen upon the refuge or near it, at various times and by numerous observers, 206 species of birds. To this list 13 were added by Dr. Lewy and Mr. Bartel during their visit.

It had been intended to take another roadside census while on the way home, but when they decided to make it in one day the idea was abandoned. However, two ruffed grouse, the only ones found on the trip, were added to the list. The 450 miles was driven by Mr. Bartel in 17 hours, leaving the refuge August 14 and arriving in Chicago at 3:00 A.M. the following morning.

Dr. Lewy and Mr. Bartel wish to acknowledge their indebtedness to Mr. Salyer, who suggested the survey and made the necessary arrangements, and to Mr. Johnson, whose hearty cooperation was of the utmost help, and whose hospitality made their stay a great pleasure.

What is the ILLINOIS AUDUBON SOCIETY?



It is a corporation organized in 1897, not for profit, under the laws of the State of Illinois, for the study and protection of wild birdlife.

It aims to encourage the study of our native wild birds, to increase the appreciation of their aesthetic and economic values, and to work for their safety through education.

All lovers of birds are welcomed to its membership upon signing an application and paying membership dues. All dues and bequests other than those paid annually are held in an Endowment Fund, only the income from which is used for current needs, and there are no paid officers.

Under a ruling of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue contributions to the Society are deductible from income, gifts are deductible for gift tax purposes, and bequests or legacies are deductible for estate tax purposes.

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The *Audubon Bulletin* is published quarterly and distributed to its members.



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THE AUDUBON BULLETIN



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For the Protection of Wild Birds

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Spring Comes in January

By MARGARET MORSE NICE

WINTER IN CENTRAL OHIO is unpredictable. It gives us snow and bitter weather, and then, a touch of spring with tree frogs calling, buds swelling and song sparrows singing. The mood changes and winter descends once more, silencing the hopeful birds and freezing the buds.



On snowy mornings we were out before dawn

Of all this variety of weather I was very much aware, for was I not census-taker and guardian of the song sparrows on Interpont, the stretch of waste land between our house in Columbus and the Olentangy River? Whatever the thermometer said, I needed to be out every morning. Snow

meant birds in the traps and strenuous days for me. Spring in mid-winter started the resident song sparrows to singing, and was a precious opportunity to learn which of my adult color-banded birds were still alive and which new ones were taking up territory. If winter came again in March, birds flocked to the traps once more and I had to make the most of the occasion.

In real winter song sparrows sit puffed out against the cold, difficult to see in the brown weeds and with their bands concealed by feathers. On the rare mornings when Interpont was turned into fairy-land by a covering of hoar-frost, then my birds stood out, brown spots against the silver. Despite low temperatures, tree sparrows might be heard singing charmingly as they breakfasted on weed seeds. Song sparrows collected into temporary flocks, casual, leaderless groups. Occasionally ducks visited the Olentangy—shovellers and black ducks, and once three golden-eyes that rose rapidly on whistling wings, circled back and settled down again in plain view.

My companion on these winter walks was my little daughter's handsome shepherd, Rex. When Dr. Erwin Streseman of Berlin visited Interpont in 1936 he said, "Rex is a wonderful dog. He looks just like a fox." Rex was notable for his sweet and happy disposition, but not, I regret to confess, for his I.Q. I cannot say that he was any great help on these expeditions: when I strewed grain seeds and dry bread in chosen spots, he seemed to think it a little joke on my part to feed *him* this queer food in these odd places, and when I tried to camouflage the traps from meddlesome passersby with sticks and weed stalks, he construed it as an invitation to snatch the stuff and be off with it. Protests made no impression; I was forced to try and deceive him and to get him absorbed in dashing off with a branch just before we reached the trapping centers. Happily he had not the vaguest notion of *hunting* anything, so he never disturbed the birds in the traps. Although he was something of a trial at times, yet his high spirits shortened for me the way that often grew weary and his foolish actions were more than offset by his grace, his beauty and his unfailing joy in life.

Whatever the weather, Rex and I started out early each morning to distribute food in order not to disappoint the little birds. If the ground was bare, one trip was enough and I would spend the rest of the morning in my study. But if there was snow it was different. Before dawn the traps had to be in place; there would be a little breathing spell at home and then out we would go again, the gathering cage under my arm. Often the traps would be stationed beyond the Fourth Dike, a third of a mile from home, as well as at places in between, each contrivance usually being placed with the design of capturing one or two special birds.

Hope would mount high as I neared each hidden trap. Usually nothing but emptiness would await me. Occasionally I could gently shoo the bird I wanted towards the trap and sometimes he kindly cooperated. But most trips were without reward. As I trudged home through the snow, hungry and cold, I sometimes thought of a remarkable personage which one of my children used to tell of — "Sweet Cherry." "Feet Cherry," Barbara would say, "do f'ap her coat and f'y." I wished I could flap my coat and fly home.

Sometimes, however, oh joy, there would be movement in the trap, a

little bird hurrying about with anxious notes. With beating heart I would arrange the gathering cage and urge my precious booty within. I would hold it up to the light and try to see whether I had got the very bird I wanted. Light-heartedly and triumphantly I would march home, there to examine my prize at leisure, to find out (in case he had been banded in the nest) his birthplace and lineage, to weigh and measure him, and finally adorn him with gay bands that ever after would identify him for me. At such times song sparrow study seemed to me the most fascinating sport in all the world.

Some years spring would come in January. Swamp tree frogs called *greek greek*, misguided bats flittered about, canary seeds sprouted in the garden, snow drops bloomed, and courageous songs came from Carolina wrens and cardinals, and even on rare occasions a robin. And the song sparrows! Singing fitfully in early January, day by day new individuals were heard until at last, if mild weather held, all the adult territory-holders were in glorious song by what should have been mid-winter.

Some of the young birds lagged a bit behind. There was Greeny, a quiet member of 4M's winter flock in our garden, who had never indulged in song in my hearing, and I had been alert to every song and traced down every warble. On February 3, 1931, I was astonished to find him warbling away happily in a little tree next to 4M's north rose bush. 4M was nowhere in sight. I went into the house, but almost at once heard loud singing from the owner of the land, so hurried out again. 4M had returned and was outraged at Greeny's impudence. A territory establishment ceremonial was in full swing in the rose bush. Both birds sang, Greeny now giving short songs instead of the indefinite warble. 4M chased the interloper.

Soon another bird joined the fray; he was 50M, grandson of Uno, 4M's ancient rival. 4M was certainly busy between the two young upstarts. For two hours excitement reigned in and around our garden: Greeny was determined to appropriate the north end of 4M's over-large territory; 4M was implacably set against such nonsense, but was distracted at intervals by the pretensions of 50M for the southwest corner of the garden. It was a wonderful transformation in the unobtrusive Greeny, the sudden appearance of warbling and immediately afterwards separate songs almost in adult form.

From then on Greeny proclaimed territory to the north of 4M's land, while 50M took up as his domain the sunken garden across the road from our house, laying claim also to our lawn. Curiously enough two years in succession his mates built in our woodbine on the porch, the same place where his grandfather's nest had been; and all three nests came to untimely ends.

In 1932 swamp tree frogs started calling on the extraordinary date of January 6. On the 13th they tuned up again, and the following day I noted:

"Singing on every hand. 4M gives two of his songs in a rather uncertain voice. 12M's sons, 52M and 54M, are in full voice. 58M gives his haunting, lovely chant, and a number of young birds sing."

Phenominally mild weather continued through February 1932. Sweet high flutings of meadowlarks drifted across the fields, juncos trilled

earnestly and mourning doves gave their exquisite lays. Not even in Oklahoma had I heard the doves sing in February. Elms came out and scarlet maples were in brilliant bloom. Most of the male summer resident song sparrows hastened back to Interpont, and even some of the females too.

If spring came in winter, then winter was pretty sure to come in spring. How were the little birds treated that had been lured north so early? The coldest weather of the whole winter descended in March with



The Olentangy was jammed and littered with ice cakes

bitter wind and snow. On the 6th, instead of the splendid chorus we had grown to expect, the only song at dawn came from a brave dove. Territory was forgotten; birds flocked to feeding places from far and near; everything reverted to a winter basis. Trapping brought rewards: ten song sparrows were taken on the 6th, and the same number on the 7th, not to mention tree sparrows, juncos and cardinals. Before long, however, spring was back again and the birds seemed none the worse for their strenuous experience.

Two years later on March 18 a sudden fall in temperature and a heavy snow storm caught the song sparrows in migration. All day long I was busy with the traps on our feeding shelf and in the garden, getting twenty-three song sparrows, as well as nine starlings, two robins, two juncos, and a tree sparrow with only one leg. It was the best trapping day I had ever had.

"Weather birds," the ornithologists call these early migrants. Eagerly

they respond to warm waves and speed north in February and March when it would be the part of prudence to wait a bit.

The winter of 1936 was record-breaking in the persistence of low temperatures, snow and ice. It was not until the last week of February that spring came for a three day visit, bringing with it the first migrants and also a mighty flood over the river bottoms.

After this winter of winters, it was strange to have little birds hurrying back to us at the first hint of a let-up in the cold, at the first excuse of a few mild days. First came the robins, then killdeer, red-winged blackbirds, a flicker, and finally a fox sparrow—my only record for February! Interpont was littered and jammed with ice cakes after the great flood. It was curious to see bright-breasted robins running about in the open places between the ice. It looked like the Arctic, not central Ohio.

Winter on Interpont was no dull, shut-in season. Whatever the weather, the song sparrows called me, and Rex and I were out each morning to make our rounds.

5708 Kenwood Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

☺ ☺ ☺

The Dove's Nest

By BRUCE J. BROWN

THE MOURNING DOVE is the sole game bird that nests and breeds in every state in the Union.

Strongly related to the now extinct passenger pigeon, it is a narrow, middle-sized bird measuring about 12 inches long. While a few of the larger ones weigh about six ounces, which is practically as heavy as the average bob-white, the usual weight for adult mourning doves is four ounces. Its pointed tail is distinctive; other native and established introduced doves and pigeons have a sawed-off or square tail. Long, pointed wings frequently make a characteristic whistling sound when flying and the sounds are especially noticeable when the bird is flushed. The wing tips seem to meet underneath the body at each downward beat when the flight is strong and rapid.

Each year the dove is subject to a definite breeding season. The internal sex organs, upon examination, are found to be capable of breeding during only a certain period. At other times the organs are comparatively dormant and gestation is absolutely impossible, physically. December 9 was the earliest date on which a dove was observed in breeding condition, and 3.75 per cent of all adult males were able to reproduce on or before December 31. After that date the percentage of breeding birds increased rather slowly until the latter part of February. Then a rather sudden change occurred, resulting in 76 per cent being in breeding condition during March, and 96 per cent during April. All adult doves were in such condition during May and on into the summer. A sharp decline begins in the number of breeding birds about the first part of September, and at the close of the month all, or nearly all, have become relatively dormant sexually. No breeding takes place in October or November.

Depending upon weather conditions, late in February or early in March mourning doves enter the nesting season, which continues through the summer and until mid-October, when the last fledgling is launched. In most localities the nesting season seems to be fairly uniform.

Three successful broods are often completed by doves. More successful ones are possibly attempted during the long season. A month's time is required in the building of the nest, incubation, and care of young birds. A pair of birds can nest five or six times during the mating season. Nestlings hatched in the spring may reach maturity and begin to nest in the



FISH AND WILDLIFE SERVICE PHOTO

Nest and eggs of mourning dove

summer. Many reach maturity and start nesting in August and September of the same year. A female nestling was hatched early in spring and later confined with an adult male, and two eggs were laid in August.

Nesting sites are generally in trees along the field or pasture edges, or other clearings. Nests are infrequently placed in dark wooded groves. Isolated trees and shade trees near houses are favorite places. Unusual places are on the ground and in stumps of trees. Of 680 nests observed, approximately 84 per cent were located in short-leaf and loblolly pines. Many other varieties of trees were used also, in proportion to the abundance and suitable locations of each species. Horizontal limbs and trees without heavy leafy foliage were favorite sites. Easy approach and departure are apparently elements in site selection. The majority of the nests were found at heights varying from ten to thirty feet above the ground, but a few were

discovered in the highest limbs of tall trees. Mourning doves do not show a tendency to be neighborly during nesting time. In the southern states, during the successive nesting seasons only two functional nests were found in one tree at the same time. Four or five functional nests were often found in small clumps of trees or in open groves. This fact apparently was due to the excellence of the nesting site rather than any penchant for group placing.

The nests are usually flat-topped. There is a negligible elevation at the rims to prevent the eggs from rolling out. Loosely constructed, the nests are so ventilated that the eggs can be seen from below.

Wind, rain and other weather elements do not cause much destruction since a few of the nests are used for two or three seasons. Most nests are constructed of weeds, roots, pine needles, and sticks, or whatever material



FISH AND WILDLIFE SERVICE PHOTO

Mourning dove on nest

is at hand in the immediate vicinity. There is very little flying for building needs. Doves sometimes utilize old nests of other birds, such as the blue jays, mockingbirds and shrikes. However, a little fresh material is added to make the old nest nearly flat on top. Sometimes they go to housekeeping without making any alterations. Both sexes help to build, and they are on the job for several days. They work only a few hours early each morning and quit until the next day. Six or seven days may be used for a pair of doves to finish their domicile.

One or two days may elapse after the nest is completed before egg-laying begins, but usually the first egg is laid on the day immediately following the building of the nest. On the day after the laying of the first a second one is laid, probably about 30 hours later. Two eggs only are generally laid for each brood. Three or four are rarely found in one nest, and at this time it is questionable whether a single bird lays three or more eggs for a clutch, or whether two females lay eggs in the nest. The eggs are ellipsoidal, white, and smooth, with little gloss. They are like the eggs of the common pigeon, only their size is smaller accordingly. Bob-white eggs are very little larger in comparison and at the small end are more pointed.

Any time during the day, a nesting dove while off duty may return to the nest and make love to its mate. Unless one of the birds is killed a pair will probably remain mated throughout a nesting period. No one has discovered whether they will go through life together.

During the nesting period destructive agencies get to work. Two-thirds of those ruined are lost while they contain eggs. Some nests are ruined by high winds, while others are destroyed or abandoned because of blue jays and flying squirrels. Jays are known to adjust their diet quickly to the eggs and to five-day-old nestlings. Flying squirrels, nocturnal prowlers, will demolish nests, eat the eggs, and kill the nestlings of all ages. Ants, certain hawks, shrikes, crows, rats, snakes, owls and squirrels are predators to be feared.

If hunting is made legal during September and the first half of October, it may cause indirectly much loss of the eggs and nestlings. Examination of doves shot by hunters showed more than one-third of the killed adults had left behind nestlings to die, and many others were no doubt shot during the incubation period. If either of the attending adults is killed it is not likely for a nest to succeed.

Piggott, Arkansas.



Swans at Kellogg Sanctuary

IN THE November 11, 1943, issue of the Battle Creek, Michigan, *Enquirer and News* appeared a report of a migrating flock of whistling swans that had visited the nearby W. K. Kellogg Bird Sanctuary a short time before. It is interesting to know that, while the Chicago area sees very few, if any, in any season, thousands congregate on Green Bay, in Wisconsin, and hundreds may be so comparatively near us in Michigan. Some other species that are also more or less regular visitants there were included in their story.

"The big white geese you may have seen flying the last few days are not geese at all but whistling swans in migration from the Arctic circle and the Hudson Bay region to their winter haven in the dunes and sand bars of the Virginia and Carolina coast, according to Dr. Miles D. Pirnie, director of the W. K. Kellogg Bird Sanctuary at Wintergreen Lake.

"The swans arrived at Gull Lake Wednesday in flocks of hundreds, according to Dr. Pirnie, who says that right now is the peak of migration for these birds. As early as Tuesday afternoon a few were spotted and before daybreak Wednesday residents of the Gull Lake countryside were awakened by the distinctive whistle of the swans, which is described as between a coo, a bark and a honk. Five hundred swans spent Wednesday night on Gull Lake and left early Thursday morning in a southeasterly direction. Many interested persons were on hand to see the birds make their takeoff. With a possible stopover on Lake St. Clair or Lake Erie, the swans were headed for the Virginia and Carolina shores.

"Whistling swans do not come to Gull Lake every year, says Dr. Pirnie, although there were a few last year. Sometimes their course veers east-

ward. The usual flight of snow geese and blue geese has nearly missed this part of Michigan up to the last few days, when two large flocks of geese commonly but erroneously called "brant" came down at the Kellogg sanctuary. Dr. Pirnie expects more of these geese at Wintergreen. They fly high in flocks of several hundred and are often missed by the observer.

"Hunters who have been wondering about the Canadas are advised by Dr. Pirnie that many Canada geese have been down for the last month, but new ones are coming all the time. Some stay through late November or even into December, he says. Dr. Pirnie also reminds the general public that this is the most interesting time of the year at the sanctuary, which is the property of Michigan State College. The sanctuary is still open every day to visitors."



Coming Lectures

THE ILLINOIS AUDUBON SOCIETY has been fortunate in being able to again schedule Alfred M. Bailey, Director of the Colorado Museum of Natural History in Denver, and a former Director of the Chicago Academy of Sciences, on its lecture series. He is so well known to us all that no comment is necessary upon the splendid quality of his photography or the interesting way in which he presents his subject, which this time will be "Where the West Begins." He will be with us on Wednesday evening, March 1.

Following closely will be a lecture by Olin Sewall Pettingill, Jr., who, on Saturday evening, March 18, will present his all-color film entitled "Wildlife in Action." Dr. Pettingill has been with us before and past performances guarantee us a delightful evening as he relates his experiences with birds—some well-known and others not so much so—and animals. Many hours and sometimes weeks have been passed waiting for the proper moment to photograph certain scenes, and the result is solid entertainment and good education.

On Friday evening, April 7, we present a speaker new to our platform but not unknown to many of our friends who have visited the sanctuaries of the Carolinas and the Gulf Coast. Alexander Sprunt, Jr., whose subject will be "A Naturalist Afield, Afloat and Aloft," is the southern representative of the National Audubon Society and has an unusual acquaintance with the natural history of the South, having been for several years Curator of Ornithology in the museum at Charleston, his native city. He has supervised the work of Audubon wardens in the great sanctuary areas of the South for many years, and has more recently organized the Audubon Wildlife Tours, field trips where one observes at close range the spectacular wildlife of those areas. We look forward with much anticipation to meeting the "prowler of the swamps" as he himself has phrased it.

For the final program of this season we offer on Thursday evening, May 4, a lecture by Edna Maslowski entitled "Our Heritage in the Rockies." Karl Maslowski, who has been before us in other years, is now in the armed service, and Mrs. Maslowski, who accompanied him and shared in the

making of this film, will show the result of two seasons' work in Yellowstone, our oldest National Park, dedicated in 1872 "For the benefit and enjoyment of the people." The wildlife of the area is shown against a background of spectacular mountain scenery, fascinating geysers, and brilliant flowers, and the artistic photography of Mr. and Mrs. Maslowski will make a fitting close to our course of lectures.

All films for these subjects will be in full natural color and will be shown as usual at eight o'clock on the several evenings at the Chicago Academy of Sciences, Clark Street at Ogden Avenue. Members of the Society, their families and friends, and any who are interested in the protection of our native wildlife are most cordially invited to be present at any and all of these lectures.



Have You an Answer

THOSE WHO MAKE a study of bird behavior or bird psychology may be able to answer the questions propounded by Mrs. Martha Miller Stofer, a member of the Benjamin T. Gault Bird Club of Glen Ellyn, in the following comments upon her experiences in bird feeding:

"As I watch our feeding station with its many regular guests, I muse with the thought, Why do we have certain regular birds feeding one year and not another?

"I know that we have stragglers that are considered special guests, and since we started our feeding station in 1932 our special guests have been the Carolina wren, red-bellied woodpecker, red-headed woodpecker, flicker and song sparrow, these staying all winter; then we have had others staying for short periods of time.

"This winter we have become especially interested in the behavior of the tufted titmouse. We have always considered him a regular guest as we have had them with us for six years straight, then a period of three years absence, and now we again have a pair. Literally he is truly a regular guest, for if he selects your station as his station every one is busy; he appears at the table more often over a period of time than any other bird.

"Back in the summer of 1934, when I was very new at birding, I discovered what I thought to be a pair of tufted titmice building a nest in the hollow top of a clothesline pole in a neighbor's yard. I called on Mr. Benjamin T. Gault (whom you all know) to come to my assistance. I knew he doubted me, but he consented to sit one whole afternoon in my back yard before they appeared at the nest again, and he identified them as such. He believed it to be the first nesting record for DuPage County, and in his genuine way complimented me on the observation. Being very much encouraged, I made notes in my book 'What Bird Is That' (the only bird book I possessed at the time) and I have since added dates and data to this which I now hope might be interesting to someone who is keeping yearly records.

"I was not able to follow up the nesting of that summer, but the pair

remained at our feeding station that winter for the first time, and each winter a few more would come. By 1939 we had as many as eight regulars. But the following winter, 1940, not a one appeared and I could find no one who had observed any except Mrs. George Farmer, of Naperville, Illinois, who reported them at different times.

"It is a mystery to me why the absence of this bird for three years; then again this winter, December 10, 1943, one arrived to take up the regular diet, then another on January 4, apparently willing to remain with us for the rest of the winter. The latter one has less rufous on the sides and flank, so I am hoping we have a pair and will be honored with their family at our table next winter.

"I must here add a little note that I know will be of interest to all bird lovers. Glen Ellyn was honored with the presence of a mockingbird from December 14 to December 24, staying about homes where they had yew trees with berries and accepting no food other than these berries."

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Wildlife of Elk Grove Preserve*

By GORDON SAWYER PEARSALL, *Naturalist*

THE ELK GROVE PRESERVE of approximately 1400 acres, located in the northwest portion of Cook County, 22 miles from the "Loop" of the City of Chicago, is perhaps the wildest and least disturbed of the 36,000 acres of holdings in the Cook County Forest Preserve District. It is one of the original prairie "oak groves."

The north half is traversed from north to south by a gravelled township road, but otherwise it has been barriered so that access is permissible only by the hiker. No formal trails or picnic areas exist. A large pasture for an elk herd occupies the southwestern corner, the caretaker's house, barn, sheds, and a small pasture lie in the center, just off the township road, but no further cutting nor any development will be permitted. Already wild, it will be encouraged to grow wilder.

Higgins Road, State Route 72, divides the north half of Elk Grove from the south half. The westerly portion of the south half contains a winding drive, two small shelters, and a few picnic areas. But most of the east half is comprised of woodlands so dense and so wet that they are rarely penetrated by persons other than the nature lover or student.

Fundamentally, Elk Grove is unique, not only for the diversity and abundance of all forms of wildlife, but, and more astounding, for the very presence of this wildlife within 22 miles of the heart of Chicago and within a metropolitan area of five million people.

Attached to the original of this report on file with the Forest Preserve District, and available to responsible interested persons upon request, is a

*Material for this article is taken from selections from "A Report on the Fauna and Flora of Elk Grove Preserve, Forest Preserve District of Cook County, Illinois," submitted by Mr. Pearsall to the Commission. Additional selections concerning the birds found in the preserve will appear in succeeding numbers of the Bulletin.

list of 864 species of wildlife found by me in Elk Grove Preserve and private lands adjoining between September 1, 1941, and September 2, 1942, inclusive. This list, giving the common and the scientific name of each species, includes the following: Mammals, 28; birds, 169; reptiles, 10; amphibians, 10; trees, 64; shrubs, 49; vines, 33; flowers, 489; ferns, 12.

It is almost impossible to list every species in an area as large as Elk Grove in a year's time. However, this report is as complete as it can be made and many interesting things were noted. The field work was divided into three periods: the fall and winter, starting on August 25 and terminating March 25; the spring, March 26 to June 15; the final or summer survey, starting June 16 and finished September 1. Thus this represents the work of a full year in the field. Mr. Walter Kennicott worked with me and was a valuable helper, while from time to time various other interested naturalists joined in field trips through some part of the preserve.

During the fall and winter the whole area was cover-typed for tree types, and the drainage, streams and ponds mapped. This was accomplished by dividing the area into some 23 smaller areas. When these 23 smaller maps are put together they form a complete map of Elk Grove. During the spring and summer these smaller areas were visited often enough so that each was covered once a week. During the winter months the sharp thorns of the prickly ash shrubs were the biggest drawback, tearing clothing and skin. In the spring the water in the low grounds made getting into them almost impossible. From June to August, the immense swarms of mosquitoes, especially in the swampy areas, made tarrying in those areas impossible. During the latter part of June and early July, I had to wear a mosquito-netting veil dropping from my hat down to my shoulders, a "puncture-proof" light jacket and gloves, to be able to do any work in the low areas at all. The mosquitoes were the largest and most numerous I have ever seen.

MAMMALS

Different parts of Elk Grove seem to be particularly adapted to different kinds of wildlife. The larger mammals, particularly the predators, seem to prefer the swampy ground—wet woods with heavy underbrush of prickly ash, hawthorn, viburnum, cornus and hazel, interspersed with ponds partially choked with buttonbush. This is the favorite hunting ground of both red and gray fox. They seem to skirt the edge of the ponds, seldom leaving the cover of the heavy underbrush. Elk Grove is the only area where I have found the gray fox at all common. In most parts of our area it is almost extinct. During the winter months when snow was on the ground I saw gray fox tracks almost every day, but always in the swampy ground. They seemed to have more or less regular trails which they followed. I saw a gray fox on at least a dozen occasions during the winter, either on snowy or cloudy days. A gray fox was seen on several occasions by August Busse crossing Township Road. In June a gray fox kit about a month old was picked up by Ernest Tagge near the chicken coop on his farm. It was placed in an outside wire cage near the edge of the woods. Although it would not come out when anyone approached the cage, but would hide in

the back of its house and growl, it ate readily and grew rapidly. When first put in the cage it was about the size of a young kitten and its fur a reddish-gray. By mid-July it was about the size of a large fox terrier dog and had a fine coat of fur of typical gray fox color. Only Mr. Tagge could get it to come out of its house when he was around, and finally to take food from his hand. In July it either escaped or was let loose, and Mr. Tagge says he still sees it occasionally in the edge of the woods.

Red foxes are quite common in Elk Grove. I often saw their tracks on the higher ground, generally hunting in pairs when they were hunting rabbits, but they always returned to the lower ground. When I was mapping the swamp ground northwest of the caretaker's house, a red fox became curious as to what I was doing and followed me for about an hour, at about eleven o'clock, for three days. His tracks told the story. The third day I decided to follow him. He evidently thought I was playing a game. He would keep some 25 or 30 feet ahead of me. When I stopped, he would stop, get up on a stump or log and watch me. When I moved forward again, he would move on ahead of me. I followed him clear out to the northwest corner of the Grove. When he came out to the open fields, he raced across them at a rapid rate, cutting back south to a cornfield where he slowed down to a trot again. He worked back southeast along the edge of the woods where I finally lost him when he crossed the elk pasture. The next day he came back for another game of hide and seek. The third day he had become more adventuresome and would allow me to get within a dozen feet of him before moving ahead. The fourth day we both got a surprise. I was following him along the edge of a back road, moving slowly because I could see him standing on a low stump behind a bush six feet in front of me. Suddenly a rabbit made a mighty leap from in front of me, landing within a foot of the fox. This surprised the fox so that he made twelve feet at that first leap. Evidently he had been so interested in me that he had not noticed the rabbit at all. He raced away for about a hundred yards, then slowed down to his trot again, finally waiting for me to catch up. For two more days we played our game of hide and seek, then he disappeared.

One April morning I surprised a red fox sleeping in the sun on the east bank of Salt Creek north of the elk pasture. I was moving west toward the creek, moving upwind. I did not see him as I was watching a cock pheasant across the creek. We both saw each other when I was within about a foot. He made a mighty leap toward the opposite bank fourteen feet away. He landed with a splash some three feet from shore, swam out and dashed about one hundred yards across the meadow, then stopped, shook himself, looked back to see what kind of creature had disturbed him, then trotted off into the underbrush. During the summer I found two fox dens and had the opportunity of watching their families from the vantage point of neighboring trees. One den was north of the elk pasture on a little bare knoll in the heavy woods; the other was south of Higgins Road near the eastern boundary of the preserve.

Raccoon, opossum, mink and weasels are also fairly common in this same area. I found raccoon dens on five different occasions in the spring,

and once saw a parent raccoon leading five youngsters about the size of a big kitten down to hunt along the edge of the ponds where frogs were particularly common. This was in the late afternoon on a cloudy day. While mapping the area northeast of Higgins Road, I saw a weasel catch a meadow mouse within a dozen feet of me. A quick spring, a single bite at the base of the skull, and the mouse was food. The weasel looked at me, picked up the mouse and bounded away, not at all frightened by my presence. On another day in the same area, while eating my lunch on a fallen log a very large mink suddenly appeared from nowhere, under a stump. I squeaked like a mouse. The mink stopped and sniffed the wind and looked all around. I squeaked again. The mink loped toward me, stopping when about six feet away to listen. I squeaked again. Now it saw me and moved toward me boldly. It smelled my boots, climbed up and smelled my lunch bucket, looked me over with its gleaming eyes, ran the length of the log and disappeared into the brush, showing no sign of fear.

During July the ponds near the northern boundary became choked with frogs and crayfish, literally hundreds of them. In a few days I noticed paths worn in the tall grass along the shore and leading back to the woods. At first I thought that humans must be coming in to catch these frogs and crayfish. Then I noticed piles of scat of raccoon, mink and opossum all along these paths. They also had discovered the frogs and crayfish and were coming down to these ponds to gorge themselves, probably squabbling among themselves just like humans. I think that most of the mammals in this area are permanent residents with the exception of the bats.



THE FARM RESIDENTS are wondering what new attraction is drawing the herons from the farm ponds into the cornfields. In the years that we've been watching the activities of the green herons and black-crowned night herons we've never seen them any place except around the farm ponds and marshes and in nearby trees.

The other day, however, one of the farm residents saw a black-crowned night heron in a cornfield. Everybody on the place has been wondering why the critter would leave its natural haunts to visit an area so foreign to its nature. Seeing a heron in a cornfield is like finding a duck on Michigan avenue. Yet there it was, and the only assumption to be made is that it found some new food item between the rows.

Our only guess is that it might have been consuming some of the grasshoppers which are so numerous this season. Herons are alert birds when it comes to feeding, being experts in the art of snatching twisting, darting fish under water and frogs and other hoppers on the shore. So the piston-like action of their long necks could account for grasshoppers if they decided on a change of diet.

The unusual action of the night heron brings to mind the fact that there have been no reports of white egrets in northern Illinois this year. There seems to be no way of accounting for the former presence of these beautiful members of the heron family. Several years ago they could be seen feeding in hundreds of shallow ponds all over the Chicago area.

At that time the reason advanced for their appearance here was drouth in the southern part of the state. They are mud feeders, and since the ponds in the lower areas had dried up the egrets came into northern Illinois where the drouth had not been so severe as to eliminate their feeding grounds.

Similar conditions exist this year, with drouth in most of southwestern Illinois and adjacent areas. Still we have heard no report of any of these pure white herons coming in for a visit.

The shortage of egrets this fall is being somewhat offset by the early migration of ducks. Gordon Pearsall and John Jedlicka of the Cook County forest preserve district are trapping and banding migrant ducks every day in McGinnes slough of Palos Park. They report that since late August they have been trapping, banding, and releasing 50 to 125 ducks every day. The species now coming thru northern Illinois include mallards, black ducks, pintails, and both green-winged and blue-winged teal.—Ben Markland in "Day by Day on the Farm," *Chicago Daily Tribune*, Sept. 23, 1943.



Christmas Census Reports

SUCH REPORTS as have been received this year center about the Chicago area and, while they cover but a small portion of the state, are given for the interest they may have for our readers.

Blue Island, Cook County. In the vicinity of Blue Island, Oak Hill banding station, and fields west of Blue Island; December 21 to January 1; ground bare; temperature ranged from 15° to 35°; birds listed show largest number of individuals observed in any one day: 1 sharp-shinned hawk, 1 red-shouldered hawk, 1 marsh hawk, 14 bob-whites, 7 pheasants, 200 herring gulls, 2 barn owls, 2 hairy woodpeckers, 7 downy woodpeckers, 11 blue jays, 8 crows, 5 black-capped chickadees, 5 tufted titmice, 2 white-breasted nuthatches, 4 brown creepers, 5 golden-crowned kinglets, 300 starlings, 75 English sparrows, 2 cowbirds, 7 cardinals, 22 goldfinches, 20 juncos, 60 tree sparrows, 5 song sparrows; total, 24 species, 761 individuals. Other observations of interest were a bluebird on Dec. 1; 3 robins, Dec. 2; repeat on a banded swamp sparrow, Dec. 3; 2 red-wings, Dec. 3; flicker banded Dec. 4; mockingbird banded Dec. 5; white-throated sparrow banded in Blue Island and released in Oak Hill, Dec. 10; flicker seen in Blue Island, Dec. 17; a male and female cowbird were seen along the creek just north of Oak Hill, Jan. 1.—Karl E. Bartel.

Chicago, Cook County. Calumet Lake along Doty Ave.; Dec. 29, 12:00 to 12:30 P.M.; cloudy; temperature 32°; lake frozen over except small part of south end; six miles by car: 1 marsh hawk; 1 sparrow hawk; 2000 herring gulls; 200 starlings; 75 English sparrows; 1 redwing; total, 6 species, 2278 individuals.—Karl E. Bartel.

Chicago, Cook County. In vicinity of Mt. Hope and Mt. Greenwood cemeteries; Dec. 25, 11:00 A.M. to 3:00 P.M.; ground bare; west wind; temperature 40°; cloudy; 2 miles on foot and 5 miles by car: Mt. Hope,

1 barn owl; 1 blue jay; 1 crow; 1 golden-crowned kinglet; 2 starlings; 8 juncos, 2 tree sparrows; total, 7 species, 16 individuals. Mt. Greenwood, 1 blue jay; 1 crow; 1 brown creeper; 1 golden-crowned kinglet; total, 4 species, 4 individuals.—Karl E. Bartel.

Glen Ellyn, DuPage County. Glen Ellyn, Arboretum, and vicinity; Dec. 29; cloudy to clear; temperature 30°: 1 red-tailed hawk (believed to be a Krider's); 1 marsh hawk; 4 pheasants; 2 herring gulls; 3 hairy woodpeckers; 7 downy woodpeckers; 9 blue jays; 75 crows; 26 chickadees; 1 tufted titmouse; 5 white-breasted nuthatches; 1 red-breasted nuthatch; 3 brown creepers; 4 golden-crowned kinglets; 10 starlings; 13 cardinals; 25 goldfinches; 21 juncos; 85 tree sparrows; total, 19 species, 296 individuals.—Benjamin Gault Bird Club, Mesdames Stofer, Van Lane, Chayce, Davis, Garrett, H. B. Davis and Hunter. I would like to report a mockingbird that was observed about the home of Mrs. John Garrett in Glen Ellyn over a two week period from Dec. 14 to just before Christmas.—Fay E. Hunter.

Joliet, Will County. Pilcher Park Arboretum; Dec. 28, 12:00 to 4:00 P.M.; ground bare; cloudy; east wind; temperature 30°; 3 miles on foot and 11 by car: 1 red-shouldered hawk; 1 rough-legged hawk; 2 sparrow hawks; 1 herring gull; 1 barn owl; 2 long-eared owls; 1 kingfisher; 1 flicker; 6 downy woodpeckers; 5 blue jays; 6 crows; 7 chickadees; 3 tufted titmice; 5 white-breasted nuthatches; 3 brown creepers; 1 robin; 2 golden-crowned kinglets; 4 starlings; 8 cardinals; 6 purple finches; 34 common redpolls; 30 goldfinches; 8 juncos; 28 tree sparrows; 1 song sparrow; total, 25 species, 177 individuals—Karl E. Bartel and Mrs. Amy G. Baldwin.

Lisle, DuPage County. Morton Arboretum; Dec. 19, 9:30 A.M. to 4:00 P.M.; ground bare; clear; southwest wind; temperature 30° to 35°; 5 miles on foot and 9 by car: 1 red-tailed hawk; 1 red-shouldered hawk; 1 sparrow hawk; 2 pheasants; 2 herring gulls; 2 ring-billed gulls; 1 barred owl; 5 long-eared owls; 3 short-eared owls; 1 saw-whet owl; 1 hairy woodpecker; 3 downy woodpeckers; 4 blue jays; 50+ crows; 6 chickadees; 1 tufted titmouse; 3 white-breasted nuthatches; 6 red-breasted nuthatches; 3 brown creepers; 1 robin; 11 golden-crowned kinglets; 2 cedar waxwings; 4 starlings; 2 English sparrows; 5 cardinals; 6 purple finches; 50 pine siskins; 1 goldfinch; 1 red-eyed towhee; 10 juncos; 3 tree sparrows; total, 31 species, 191+ individuals.—Chicago Ornithological Society, Karl E. Bartel, Field Chairman, and Mrs. Baldwin, Mrs. Lilly, Miss Draheim, Mr. and Mrs. Stein, Mr. and Mrs. Zimmerman, Mr. Nork, Mr. Weaver, Mr. Newlen, Miss Dray, Miss Hunneman, Mr. Smith and Mr. Ward and son.

Orland Park, Cook County. Orland Wildlife Preserve; Dec. 28, 9:30 to 11:45 A.M.; ground bare; slough frozen over; cloudy; northeast wind; light fog; temperature 30°; census taken on north and west side of the slough and fields to the north: 6 black ducks; 2 sparrow hawks; 3 pheasants; 13 herring gulls; 3 downy woodpeckers; 1 blue jay; 11 crows; 1 chickadee; 1 migrant shrike; 4 starlings; 6 English sparrows; 1 cardinal; 11 juncos; 100 tree sparrows; 2 song sparrows; 1 Lapland longspur; total, 16 species, 166 individuals.—Mrs. Amy G. Baldwin, Karl E. Bartel.

What is the ILLINOIS AUDUBON SOCIETY?



It is a corporation organized in 1897, not for profit, under the laws of the State of Illinois, for the study and protection of wild birdlife.

It aims to encourage the study of our native wild birds, to increase the appreciation of their aesthetic and economic values, and to work for their safety through education.

All lovers of birds are welcomed to its membership upon signing an application and paying membership dues. All dues and bequests other than those paid annually are held in an Endowment Fund, only the income from which is used for current needs, and there are no paid officers.

Under a ruling of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue contributions to the Society are deductible from income, gifts are deductible for gift tax purposes, and bequests or legacies are deductible for estate tax purposes.

MEMBERSHIP FEES ARE AS FOLLOWS:

ACTIVE MEMBERS	\$2.00 annually
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SUSTAINING MEMBERS	\$25.00
LIFE MEMBERS	\$100.00
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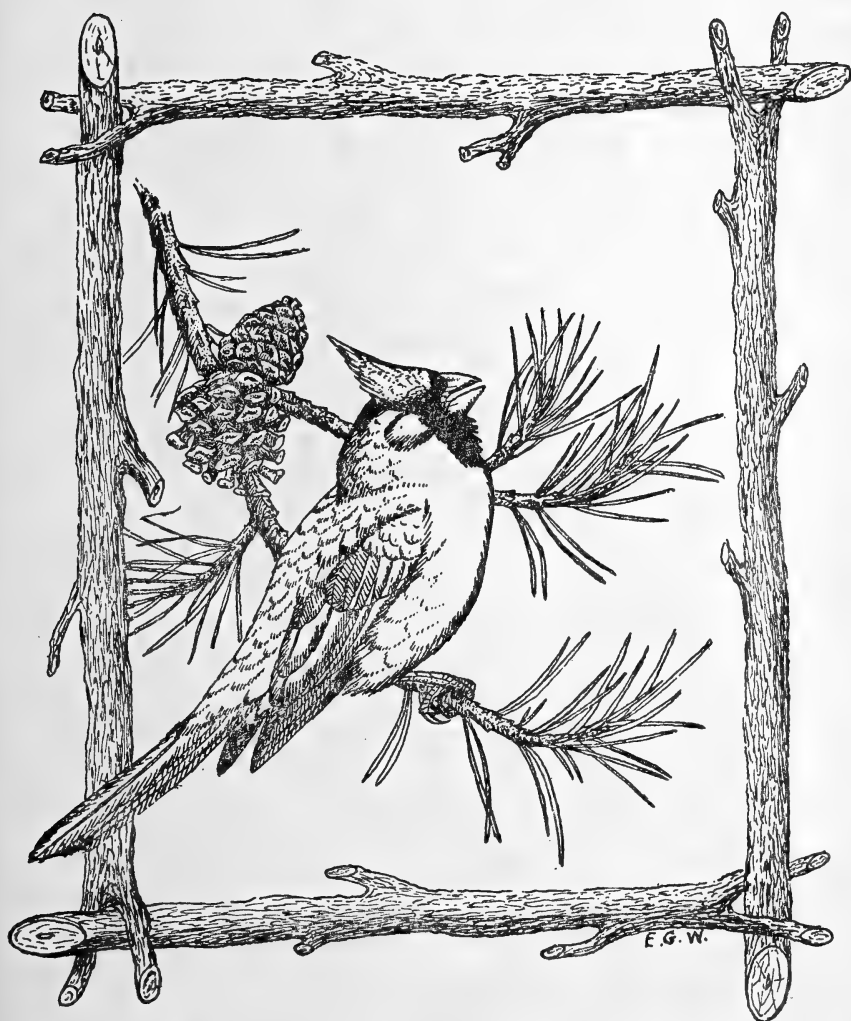
The Society maintains an office at the Chicago Academy of Sciences, where literature and information may be obtained and where public lectures are held.

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The Robins of Interpont

By MARGARET MORSE NICE

NOTABLE ROBINS NESTED with us in Columbus, Ohio, some marked with colored bands, some distinguished by forceful character. Fancy Legs and Honey Locust, Ruby and Emerald, Victoria and Albert, were familiar friends, while others that had no names accepted or rejected foster-eggs we gave them.

On March 18, 1929, a male robin with a white V on his breast was singing in our big honey locust just north of the house; he had many soft, wheezy notes, as if his voice had failed. The next day he sang almost all day, part of the time from the ground. On the 20th I noted:

"Honey Locust looks the same and sings from the same places, but he has given up the throaty notes. There are many robin fights in our garden this morning, and not much singing.

"In the afternoon two males are running about in the garden. One enters the trap out of sheer curiosity, for it contains no food but bird seed. I carry him into the house and band him with a large red band on each leg, Janet helping me. He said nothing, but he did peck Janet. We called him Fancy Legs.

"Mar. 21. Fancy Legs is sitting quietly on the bird bath. He is *not* Honey Locust.

"Mar. 22. A great many battles today and yesterday. There are far too many robins here; there simply is not room enough for them all.

"Mar. 23. Fancy Legs is in the garden this morning. Many fights." The next days were more peaceful. On the 27th I saw an astonishing sight:

"*Fancy Legs is getting nesting material!* I saw him with a mass of stuff fly to the southwest beam under the roof of the bungalow next door. There he stayed a few minutes, then flew down to the feeding shelf with the material tangled in his feet. He ate a raisin, then hurried off as another male appeared. I never knew of a male robin building independently, although last year both of the Cherry Pair worked busily side by side.

"Mar. 28. Fancy Legs has nesting material near the feeding shelf; flies south with it, another robin following. *Can it be that Fancy Legs is a female?*

"Fancy Legs must be a female after all. Her breast is bright, her head black, her back dark, but not quite so dark as that of her mate. If he had been banded I would not have made this mistake. She is busy this morning getting mouthfuls of dead grass and fine strips from weed stalks."

On the 30th this handsome lady carried mud to her home, accompanied

on each trip by Honey Locust, who did no work. The next three days she carried bill-fulls of dead grass. On April 3 there was a battle between Honey Locust and another male; Fancy Legs joined in with a hearty scold and the intruder was routed.

While Fancy Legs incubated, Honey Locust sang, at the same time keeping an eye on the feeding shelf, which, although near the locust, was 80 feet from the nest; he chased neighboring robins, and tried to drive off a blue jay, without, however, much success. At times his zeal became rather a nuisance. A male robin from the north came into the trap; I pulled the string and he continued to eat. In a minute Honey Locust arrived screaming and began to attack the captive; Fancy Legs came and added her voice to the uproar. Honey Locust was so intent on his victim that he paid scant attention to me. The next day my song sparrow Uno was caught in the trap, and silly Honey Locust came to give him battle! The first catbird of the season investigated the shelf; Honey Locust pursued him around the garden. He even chased the house wren about in the locust.

The babies hatched April 18 and 19; on the 29th the eldest child was out on the ground and while the parents screeched and shrieked a neighboring pair came to sympathize, but was repulsed by Honey Locust. We banded the baby but never saw him again. He had been too ambitious.

All this time, strangely enough, Honey Locust was unbanded; although objecting to any bird but his wife using the feeding shelf, he seldom entered the pull-string trap himself. On May Day I wrote:

"I catch a male robin in the trap; Fancy Legs comes at once; she does not fight him, but seems concerned. Band him on the left leg, while he and Fancy Legs protest loudly. I think this must be Honey Locust."

It was. Ten minutes later Fancy Legs came cautiously to the shelf, snatched a bite from the trap and left. Soon Honey Locust himself was inside, his new bands shining.

The three other babies left the nest on May 3 at the proper age of fourteen days. That same day Janet found a lost young robin in the garden; we captured it, banded it and presented it to Fancy Legs in the hope it would be accepted. Fancy Legs was a busy bird now: with her husband she shared the care of their three children and the orphan; she had fracas with a faded lady robin that was building in the garden, and finally she herself was making a fine new nest under the roof on the northeast corner of the bungalow.

The children prospered. On the 12th three were seen with Fancy Legs, one being the foster-child. Two days later their tails were nearly as long as their parents' and they were trying to get food for themselves. This was the last day on which we noticed Fancy Legs feeding them, but on the 20th Honey Locust fed a full-grown child, one month old, seventeen days after it had left the nest. Two days later one of them was still squawking to be fed.

Fancy Legs was indefatigable. The second brood was fledged, and then, without even waiting to build a new nest, a third set of eggs was laid in the home that had just been vacated. In record time a third family was

nearly ready to leave; on July 11 four well grown young were overflowing from the battered nursery. Honey Locust and Fancy Legs were busy traveling back and forth with bills stuffed full of earthworms and insects.

Janet found a baby on the ground and her sister climbed up and carefully replaced it. Not long after there was a great to-do; another had ventured out and been pounced upon by the neighbors' little dog. The others waited one more day, then left in safety.

So this handsome pair had raised three families, not to mention an orphan. We lost sight of them after that, but on October 12 we were excited to capture Fancy Legs in a trap. She was excited too; she screamed her loudest.

The next spring an unbanded pair adopted the nest under the southwest corner of the bungalow and brought off a family. Fancy Legs and Honey Locust were never seen again. This was true of many of our favorites. There was Two-toes, the first robin we banded in Ohio and who placidly ate on the shelf each day throughout the spring; White-paw who nested on a shelf in our shed; Carnation who built on the hospitable bungalow next door; and others, decorated with colored bands, but unnamed. Once we had word from the winter home: 34-238152, a fine male that had been feeding a baby in the honey locust in June 1935 was reported to us by the Biological Survey as "caught during a severe snowstorm Dec. 22, 1935, in Cordele, Georgia."

Five robins, however, returned to Interpont. Three nested with us two years in succession, while Ruby and Emerald not only were present three years in succession, but each year were mates! I banded both of them in March, 1931, giving two red anklets to one, two green to the other. In 1932 Ruby returned February 10, and in 1933 January 25! Three days later I caught him; he was in splendid plumage and weighed the most of any robin I ever handled. He did not start to sing, however, until February 19; at that date he was still our only representative of the robins that were to nest with us, but during the next few days other males arrived. Emerald never came until March. In 1933 Ruby had an unbanded mate on March 5, but a few days later her place had been taken by Emerald. I wondered whether there had been a battle.

Ruby and Emerald nested with our neighbors to the north and I know little of their success in raising offspring. Once I noted:

"Skyblue and Greenleaf consider the feeding shelf their exclusive property and drive off Ruby and Emerald with screams."

In his interesting book on "The Cowbirds" Herbert Friedman says that robins will not tolerate cowbird eggs and he gives instances of the immediate ejection of such additions to the nest. We wondered how our robins felt in this matter. Having a deserted cowbird's egg on hand, I put it in the nest of Mrs. Cherry No. 1 when she was absent. Upon her return she seized the speckled object and carried it away. Later I had a similar experience with a Michigan robin. So these experiments corroborated Dr. Friedman's experience.

On April 29, 1933, I cleaned out the English sparrow nest from our

bluebird box; one of the four eggs fell to the ground and it was evident that it had been nearly ready to hatch. "Why not try another robin experiment?" I wondered. Mrs. Cherry No. II's eggs were due to hatch soon; she did not object to the gift of two small brownish eggs. Near the Olentangy River a pair had built in a stump of a maple only two feet from the ground; they also accepted my donation. May 1st one robin had hatched in the Cherries' nest, while another had died in the shell. This was removed. The next day there was still only one robin baby, but on the 3rd things were different:

"The Cherries have two tiny English sparrows, one enormous young robin—two days old—and one robin egg. The sparrows called *eee-eee*. Perhaps robins can't well feed such small creatures."

This experiment came to an abrupt end; at 11:00 A.M. the nest was empty.

As to the Maple-Stumps' nest, on May 2 in a frame of large blue eggs sprawled a tiny, naked infant; the next day it was dead. The robin eggs hatched May 7; four days later a great flood was rushing past the nest. Poor Mrs. Maple-Stump was a picture of motherly devotion as she sat, wet and bedraggled in the rain, with outstretched wings over her children, while a swirling torrent roared by a few inches below. But she was unable to cope with the situation; the water reached the nest and the young perished. So this test was only halfway successful.

The robins had not rejected the English sparrow eggs, nor, apparently, had they fed the young. Cowbird babies were larger to begin with. Would robins raise them along with their own young? A cowbird egg from a deserted song sparrow nest was put into a robin nest; there it stayed day in and day out; it stayed so long that at last it was plain it was added.

Although plenty of cowbird eggs appeared in song sparrow nests, there I let them stay, so it was not often that I had a chance to experiment. One day a possum or some other enemy dragged out a song sparrow nest but missed the cowbird egg which I discovered under the wops of nesting material. I knew of a robin nest in which incubation was just starting; when no one was looking I slipped in the rescued egg and there it remained. These robins had strong feelings on the subject of my interest in their nest. Whenever they saw me approaching they came rushing to the scene shrieking at the top of their voices. I feared the foster-egg might have been added from its rough experience, so what was my astonishment on May 17 to find two young robins and the baby cowbird! I didn't blame cowbirds for seldom laying in robins' nests; although the three nestlings were the same age, the poor little waif was entirely dwarfed by his giant companions.

The next morning robin number three was just hatching as I reached the nest; he looked three times as big as the egg from which he had just emerged. Everything is relative in this world. Usually it is the cowbird that is the monster. In the evening the little orphan was still asking for food. I hoped he would survive. The next day he struggled on courageously, but on the 20th he was dead.

In a North Dakota locality cowbirds are reported as rather commonly

parasitizing robin nests, and near Buckeye Lake in Ohio robins have been seen feeding cowbirds out of the nest. It would seem difficult for baby cowbirds to hold their own with baby robins. Dr. Friedman writes that he once "put two very young cowbirds in a robins' nest which contained only eggs at the time. The robins stopped incubating their own eggs and took care of and reared the young cowbirds. On one occasion I chanced to pass the nest when the cowbirds were about seven days old, and found about two inches of the tail of a very small garter snake was protruding from the bill of one of the cowbirds. The bird finally swallowed and digested the snake!"

One final tale about a courageous individual. A few warm days in late March, 1935, encouraged robins and mourning doves and even a cardinal to start building. On the 27th we noticed a robin fitting herself into crotches in our honey locust, but no mate was in evidence. In the afternoon she started to bring material, but the wind blew it away. The next two days everything that was brought was carried off by the wind or purloined by a female English sparrow. But difficulties did not daunt this bird. On March 30 she brought stuff in such large amounts and so fast that the foundation was laid and we named her Victoria. The following day she devoted to mudding her house, working in the mud with her feet and vibrating her wings in a strange manner. On April 8 she started to incubate her four eggs.

Albert does not seem to have been a forceful personality. Only twice is he specifically mentioned in my notes: once he drove a dove from the honey locust, and once he protested at the visit of a pair of bronzed grackles.

On the 21st Victoria was feeding her first baby. All went well for a week and then her old enemy the wind began to buffet her. All of a sudden we noticed the nest had been blown sidewise; we rushed out and discovered two unfortunate babies on the ground. We got out the long ladder and carefully balanced it against the great thorns; Constance climbed while I steadied it. The babies were replaced and the nest secured with twine, while Albert and Victoria quite mistook the nature of our activities. One baby recovered, but the other had been too much injured.

One more adventure was to come to this family. On May 4 we heard the greatest commotion. Eight or more robins were in pursuit of a crow that was sailing off with empty talons. One baby was still in the nest, another was on the ground, while the third had reached the neighboring apple tree.

We are fortunate that robins have elected to adopt us, to follow our settlements to the west and south, and to give us a native bird not afraid to live in a city. Familiarity should not dull our appreciation of their bright colors, their strong-minded, upstanding ways, and their hearty songs.

5708 Kenwood Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

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A COOT BANDED at Orland, Ill., was picked up six days later in the streets of Glassford, Pa.

The Passenger Pigeon's Last Stand

By C. W. G. EIFRIG

THE WRITER has hesitated twenty years to write this, often accusing himself of cowardice for holding back actual observations which in the interest of biological truth should be made known. Having now retired into the quietude of a Florida village he musters up enough courage to wade into it.

Nearly all books on birds state that the last passenger pigeon died in the zoological garden of Cincinnati in 1914. The writer has seen one shortly before and two after that time. Lest anyone raise the cry, mourning dove, I would say that I have lived nearly all my life in what I may call the companionship of mourning doves, so that I know them thoroughly. Secondly, for years before the happenings narrated here I had a well-mounted pair of passenger pigeons in my collection of mounted birds, which I saw daily, so that I was thoroughly familiar with their appearance.

Experience number one: The middle of April, 1911, found me in the neighborhood of Cowling, Edwards County, Illinois. This is near Mount Carmel, where Ridgway spent his adolescent years, and also near Olney, where he died. This region still is a paradise for birds; the Wabash flows not far away, and the Embarrass (pr. *Angbraw*), a tributary of it, crosses the section I have in mind. Among others I here became well acquainted with Bachman's sparrow, which is common in this region. While walking about here on April 10, two birds flew over me in rapid flight and lit on a wire about fifty feet ahead of me. Getting my glasses on them, I was dumbfounded to see a passenger pigeon and beside it a mourning dove. There was no mistaking the larger one, both as to size and color, reinforced by the fact that the smaller one had obligingly perched by the side of it. After allowing close inspection for a few minutes they flew away without alighting again as far as the eye could follow them. There was much virgin timber in the river bottoms here, including beech, the favorite of the pigeons, and sweet and sour gum.

Experience number two: On the first of May, 1923, about 5:30 o'clock in the afternoon, I was returning with a number of students from a nature walk along the Desplaines River in River Forest, Cook County, Illinois. Suddenly one of the boys said "What bird is that?" Quickly looking in the direction to which he pointed I saw a bird as large as a Cooper's hawk flying low, about as high as our heads, twenty-five feet away from us, parallel to the direction in which we were going. I immediately said "Cooper's hawk." All I could see in that fraction of a second was its size, the bluish back and the swift flight. A little distance ahead of us it suddenly and rapidly swerved upward and lit in the top of a sizable cottonwood. Trying to verify my hurried identification we approached cautiously; I got my glass on it—and received the greatest shock in my life, for there were the thin, small, daintily sculptured head and neck of a pigeon. I told the boys to go on while I remained on the spot. I eyed the bird intently and intensively with my Zeiss 8x30 binoculars. After a few minutes the bird flew into a smaller catalpa where I had an even better chance to inspect

it carefully. The other marks of the passenger pigeon were all there: the reddish breast and bluish back, both much more highly colored than in the mourning dove, and the long graduated tail.

The next day I went to the same place to see whether that unusual visitor was still there. It was, only now there were two, male and female. The area was a sizable tract of real estate, the Waller addition, which had been kept in reserve for many years. There were many large old trees in it, also large clumps of big shrubs which had been planted years before. We always found numerous nests of mourning doves, blue jays, brown thrashers, cardinals, and others there. For many years it had been surrounded by an eight-foot fence, but it had recently been opened for the building of fine homes, of which there were a few in the tract then. The two birds were in the top of a large cottonwood, a habit different from that of mourning doves. Here they were in a better light than if they had frequented the lower parts of trees, as the mourning dove does. Enchanted, I kept my binoculars glued on them. When I got too close they flew away with the same characteristic whistling sound produced by the wings of the mourning dove, but they seemed to dip their wings lower, then they would set their wings like the meadowlark or prairie chicken and glide a distance. They were also considerably more wary than their smaller relative.

On May 11 the pair flew over the campus and lit in a grove of big cottonwoods across the street from my house, where several new houses were going up. That hustle and bustle below them did not suit them, so they flew away in a hurry. May 16 I saw them again in the same cottonwoods in Waller's addition. They repeatedly flew into the grounds of a large palatial home which occupied a city block, surrounded by large trees and numerous clumps of shrubbery and an eight-foot fence.

After an absence from home of about three weeks I saw them once more on July 18, still in the same cottonwoods. After that they seemed to have disappeared; I hoped that they had not been shot. I could have secured them, but I did not think of such a thing. I hoped they would nest there and perhaps establish a little flock in this favorable locality. But that was hoping too much; I saw them no more. There was so much cover of trees and shrubs here that some years later, when there were many more homes built, a pair of wood thrushes nested nearby in two large, intertwined hawthorn trees, so quiet and woodlike was it there.

Finally, in a number of "American Forests" in March, 1941, there is an account of the passenger pigeon having been seen in the wildest part of the Georgia Alleghanies. I never heard whether anything came of that. It does seem unnatural, if not impossible, that a species occurring in such gigantic numbers as the passenger pigeon, the largest recorded for any bird or mammal, should vanish so utterly, completely, without leaving behind at least some straying remnant of its former abundance. If so, the remnant might for years be too small to stage a come-back in any number.

Windermere, Florida.



THE FLYING muscles of a bird are sometimes half its entire weight.

Winter Holiday

By DORIS A. PLAPP

THE PLACE SELECTED was Starved Rock State Park. We could make it from Chicago with gasoline saved by using the bus line and accepting the kindness of friends who generously stopped at the corner on their way by to our mutual place of employment. What a winter for such a trip! It truly had to be accomplished. We sped on from the office of the Illinois Audubon Society, passed the English sparrows, the starlings and the pigeons, on to the beautiful open country our eyes were so hungry to see. How good it looked! Yes, that was a meadowlark, and some miles on a quail, with crows here and there flying leisurely by—a comfortable hundred miles through Illinois farms and woods and rivers to Starved Rock Lodge in time for a delicious dinner and a rest near the beautiful large fireplace.

Morning, and sunrise from our window—a lazy way, but, after all we were school teachers gaining refreshment from the strenuous closing of one semester and about to begin an even more energetic one. The cardinal sang his part of the morning chorus with the goldfinch, the tufted titmouse, and the chickadee, and, could it be, the red-bellied woodpecker? That was a challenge to make us get up, put some breakfast under our belts, and pursue the birds on foot. One of the number was a Michigan Audubonite and she *must* see that woodpecker. The day was bright and cold, but very windy. It afforded a meager list of observations. Downy woodpeckers were about, gulls were flying over and near the river. Two were so close together that we heard their wings strike one upon the other. Could it have been accidental, with all outdoors around them, or was it a bit of bad-bird disposition? Ducks flew by but we could not tell where they were spending the day. The canyons were lovely, the waterfalls and creeks frozen, ferns green on protected slopes, and liverworts and mosses holding their own against the rigors of winter; but few birds. We had only one unsatisfactory view of the red-bellied woodpecker and neither saw nor heard a blue jay, and surely they were here. We hoped for a better day tomorrow.

Sunday dawned fair, warm, sunny, and windless. Out we were; we must have a bigger list. Ah, yes, here were the mourning doves, a pleasant surprise, and what were these little, streaked, brown birds in the canyon below us as we peered from the bridge? Pine siskins, to be sure. Part way down the steps from the Lodge we paused to identify the calls of the white-breasted and red-breasted nuthatches. Chickadees and titmice were everywhere. Down a forest trail, a flock of juncos. How attractive and trim they were. Blue jays were out in full force, making up in din for yesterday's prolonged silence. Downies were all about, and here a hairy woodpecker, and what was that call in the distance? We hastened through the parking lot to see, if we could, the owner of this vocal number so well executed. This time we were not disappointed; it was the red-bellied woodpecker. What bird could deny to display his beautiful plumage on so lovely a Sunday morning? We observed his yellow-red crown and nape, his cross bars of gray and white and dark tail. From all angles we saw him at the tops of the oak trees, and then watched him vanish into the

deeper forest. Then, as if by contrast, came to our ears the sweet trilling notes of the song of the junco. I have heard him above the snow on a bush in Lincoln Park at home, and beside my feeding station before coming to partake, always a welcome addition to a morning out of doors. On we went from bird to bird until we were suddenly startled by an unexpected, oft-repeated, clear call. Could it be the Carolina wren? We quickly crossed the open expanse of grassy park area to the brushy undergrowth below Starved Rock, wren country, to be sure. My partner and I separated to be on either side of the particular brush heap from where the song had just ended. Good fortune was ours again; out hopped our Carolina wren. We were more than delighted with our morning experiences. Prairie horned larks, ring-necked pheasants, tree sparrows, all claimed their places. Bluebills were on the river. If only we knew just where to go to see those ducks without parking on a curve at the foot of a hill.

One fellow traveler shared with us his appreciation of the beauty of the mist from the top of Starved Rock. Often I stopped to drink in the exquisiteness of the winter landscape, the soft blue sky, the red-brown of the oak leaves, the paler tans and grays of trees and grass. How much joy we could add to the day's pleasure who listed the song and color of the feathered tribe.

Chicago, Illinois.



Wildlife of Elk Grove Preserve*

By GORDON SAWYER PEARSALL, Naturalist

ELK GROVE is also a paradise for birds and many interesting records were noted there. I think that crows are too numerous in Elk Grove, and I found a large number of smaller birds' nests broken up by crows. This was particularly true of ground-nesting birds, including pheasants. I found 14 pheasant nests broken up by crows. The swampy ground north and northeast of the elk pasture was an especially good spot for woodland birds. It was in this area that two great blue herons made their nests and raised their families. It was in this same area that I found more ovenbirds nesting than I have ever seen in one area before. There I found scarlet tanagers very abundant, as were warblers during migrations.

In the big cattail marsh west of the caretaker's house various marsh birds nested. Probably more ducks would nest here if this marsh were not choked with cattails, sedges, rushes and sweet flag from about the middle of June on, so that there is no open water after June. Here I found two mallards nesting in April. Later they must have taken their young to more open water somewhere else. A bittern and two least bitterns raised

*This article is composed of selections from "A Report on the Fauna and Flora of Elk Grove Preserve, Forest Preserve District of Cook County, Illinois," submitted by Mr. Pearsall to the Commission. An earlier portion dealt with the mammals and described the location of the Preserve, while this deals with the birds of Elk Grove. Concluding selections will be given in the September Bulletin.

broods here. Two pairs of king rails, about 28 pairs of red-winged blackbirds, 8 pairs of long-billed marsh wrens, a pair of swamp sparrows, and two pairs of yellow warblers also nested in this marsh. The yellow warblers nested in the buttonbush shrubs in the middle of the swamp. The eight pairs of marsh wrens lived up to their reputation of hiding their nests among dummy nests, most of the dummy nests being completely finished and scattered in all parts of the marsh.

The area bordering the chain of ponds and swamps running from the Arlington Heights road west to the cattail marsh harbors many less common species of birds. This area has a variety of habitat that is ideal for many species of *Aves*. The upper end is on the edge of open woods, continues through an open meadow surrounded by woods, then across an open field, through a heavy woods across township road, and through more heavy woods down through low, swampy woods to the cattail marsh. Where it passes through the woods it is bordered with prickly ash, dogwood, willow, buttonbush, ash, elm and swamp white oak. In the open area at the upper end red-winged blackbirds, marsh wrens, swamp sparrows, yellow warblers, green herons, least bitterns, sora rails, meadowlarks, bobolinks and song sparrows nested. Two pairs of mallards nested and raised their young here, and three pairs of wood ducks raised families in trees on the edge of the woods. Several black-crowned night herons were seen in this area all summer but no evidence of their nesting was found. In the open woods along the edge of the meadow two pairs of Cooper's hawks raised their families. Red-tailed and red-shouldered hawks seemed to favor these woods close to the open and to water as nesting sites, too. One of the Cooper's hawk's nests was within thirty yards of a mallard's nest and about thirty feet from a pheasant's nest, with all three birds incubating at the same time; but neither the duck's nor the pheasant's nest was disturbed by the hawks. The mallard's nest was at the base of a clump of dogwood under a small hawthorn tree; the pheasant's nest was snuggled between the roots at the base of a big red oak.

In the open meadow a pair of upland plover was seen several times, but I do not know whether they nested in the neighborhood. In the heavier woods, along the chain of ponds, I found a long-eared owl's nest with young in it in a crotch of a large white oak in a heavy clump of ash, elm and oak. I was sitting quietly on a log watching an ovenbird in hopes that it would show me its nest when I heard a peculiar guttural hissing sound coming from the heavy clump of trees. It sounded as though it was coming from well up in the tree. It was different from anything I had heard and I started slowly and silently toward the clump of trees to investigate. I had gone some twenty feet when it stopped, so I stopped and waited. I was just about to give up when it started again. I moved over to the trees, when it again stopped. I took up a position where I could watch. All at once that sound started again, apparently coming from a crotch in a white oak tree about thirty feet from the ground. Almost immediately a large bird appeared, silently sailed to the crotch, dropped something in it and sailed away. It was a large owl, so I waited for its return. Soon after it left the young stopped calling. In about ten minutes they began

again and the parent appeared at once. It stopped, flew to a branch near the crotch, and studied me. Its size, long ear tufts and markings told me it was a long-eared owl. In its bill was a young striped ground squirrel or "gopher." It eyed me for perhaps five minutes, uttering a sort of chuckling, scolding note. Satisfied that I was not dangerous, it deposited the gopher in the crotch, gave a couple of soft hoots, and swooping low over my head for another look, disappeared silently through the woods. It is indeed



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Long-eared Owl

surprising how an owl as big as that one was could fly so rapidly through the heavy woods and not even rustle a leaf. All owls have feathers specially adapted for silent flying so they can stalk their wary prey. I was curious about the young, and so climbed and struggled up to the crotch. There was a nest made of sticks and twigs on an old crow's nest. It was lined with bark and had a few green leaves, now badly soiled, in it. There were four young, about four weeks old, with well-developed beaks and claws. Their white down still showed through their immature plumage. They looked at me rather stupidly for a minute or so, then their warning instincts told them of danger and they ruffled their feathers, spread their wings, stood high on their legs with talons ready, snapping their beaks and hissing. The half-eaten gopher lay on the side of the nest. A harsh, long *who-il-il-loo* told me the adult was back, and both birds were in a tree close by, fussing, muttering, and snapping their beaks. Not wishing to disturb these very

useful woodland rodent destroyers, I scrambled down the tree and went on about my business. I visited this tree about once a week for the next two weeks, and by that time the young left the nest. This was the first week in June.

On May 5 I found the nest of the barred owl. I had frequently heard the call of these big fellows all winter, and on several occasions during dark days or at dusk had seen them, but had not heard them since late March. On this dull gray morning I was working down in the low swampy ground northeast of the elk pasture where the timber and undergrowth are very heavy. I found a large basswood with a big hole in its trunk about twenty-five feet from the ground. There were raccoon signs about the base as well as opossum tracks. It looked definitely good for something and was an easy tree to climb, so I decided to try my luck. I scrambled and climbed up to the hole and poked into it gingerly with a long stick, as I did not want an angry raccoon bursting out in my face. Imagine my surprise when with a guttural muttering a large bird swished by my head. It lit in a nearby tree, snapping its bill, hissing and scolding in tones that could be heard quite a distance. It jabbered and scolded, flying from branch to branch. Suddenly it gave a shriek that fairly made my hair stand on end, then went on muttering in less violent tones. Its mate joined it and they called and jabbered like a couple of nervous lunatics. I watched them a bit nervously for a few minutes, for I had learned from my pet barred owls at the Museum what they could do with their beak and talons when angry. Seeing that they apparently did not intend to attack, I peered into the cavity, lighting matches to see better. The cavity was about two feet deep and fourteen inches wide. On the bottom of the cavity were a few scattered twigs, chips, breast feathers, apparently from the mother, and a half-dozen bones. On this were huddled three fuzzy, white young, with black faces. Their eyes were blue. I judged them to be five or six days old. I picked up one of the youngsters. It was too young to be afraid, or at least it was not. It snuggled into my hand, opened its orange mouth and squalled for food. At this sound the others began to squall too, in a guttural, hissing tone. Not wanting to frighten or disturb the nervous, noisy parents, I put the youngster back, slid down the tree and went about my business. They must have raised their family, but I did not hear them until about a month later when the young were out of the nest. I hope they stay in the neighborhood as they are very useful birds. They are not often seen, though frequently heard.

I also found the nest holes of four screech owls by observing the adults. Two I found by accident while looking for something else. One nest was found on April 24 in a deep cavity in a bur oak about 14 feet from the ground. The cavity had been originally dug by a flicker and later enlarged by a squirrel, judging by the tooth marks. The bottom was filled with leaves and acorn shells, and on top of these the screech owl had built its nest. A few twigs, leaves and feathers composed a shallow nest in which were four round, white eggs about the size of a quarter. I noticed the hole from the ground and it looked as though it might be in use, so I decided to investigate. I rapped sharply on the tree trunk with a stick. I heard a

slight scratching inside, but nothing emerged. I climbed the tree and peered inside as best I could. A snapping told me that an owl was inside. The entrance hole was some four inches across, so I put on my glove and reached slowly and gently into the cavity, bringing out a screech owl clinging to my hand with its claws and biting at it with its beak. I released it and it flew silently off into the woods. The nest was along the edge of the woods near the hayfield east of the caretaker's house. Another one was found in the open woods east of the elk pasture, one near the Bierman shelter, and a fourth one northeast of the open meadow near the shelter. One was found in mid-May with newly hatched young covered with white down in the nest; they were three in number. Two nests were found in early June with almost fully grown young, and both nests contained four young.

In the swampy ground and low meadow south of Higgins Road and west of the Township Road nested some marsh species and others. Four pairs of marsh hawks were seen in the area almost continually and three nests were found. One on May 18 contained three eggs in a nest made of



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Marsh Hawk

dry marsh grass, small sticks and twigs, on a grassy hummock about 20 inches high, in very wet ground. Both birds circled and scolded as I examined the nest. Ten days later this nest contained five eggs. On May 28 another nest was found in the same area with three eggs in it. On June 2 a third nest with five eggs in it was found, and I judged incubation was about a week advanced. The eggs in the first nest hatched on

June 11. The young were covered with white down. June 17 the immature feathers began to appear. July 14 the young were fully developed and left the nest to fly with the parents. These parents were very solicitous of their young and attacked me every time I approached their nest, circling, screaming and diving. Sometimes they came so close to me in their dives that I could feel the breeze from their wings and plummeting bodies, and their outstretched talons missed me by inches. On one occasion one's talon actually grazed my head as it slapped me with its wing tip at the same time. The second nest had the eggs destroyed by crows on June 4. The third nest had the young hatch on June 25, and on August 3 they left the nest. These parents were not as concerned about their young and generally after a few scoldings and circlings would withdraw to some other part of the marsh.

In this same area nested red-winged blackbirds, song sparrows, pheasants, swamp sparrows, and Maryland or northern yellow-throats. In the meadows west and south of the shelter nested bobolinks, meadowlarks, one pair of western meadowlarks, bobwhite, grasshopper sparrows, prairie horned larks, goldfinches, savannah sparrows, Henslow's sparrows, vesper sparrows and field sparrows. In the open woods bordering this area many other species were found. In the tall grass along a hedgerow I found a bobwhite's nest on May 24. It was well concealed at the base of a little hawthorn, being arched over with long grasses, the tops being attached to the nest proper, which was made of fine grasses lined with a few feathers. There were 14 pear-shaped white eggs in the nest. The hen flushed when I almost stepped on her and called plaintively from a nearby thicket.

Several pairs of scarlet tanagers nested in the open woods. One nest was placed 23 feet up in a red oak tree. It was about six feet from the trunk on a flat horizontal crotch. The shallow nest was made of thin strips of bark and rootlets, lined with fine rootlets. Three bluish-green eggs marked with brown and black were in the nest. Both male and female scolded nervously, uttering their *chip-cherr* from nearby trees.

Wood pewees also nested on horizontal crotches of trees, oaks, maples, and occasional elms being favorites. The flat, shallow nests were placed well out toward the end of the branches on a flat crotch. They were made of rootlets, plant fibres, lined with fine rootlets and covered with plant downs and lichens, saddled to the crotch. They looked like little bumps of moss and were almost impossible to see. I located all my nests by watching the birds. Most of the nests contained three buff-colored eggs, a few four, wreathed around the large end with dark brown.

Indigo buntings seemed to prefer placing their nests in the tall weeds and bushes along the edge of the open woods. Made of weed stems, grass and leaves, lined with fine grasses and hair, they were attached to upright branches or stems generally about a foot from the ground. In damp or wet ground they were placed higher.

Along Salt Creek and in the adjoining low ground other species nested: red-winged blackbirds, spotted sandpipers, woodcock, alder fly-catchers, often killdeers and green herons. The most interesting and exciting find

was the nesting hole of a red-bellied woodpecker in the woods along the southeast boundary and almost directly east of the last parking area. This, I believe, is the first actual nesting record of the red-bellied woodpecker in the Chicago area. As I am a conservationist and not a collector, I did not attempt to collect either the parent birds or the eggs. It will have to remain a sight record and perhaps the birds will nest there again this year. Later on I found another nest hole in Thatcher Woods, along the edge of the woods just east of the big open area north of the shelter house. Several people had an opportunity to observe this nest, among them Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Wasson.

I first noticed the red-bellied woodpecker in Elk Grove in the woods when I was surveying this particular small area in March. I first noticed him on March 24, for it was a male. Three days later it was still in the same little patch of woods. A week later it was still in the same woods and was calling and drumming a great deal. April 9 I noticed a female in the woods. The male was very bold and noisy. If I sat down and remained motionless he would come down and eye me from a few feet distant and scold me, then fly away to a nearby tree as he saw the female and call and drum on a dead stub, then dance around with his wings and tail spread out, doing strange antics on the tree trunks. Four days later they had mated. Two more days later I heard a woodpecker digging in the broken stub at the top of a hard maple tree. I noticed a hole about 30 feet from the ground. I thought this might be the red-belly beginning to nest, so I sat on a low stump in a clump of bushes nearby where I could watch. Sure enough, one soon appeared at the entrance hole, flew out and alighted on a tree about 20 feet away and disgorged a mouthful of small chips, then flew back into the nest hole. Shortly it appeared again and repeated the process. When one was tired of digging the other took its place, both birds taking their turns at the business of excavating. In four days the cavity must have been completed for I did not see or hear them digging any more. I was very curious to have a look into the nest hole but was a little afraid to disturb them too soon, lest they desert the nest. They had now become very shy and secretive, which was the exact opposite of their earlier behavior.

Two days later I brought with me a small pocket mirror and a flashlight. I did not wish to cut into or enlarge the nest hole in any way, but I just had to have a look. When I came to the tree I rapped sharply on the trunk with a stick. The female stuck her head out, but when she saw me hastily withdrew it again. As I started to climb the tree she flew out, scolded me a few times with her rolling, scolding note, and flew off into the woods. The hole was about two inches in diameter. By holding my mirror, which was $1\frac{1}{2}$ by $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches, face down against the roof of the nest hole I could angle the light from my flashlight down into the nest and see the reflection of the bottom in the mirror. It showed the hole to be about 16 inches deep. I later measured it accurately by carefully lowering a long stick to the bottom of the hole. It was four inches in diameter at the bottom of the hole, more or less flask-shaped, tapering to about two inches at the entrance. Two white eggs were lying on a few

chips at the bottom of the cavity. This was on April 21. On April 27 I took another look into the nest with my mirror and there were now five eggs. I figured incubation must be two or three days advanced and the young should hatch about May 11 or 12, as the incubation period for woodpeckers is ordinarily 14 days. So on May 11 I looked into the nest with my mirror. The eggs had not hatched but their dark color told me they would very soon. May 14 I looked into the nest again and the young had hatched; and homely youngsters they were too, blind, naked and helpless. Blue-black specks of developing pinfeathers showed through the pink skin, giving it a dirty appearance. May 18 these pinfeathers projected from the skin like so many black pin ends. May 25 the immature feathers had begun to grow out, and by June 2 the young were ready to leave the nest. June 4 they were out of the nest, trying clumsily to follow their parents and calling loudly for food. Their color was similar to the female, but the red on the head was replaced by blackish-gray and they were much duller generally. Still a third nest of red-bellied woodpeckers was found in Elk Grove in a hickory stub along the edge of the woods southeast of the Boy Scout cabin along Salt Creek. This nest hole, found May 28, had four young birds in the nest.



Belligerent Gulls

BONAPARTE GULLS had always seemed to us to be inoffensive and not in the least aggressive until recently when a small flock gave an entirely different demonstration. While on the way to the Planetarium several gulls were observed circling and hovering over one spot in the lagoon south of the driveway. First thought was that they were feeding on a school of minnows, but we soon saw the head of a grebe come up, only to be met by a diving attack from the Bonapartes. The grebe, a Holboell's as well as we could determine at the distance, repeatedly sank or dived to avoid them, but did not swim away under water, coming to the surface again at almost the same spot. Some distance farther away another group was going through the same performance with what appeared to be a second grebe. The Bonapartes continued to force the grebes to submerge until they finally took wing and left the lagoon to find peace and quiet. The gulls had succeeded in what definitely was a determined effort by the flock to drive the grebes away from their vicinity. In no study of the habits of the Bonaparte gull have I found any account of them as quarrelsome, or as other than "good neighbors," though I have been told of a case where they attacked mergansers in a manner similar to the one described. Were these unusual, or were they trying to live up to the aggressive reputation of their famous namesake?



THE ARCTIC TERN without doubt enjoys more daylight than any other living creature. It spends our summer season in the far north where it sees the midnight sun, and in the extreme of its migration reaches the region of longest days at the tip of South America.

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It aims to encourage the study of our native wild birds, to increase the appreciation of their aesthetic and economic values, and to work for their safety through education.

All lovers of birds are welcomed to its membership upon signing an application and paying membership dues. All dues and bequests other than those paid annually are held in an Endowment Fund, only the income from which is used for current needs, and there are no paid officers.

Under a ruling of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue contributions to the Society are deductible from income, gifts are deductible for gift tax purposes, and bequests or legacies are deductible for estate tax purposes.

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September, 1944

Birds in a Popular Recreational Area — Turkey Run State Park, Indiana

By FREDERICK H. TEST

Department of Zoology, University of Michigan

TO ONE UNFAMILIAR with Turkey Run Park, it may seem peculiar that the Illinois Audubon Society's *Bulletin* should carry an article on the birds of an area in Indiana. However, to one who has spent several summers in the park, it is not incongruous, for Turkey Run has been a favorite recreational locality for numerous Illinoisans during many years—spring, summer, fall and winter.

Turkey Run, the second oldest in the system of Indiana state parks, lies in Parke County, in the west-central part of Indiana, almost in contact with the Illinois and Indiana state boundary line. Through it flows Sugar Creek, a scenic stream, roughly from north-east to south-west, some fifteen miles westward to enter the famed Wabash River, an important migrational highway for birds. The park occupies a tract of somewhat over 1,000 acres of varied terrain, mostly woodland, of which a large part is virgin timber. Much of the latter is composed of fairly open stands of beech, sugar maple and white oak on the higher ground, with sycamore, black walnut, elm and tulip trees or yellow poplars in the ravines and bottom lands.

Probably the best known feature of Turkey Run is its series of numerous gorges cut in the sandstone which forms the underlying rock of the area. This sandstone was laid down on the shores of a great inland sea in the Pennsylvanian period of the Carboniferous Era — long before birds evolved from their bipedal dinosaurian ancestors. From that time, many millions of years ago, we know almost nothing of the birds which inhabited the future Turkey Run. Even for the geological yesterday, when water and rocky debris from the melting ice sheet which long covered northern and central Indiana were cutting the gorges of the present, our knowledge of the birdlife is nil. Probably at that time few if any birds inhabited Turkey Run. But, as the enormous glacier retreated northward, in its wake came vegetation and animals which could live and reproduce in the cold climate, working their way slowly up from the more southern latitudes to which they had been forced, and gradually establishing themselves in the areas uncovered by the melting of the ice. Thus, Turkey Run became reinhabited.

Today, some of the cold-loving species of plants are still to be found in the park. As the southern edge of the ice-sheet moved northward, farther and farther from Turkey Run, naturally the weather in the park became progressively warmer and warmer. Various individual plants were literally rooted to the spot, unable to follow the cool climate to which they were adapted. Most of them died and left no descendants, but the deep canyons

afforded, and still afford, conditions suitable for the survival of a few of these plants and their offspring. Protection of the air in the gorges from sunshine by their high, steep sides, and the evaporation of water seeping through the porous sandstone walls keep the temperature relatively lower than in the open. The evergreen yews and hemlocks hugging the edges of the cliffs, and the tiny flat blades of the sword-moss of the most heavily shaded, moist sandstone walls, are examples of plants "left" by the glacier, isolated from the main body of their species far to the northward.

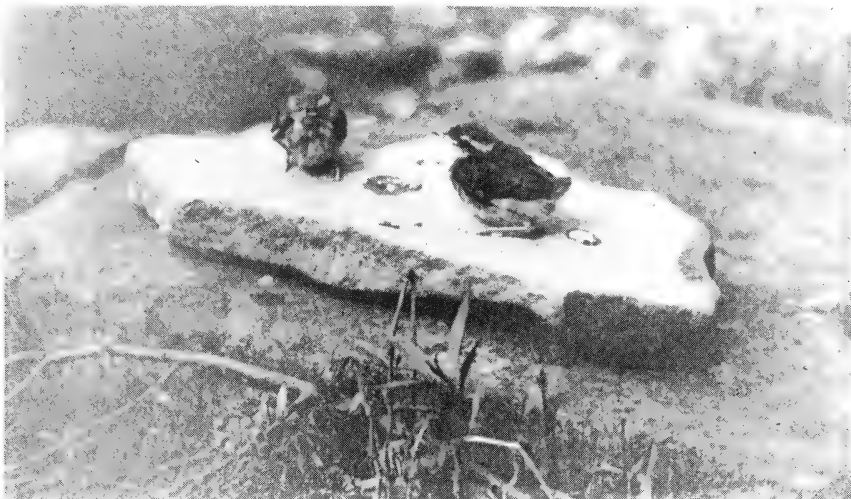
What happened to the birds? Specialized for rapid and far-reaching movements, it was easy for them to follow the cool climate northward. Even so, a few species, which we now call northern in range, might still be attracted to Turkey Run to nest if the cool area were larger. But most individual birds move about over several acres or more in daily activities and hence are not satisfied by an area, even of suitable conditions, which is too restricted. However, enough about birds which are *not* in Turkey Run.

The avifauna of the park is decidedly not a cross-section of the birds of central Indiana. It is heavily lop-sided in woodland species, for there is little open ground, and no real marshes or ponds. So the bird student who spends several days suddenly becomes aware of the near absence of many birds common elsewhere — meadowlark, red-winged blackbird, grasshopper sparrow, vesper sparrow, killdeer, starling, bronzed grackle, and barn swallow, for example.

The common birds of the "service area" near the hotel are those which prefer open woodland or the edges of forests. In the course of several summers spent in the park, the author became especially interested in the chipping sparrows. Their living requirements or their "preferences" seem practically to restrict them to this service area. They are exceedingly tame, often hopping on and about one's shoes when picking up crumbs scattered for them. In summer the adults are literally "run ragged" in caring for their gray-crowned, streaked young. Frayed feather-tips, lost wing feathers and lean body all show the result of their efforts in gathering food for several hungry mouths. Not rarely the youngster being fed is seen to be two or three times as large as the solicitous "chippies," and realization comes that a young cowbird is being raised. By marking a number of chipping sparrows with colored leg bands, we found that the vicinity of the driveway leading to the hotel seemed to be common feeding ground, but that individuals commonly seen south of the driveway seldom ventured north of it, and vice versa. Very likely similar divisions of territory exist for other bird species.

Another bird always found in this area, though not restricted to it, is the wood pewee. Here it finds the right combination of horizontal limbs of oak, elm and beech for nest sites, open flying space for "fly-catching," and dead limbs from which to get an unobstructed view of insects flying nearby. If you wish an inspiring and unusual experience when you are in the park, set your alarm clock for about 3:00 A.M. in June, or an hour later in August (it will be an hour earlier by War Time!) dress warmly, and go out quietly to one of the benches on the hotel grounds. Preferably choose one under a big oak with some dead limbs near its top. If you sit quietly and luck is

with you in choice of location, you will presently hear the "twilight song" of the wood pewee. Before any indication of dawn is perceptible, suddenly two or three, seemingly sleepy, notes will come from an invisible singer. One or even several minutes may elapse before the next group of two or three notes, in turn to be followed by another pause. The duration of the pauses rapidly will become shorter, until soon the bird is singing an almost continuous series of "phrases" of two or three notes each. This period of song will last for perhaps thirty, or it may be sixty, minutes, while you wonder that the pewee does not run out of breath. Then it stops abruptly, and if the light suffices you may see the bird fly from its singing perch and silently disappear.



Young Louisiana water-thrushes recently out of the nest

The dead tops of some of the old beech and oak trees in the hotel grounds and picnic area provide nest sites for one or more pairs of red-headed woodpeckers each summer. In the early morning they sun themselves on the high dead limbs and give voice to their typically noisy calls. Their black-headed young spend considerable time on the lower trunks, and provide a puzzle in identification for many beginning bird students.

Another species represented by a pair or two near the hotel is the Baltimore oriole. In the early part of the summer they are heard frequently, but throughout July one seldom hears or sees them. In August they again are easily noticed. The parent birds have "weaned" their young, and once more become conspicuous in their habits. They are like most other of our common birds, doing little singing while they are caring for their fledglings.

At the head of "Trail 1," where it goes down the bluff from the hotel to "Lovers' Lane," there used to stand an old hollow beech stub about twelve feet high. One day we were astonished to see a chimney swift flutter

vertically down into it from a considerable height. Investigation not long afterward disclosed a nest with three eggs attached to the inside of the old shell, several feet from the top. As usual with chimney swifts the slightly concave bracket forming the nest was constructed of short lengths of twigs,



*Hollow beech stump
Nesting site of chimney swifts*

broken by the birds as they flew through the branches of trees with only momentary flutterings. As we looked at the nest, to our minds came thoughts of the days before white settlers built chimneys in North America, and we could visualize the nesting sites of most of the swifts of that period, covering untold centuries. Then there were no clean-up crews to tear down dead and decaying trees left by natural processes and by fires set by the Indians. Perhaps nearly or quite as many such nesting sites, or possibly more, were available then as now, although one would suspect that in the nearly treeless plains certain regions may have had their swift populations increased by the advent of chimneys.

The evenings at Turkey Run are usually cool, and many visitors enjoy sitting on the park benches, relaxing after a day on the trails. As dusk comes on, a shorter and less varied rendition of the wood pewee's morning twilight song may be heard, and a little later the air suddenly throbs with the emphatic notes of a whip-poor-will perched on the ridge of a cottage roof or in a nearby tree. If near enough, one can often hear the curious sound preliminary to each phrase, sounding like the light tap of a wooden gavel against wood. In the distance other whip-poor-wills can be heard, but the "knock" is not audible for more than a few yards. And once they start, their songs run on and on for what to many listeners are seemingly interminable periods. More than once the author has drifted into sleep while counting the phrases uttered by some particular bird without pause. By morning the total was usually forgotten, but some counts ran up well over 100.

Oftentimes, late in the evening, one or more barred owls can be heard in the distance, and occasionally one comes into the trees that surround the hotel grounds. One night, just as we were dropping off to sleep, the hair on our necks was raised by a blood-curdling scream. Almost immediately afterward came the deep-voiced "*hoo-hoo-hoo-hoo-hoah*" of an owl. The presumption was that there was rabbit meat for dinner that night!

Among other birds commonly found about the hotel and picnic grounds are to be mentioned tufted titmouse, warbling vireo, mourning dove, catbird, cedar waxwing, goldfinch, downy woodpecker, robin, crested fly-catcher, and white-breasted nuthatch.

Along Sugar Creek itself one may expect to see certain species on almost any early trip in the summer. Kingfishers in particular attract attention as they give their rattling calls while flying up or down stream. Apparently each pair fishes and patrols a certain section of river, for we never have seen more than two of the birds over extensive stretches. Their white breasts gleam in the sunshine of early morning as they sit on some bare branch, intent on a potential breakfast in the water beneath, or make a splashing dive for some luckless minnow. Bank swallows and rough-winged swallows also take advantage of the open spaces of water, and of the many gnats and other small insects found there, to garner their meals. Their excellent control of flight as they dive and swoop, climb and bank, is a never-ending source of enjoyment to the watcher.

One or more of the gravel-bars in the section of Sugar Creek within the park generally is used by a spotted sandpiper for nesting. It is often difficult to find the shallow cup of grass, which is built in a tuft of sedges, or even among the pebbles, which give a considerable camouflage to the eggs. The newly-hatched young squat motionless at the approach of an intruder, and their mottled gray and black plumage blends well with the pebbles and mud of the gravel-bar. Upon hatching they are able to run about and even feed themselves soon after becoming dry. This precocity is, in reality, the result of being in an advanced stage of development at hatching, compared with altricial species, in which the young come into the world naked and blind. In comparison with a cardinal, which has about the same adult body size as the sandpiper, the incubation period of the latter is three or four

days longer, and the egg is larger, containing an extra amount of food for the longer period of development.

Another characteristic bird of the creek and adjacent mouths of ravines is the Carolina wren. Its cheerful "revolving" song is often heard. The nest is commonly a bulky, domed structure of dead leaves placed among the exposed roots of a tree on a steep bank, or in a niche in one of the sandstone walls.

On the bottom of the lower end of a ravine, or on the flood-plain of Sugar Creek one may find a nesting pair of Kentucky warblers. The nest is made largely of dead leaves and is sunk in the thick leaf litter on the forest floor. If there are young in the nest, the sharp alarm notes of the parents may indicate their approximate position. Except when near the nest or young the adults are rather secretive and quiet, spending most of their time on or near the ground in moist ravines or wooded river bottoms.

Another characteristic bird of the river bottoms is the Acadian flycatcher. Its usual perch is a bare branch only a few feet from the ground. The nest is placed low also, a shallow cup of rootlets, fibers from woody stems, and from bark, hung in the forks of a small branch. In our experience there is always a cluster of nest material hanging from the bottom of the nest. This makes the nest difficult to distinguish from the small bunches of grassy debris lodged in branches by the high water of the previous spring.

Most of the larger ravines in the park have each their pair of Louisiana water-thrushes. The trim form and bobbing motions as they walk about always attract especial attention. The foraging of this ground warbler seems to be done mostly along small streams, and even in the shallow water on occasion. Nesting occurs close to a stream, with the nest constructed in much the same fashion as that of the Kentucky warbler but usually placed in a spot with better drainage, as on the slope of the ravine or on a mossy or leaf-covered ledge. The adults are especially solicitous for the safety of their young.

Also along the river and in the larger ravines one should look for such riparian birds as song sparrow, cardinal, catbird, yellow warbler, northern yellow-throat, green heron, and at times great blue heron.

In the upland woods, the ovenbird, a close relative of the water-thrush, builds a similar nest but roofs it with dead leaves to form a structure suggesting a miniature old Dutch oven, and places it usually on level ground. The ovenbird, with its buff crown bordered on each side by a black stripe, and its sedate walk, not a hop, probably is seen less often than the water-thrush, but its loud, ringing song of "*teacher, teacher, teacher, teacher, teacher,*" in increasing volume, immediately identifies it. One should look for this bird in the less often visited, heavily wooded sections of the park, such as the region between Bear Hollow and Boulder Canyon.

The quiet peacefulness of the Turkey Run woods in the cool of evening or early morning is well typified by the bell-like notes of a singing wood thrush. This species is one of the most widely distributed and common birds in the park, occurring near the hotel, in the ravines and gorges, river bottoms, and in the upland woods. Its nest is usually placed on a horizontal limb about fifteen feet from the ground and often well hidden and sheltered

by leaves or vines. The construction resembles that of the closely related robin in the presence of three layers, of which the middle one is of mud, but the nest is less bulky and less sturdily built. The robin, a bird of open grassy areas, uses grass extensively in the foundation and lining of its nest. The wood thrush, on the other hand, a bird of the woodland, most commonly forms its foundation of dead leaves and grapevine bark, with a lining of fine rootlets. Thus is illustrated a common rule with wild creatures — the utilization of nearby materials instead of going long distances for some other, perhaps better, substances for home construction. This rule does not always hold, but it is generally true. Curiously enough, nearly every wood thrush nest contains a scrap of white paper in its foundation. The question arises, what did the species use before paper was available?



*Young spotted sandpipers, shortly after hatching on
gravel-bar above bridge*

To visitors from the north, the summer tanager may be of interest. Easily distinguished from the scarlet tanager by its lighter, rose-red coloration and a lack of black on the wings and tail, it is not seen as frequently as its cousin, but seems to be present every summer. One year a pair built their flimsy, shallow nest on one of the horizontal limbs of a large white oak which stands beside the cottages near the hotel.

Other common species of the upland woods and shallow ravines are red-bellied, downy and hairy woodpeckers, bluejay, crested flycatcher, tufted titmouse, red-eyed vireo, black-capped chickadee, white-breasted nuthatch, redstart, and others. Among the hemlocks along the edges of the cliffs, cerulean warblers are relatively common. Their presence is usually first indicated by the odd buzzing song, with its rising inflexion at the end.

The cut-over areas of the park, which are now brushy with young trees

and bushes, likewise have their typical group of birds. Here are such species as towhee, indigo bunting, cardinal, chipping sparrow, goldfinch, field sparrow, mourning dove, blue-winged warbler, catbird, brown thrasher, cedar waxwing, kingbird, and others.

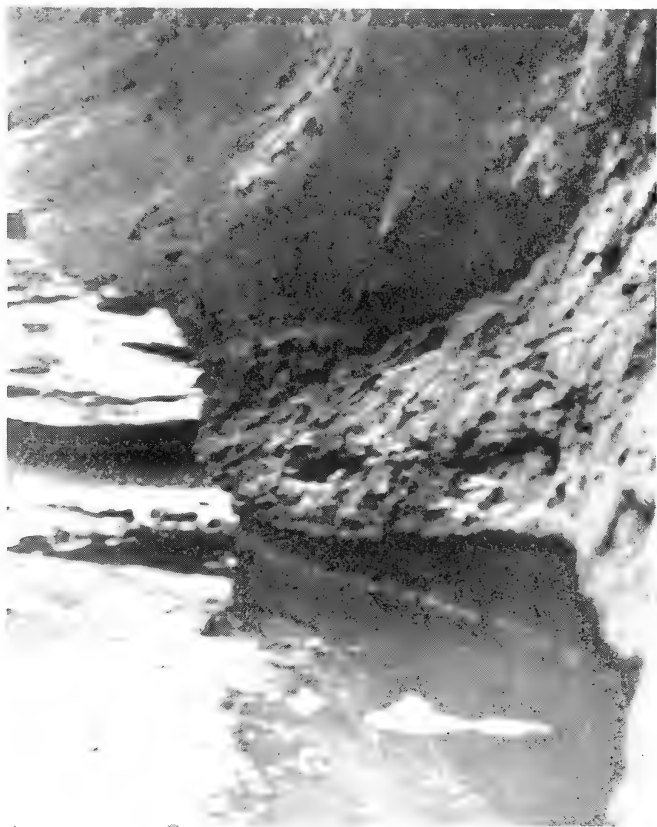
Although the steep-sided sandstone gorges are among the most interesting features of the park to the average visitor, they contain little birdlife except where their slopes or bottoms have considerable amounts of herbaceous or woody vegetation. Most non-aquatic birds have a fundamental and direct dependence on plants, for plants serve to afford food, nesting sites, and shelter to most species. But two species which do utilize the canyon walls for shelter and nest sites are the phoebe and the rough-winged swallow. Almost every canyon has one or more pairs of phoebes nesting on small projections beneath overhanging rock walls. The lower reaches of Rocky Hollow have several favorite spots so utilized. One summer a phoebe incubated its eggs throughout most of the day of July Fourth, while hundreds of people streamed by within ten feet of the nest, which was only four feet from the ground at the edge of the trail. Because it was in heavy shadow, probably few if any of the visitors realized its presence.

The rough-winged swallows nest also in niches and on ledges in the higher sandstone walls, especially near the mouth of Rocky Hollow and in Turkey Run Hollow, beneath the old concrete bridge, and along the sides of the gorge farther up stream. Unlike the bank swallow, this species is a solitary nester. These swallows do some foraging in the canyons, but Sugar Creek is the main place for this activity.

In the days when the region about Turkey Run was first being settled by white men (approximately the second quarter of the last century), wild turkeys were found there in varying abundance. Probably many of the beech and oak trees still standing in the park have provided mast on which wild turkeys fattened in the autumn. Legend has it that hunters used to obtain turkeys by cornering them in the canyons, from which the huge birds had difficulty in rising. Flocks of turkeys were said to have roosted on the ledges in the canyons during the winter, sheltered there from wind and snow. And so, according to tradition, arose the name of Turkey Run.

Then, too, up to a little over a hundred years ago, the bottoms of Sugar Creek often resounded to the shrill cries and chatter of flocks of the Carolina parakeet, now confined to a few diminishing colonies in difficultly accessible parts of the South. The bars in the river furnished numbers of cockle burs, their favorite food, while the many beeches, black gums, hackberries, oaks and wild cherries of the upland woods provided the staple diet. The abundant sycamores were probably most commonly utilized for nesting, where cavities were available in trunks or limbs. Amos W. Butler quotes Prof. John Collett as stating that in the winter of 1842 a Parke County settler cut down a large, hollow sycamore, and in the cavity found some hundreds of parakeets hibernating, hanging by their hooked bills, with partial support from their feet. He sawed off a five foot section of the hollowed trunk, cut a window in it, and kept a number of the birds for several weeks in his house, studying their habits of food and sleeping, feeding them various wild berries, nuts and grain. In a few years more they had disappeared from

their previous habitat in central and southern Indiana, lingering longest in Knox County. This beautiful little parrot was about a foot long, approximately the size of a bluejay, green-bodied, with yellow and orange head. So, as you look at the enormous sycamores on your next visit to Turkey Run, try to visualize the flocks of brilliant if unmelodious paroquets which doubtless many times have fluttered among their branches.



*Former roosting sites of wild turkeys
Turkey Run Gorge*

The preceding account by no means mentions all of the birds which occur in the park, or, as the Carolina paroquet and wild turkey, formerly inhabited it. There are many more which nest, and of course a large number of species which pause only a short time in migration, or are present in the winter. Several years ago an annotated list of the birds known to nest in the park was assembled. Anyone who is particularly interested in the birds in Turkey Run may obtain a copy, as long as the supply lasts, by sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to the author, who may be addressed at the

Department of Zoology, University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Michigan. The "Nature Guides" whom the Indiana Department of Conservation normally station at the park in the summer are always glad to be of service in leading bird hikes, and in directing people to parts of the park where they may expect to find particular species. For peace, quiet, and a good opportunity to observe birds, the early summer is probably the best time for a visit to Turkey Run. Nesting activities and song are then at their height, and the park is not so crowded as to make it difficult to get a little time and space to oneself.

In conclusion the author wishes to extend appreciation to his uncle, Dr. Frederick Cleveland Test, for suggestions in the preparation of this paper, and for some of the photographs illustrating it.

Ann Arbor, Michigan.



A Naturalist on the Move

By VERA R. JOHNSTON

TRAVEL IN WARTIME is no mean luxury, and when in the summer of 1943 an opportunity came my way to join a group of biologists on a research trip thru the southeastern states, it was accepted in rapid order. The trip was sponsored by the University of Illinois Graduate School and the Department of Zoology, and was headed by Dr. Victor E. Shelford.* Its purpose was to secure information on the natural history and ecology of virgin and second-growth forests throughout the south and east, with stops at as many wildlife refuges, national forests, and privately-owned tracts as could be sandwiched into five concentrated weeks. During the 5,000 miles of travel in our reliable little station-wagon, we studied many interesting biological communities, saw birds, reptiles, and plants foreign to an Illinoisan, and learned of fascinating places we did not know existed. This article is a record of the highlights of the trip.

We left central Illinois in early July, at a time when it resembled a continuous moving picture of flat, fertile farmland, soybean and corn fields, the land of the meadowlark, bluebird, indigo bunting, and dickcissel. But southern Illinois was like a jump into a new and distant environment — rolling green hills and picturesque valleys, sprinkled with red-roofed farm houses and herds of cattle; isolated groves of drooping pin oak trees; wooded ravines; sloping stretches clothed with hardwood forests — and overhanging all, that same blue haze that falls upon the Smoky Mountains. Now and then the scene was interrupted by the less colorful shafts, shanties, and clattering railroad cars of a coal mine center, but it soon reverted to the peace of the hills. The wildlife seemed much the same as in flatter country, we being still close to it.

Near the tip of southern Illinois lies the new and beautiful Shawnee

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National Forest, new in that it was proclaimed a government forest very recently, but old in its colorful history. Does the name Tecumseh strike a familiar chord in your recollections of American history? It was in this region that this valiant Shawnee chief worked among the Indians, attempting to unite the tribes of the territory into one great Indian nation, and through it to restrict all further encroachments of the white man. He was a man of remarkable eloquence and powers of leadership, but while he was absent from the area Governor William Henry Harrison defeated his Indians and destroyed his model Indian town at the Battle of Tippecanoe, 1811. This great loss broke the Shawnee ranks, and the survivors fled westward, scattered remnants living today in Oklahoma. This mighty forest, named after them, is a living memorial to the power and dominance which once were the heritage of the Shawnee. The vegetation of the region is much like other Illinois mesophytic forests, the chief trees being white oaks, sugar and red maple, American and slippery elm, papaw, black cherry, sassafras and linden. Red-eyed vireos, crested flycatchers, yellow-billed cuckoos, tufted titmice, downy woodpeckers and cardinals make their presence known in the forest interior.

Imagine rounding a bend in the road in northern Tennessee and seeing before you a large lake, dotted with stumps of tall trees! Undoubtedly a series of puzzling questions would flash into mind immediately. Where did those trees come from? How do they happen to be standing in water, much of it deep? These were the things I asked myself the first time I laid eyes on Reelfoot Lake, Tennessee, and I lost no time in finding the answers. An interesting version is furnished in an old legend which says that a wise Indian chief once ruled his people at Reelfoot, but the chief's heart was heavy because his only son was born with a deformed foot. The boy developed normally except for his gait in walking and running which gave him a rolling motion — his people called him Kalopin, meaning "reelfoot." Reelfoot loved a maiden of a southern tribe but was told by the girl's father that she could not marry a deformed chief. If he carried her off, the Great Spirit would cause the earth to rock and bury his village. Reelfoot dreamed of the maiden and wondered if the Great Spirit would do as he said. Finally he could restrain himself no longer; he captured his bride and carried her home to his village. Great festivities followed, and in the midst of the rites, the earth began to reel and rock and crack open, swallowing the tribe completely, and covering the site with water.

The legend has an authentic background, for Reelfoot actually is an earthquake lake. The series of severe quakes which formed it occurred in 1811-12. During this time the land sank from eight to twenty-five feet, making a depression that was filled by the waters of the Mississippi River. Today the stumps of what was once a dense forest stud the lake, furnishing perching posts for countless numbers of American egrets, anhingas, double-crested cormorants, and herons, which feed on the fish, frogs and other aquatic life. During two hours' time, I counted one hundred American egrets standing in shallow water or on stumps, their shining white plumage and yellow bills strikingly beautiful against a background of blue water and green cypress on the far shore.

Wood ducks breed here, rearing their young in hollow holes of trees bordering the water, or in boxes which the game wardens have placed in trees for them. Ornithologists used to wonder how the young wood ducks got down from the nest for the first time, often a distance of ten to thirty feet from the ground. Some believed that the mother carried the ducklings down on her back; some thought she carried them down between her feet; others said they probably fell down by themselves. Actual motion pictures taken by the Illinois Natural History Survey along the Illinois River have given us the answer in indisputable form. The young birds get down by themselves, half flying, half flopping; they can't fly much at that stage, but they use their half-grown wings enough to break the fall. Nearly all of them apparently survive that initial bounce. How is that for "starting life with a bang?"

In the swampy floodplain back from the shore of the lake, we found hordes of colorful birds. Carolina wrens "tea-kettled" all day long; a prothonotary warbler darted to its nest hole in a stump, with insects for hungry mouths, while from afar came the ringing "*sweet-sweet-sweet-sweet*" of another prothonotary not so busy. The penetrating whistle of the titmouse at times drowned out all other calls, but we managed to identify the wood thrush, Carolina chickadee, Kentucky warbler, pewee, least flycatcher, red-bellied woodpecker and redstart as interesting residents. Two black vultures and a red-shouldered hawk sailed overhead as we reached a clearing, and through an opening leading to the lake I spotted the stiff outline of a double-crested cormorant flying by. Suddenly, from a thicket, came the sound I had been waiting for — an explosive series of notes apparently aimed directly at me. I listened a moment, then moved closer to the source. Again came that outburst of saucy abuse, clearly intended to put me in my place. Over and over it bubbled, "Get out! Beat it!" Finally the voluble songster popped into view, a pert, sarcastic little white-eyed vireo, still giving this intruder a piece of his mind. He soon disappeared just as quickly as he had come. But out of the temporary silence echoed a loud ringing call, the song of the pileated woodpecker, regular resident of Reelfoot's swampy forests.

I heard this resonant call again several days later while poling our flat boat between the willows and cypress and low-bending water elms of Big Lake Wildlife Refuge in Arkansas. This unusual refuge covers 7,000 acres of water and is eleven miles long. Parts of it are open, except for lotus which has largely replaced American pondweed, but in much of it we had to thread our way between crowded clumps of willows, swamp privet, river birch and buttonbush, watching for floating dead logs at the surface or just underneath so as not to ram the boat, and with one eye peeled for the common water snake and more rare moccasin. The shallow mucky water was a paradise for submerged plants, and we had no trouble hauling up from the bottom long strands of *ceratophyllum* with whorled finely dissected leaves, naias, bladderwort bearing the tiny bladders which float the plant at the time of flowering, and *Potamogeton* pondweeds. On the stems of submerged lotus were swarms of tiny animals which looked like snails in white translucent shells, but which proved to be the larval stage of a long-horned leaf

beetle, *Donacia*. These beetles, as adults, are metallicallly green, bronze or purplish in color and feed upon the leaves of the same plants whose roots and stems had harbored them as larvae. Juvenile shrimps, one of the most characteristic forms of shallow water lakes, occurred on the vegetation. Muskrat houses were everywhere, built with lotus leaves and placed partly on old willows and partly submerged. Over 3,000 of them have been trapped here in the past two years, according to the refuge manager.

Although all types of interesting aquatic life were in abundance, Big Lake is chiefly a refuge for migratory waterfowl, and large numbers of puddle and river ducks land here in spring and fall, chiefly in the fall when most nearby land is dry. The wood duck is the only breeder; Canada geese, gadwalls, mallards, black ducks and other species commonly spend the winter here. This is one of the spots where the ranges of the eastern and Arkansas kingbird overlap, and both species nest throughout the swamp side by side. Redstarts, prothonotary warblers, and blue-gray gnatcatchers are common residents.

At the White River Refuge near St. Charles in southern Arkansas, we obtained our first glimpse of a typical southern bottomland forest. The ecologist calls this type of forest a floodplain, as it borders a river which overflows its banks regularly. The "first bottoms" (the land immediately next to the river) are flooded annually. The "second bottoms" (land back from the river and slightly higher) are flooded about once in ten years at St. Charles. The flood level of the White River here is 25 feet, and in the spring of 1943 35.4 feet of water had accumulated from the terrific rains. As late as July, the date of our visit, some of this water was still standing in parts of the first bottoms, and other areas had been dry only a few days. Many giant trees, most of them quite foreign to Illinois soil, thrive in this moist environment — huge red gum with star-shaped leaves, sweet and bitter pecan (bitter in the wetter spots), Nataly's oak, overcup oak, pumpkin ash with a swollen, buttressed base like that of cypress, and water locust, a species resembling honey locust but occurring in wet places. Here grew the unusual cedar elm with the reddish bark of a cedar and the leaves of an elm, willow oak, the oak with leaves like a willow, southern hackberry, and water oak carrying leaves of at least four different shapes on the same tree.

In these bottoms live mammals and birds of well-adapted habits. Bears are present, deer are plentiful, and there are large numbers of raccoon and mink. The bear and deer are seen mostly during the spring and early summer, when they come out of the bottoms because of the high water level. It is at this season that deer feed largely on water cress, a small aquatic member of the mustard family which is to them a favorite delicacy. "Coons" make quite a nuisance of themselves to farmers in the vicinity. They go out into the nearby corn fields at night and knock over stalks to get at the corn, thus ruining the stalks. Because of the damage they do and because there are so many of them, a trapping campaign is enforced each winter to reduce the population. In 1943 20,000 "coons" were trapped around the boundary of the refuge. Fifty per cent of the skins were sold at a profit of \$66,000, bringing a price of \$6.60 per pelt. In this manner the number of

coons is kept normal and the government profits from the annual trapping of the excess. There are few skunks in the area, as they dislike floodplains.

A variety of habitats exist here for birds: the White River itself, small bays and ponds leading from the river, isolated pools, open woods, shrubby growths, and the deep recesses of the forests. In the forests we heard red-eyed vireos, Carolina wrens, the wheezy notes of the blue-gray gnatcatcher, red-bellied woodpeckers, prothonotary warblers, the bell-like song of the wood thrush, Carolina chickadees, and pileated woodpeckers. I stepped out of the woods onto the river bank at one spot to see 50 black vultures and at least 30 turkey vultures leave their perches in tree tops on the opposite shore and flap slowly about in circles before settling down again a little farther up the river. At a stagnant pool on the edge of the forest I came across three solitary sandpipers probing in the mud near several killdeer. True to its name, here was this species frequenting solitary places in the wooded wilderness, where other sandpipers seldom or never appear. American egrets fished with patience and unsurpassed alertness on the shallow banks of the White River, often in the company of immature little blue herons. These two all-white birds standing side-by-side required close inspection to tell them apart, although the larger size of the egret was usually evident even at a distance. Through the binoculars the yellow bill of the egret separated it clearly from the little blue, whose bill is greenish-black. Although there were lots of young little blue herons, I did not see an adult bird in the darker plumage. It has always been a puzzle to me why young birds of this species are observed so much more often than the mature birds. Doubtless the young's color is more striking, but percentage would say that there are as many or more adults than young in existence, and we should see them almost as frequently at least. Yet most ornithologists will tell you this is not true in the case of the little blue heron.

(Miss Johnston's interesting account of her five weeks of study in the southern and southeastern states will be continued in the next number of the *Bulletin*.)

Berwyn, Illinois.



The Springfield May Census

By CORA CLARKE MCELROY

WHEN THE CARD came from the Chicago Ornithological Society announcing the plans for the annual field trip to Waukegan, a wave of nostalgic memories of those trips during the past ten years swept over me. I knew I should be in the field about Springfield all day, participating in the May census, but since the high spots of the many former years seemed blended in my memory into one vivid experience, the anticipated day here promised to be drab by contrast. I recalled the excitement of meeting friends on the Elevated platform at Adams and Wabash, and the crowd to greet us at Waukegan; or perhaps the long beautiful drive from the South Side with other friends in their car. While the leaders at Waukegan were organizing

at the station the plans for the forenoon, we hunted for warblers in the near-by ravine, or for terns and gulls on the lake front. The first stop was formerly at the home of Mr. Lyons to see his banding station. Not only were there many birds in his traps but the woods and ravine were full of various species. Perhaps we next went through the rain to a very wet grassy field to hear the western meadowlark pouring forth his rich song from a tree and allowing us all to watch him as long as our time permitted. Or we went several miles to a marsh to see the yellow-headed blackbirds where they nested. Then a long tramp through Warbler Glen, where one year we sat on the grassy bank just off Sheridan Road and watched the flock of a dozen species of warblers in the willows, just as though we were in a theatre, spectators to an absorbing opera. I still see vividly the rare Kentucky warbler, posing at the foot of the big tree in the bright sunshine.

But at noon we were always under the pines at the Waukegan flats. In former years many charming people, who no longer did much field work, joined us there for the picnic dinner. Mr. Lyons' jugs of rhubarb wine added much to the pleasure. Mrs. Baldwin was accused one year of turning by its aid the yellow-legs in the distance into long-billed curlews, to the great excitement of some of us who thought Mrs. Baldwin could never be wrong. We always counted on the piping plovers along the beach, and sometimes there were many other shore birds, difficult to find elsewhere.

Thinking of these pleasant memories and knowing how different the same day would be here, I looked forward to it with only placid anticipations of pleasure. There were to be but three units doing a full day's work in the field. I was lucky to be going with Mrs. Guy Bonney in her car. I had been her companion on many field trips and knew she is not only good in her identifications but is indefatigable. Secretly I was somewhat appalled when she said, "Shall we go out to Carpenter's Park early to hear the whip-poor-will?" We had been there only the night before to hear it sing, and so felt sure if we arrived before daybreak we should get its song again. She called me at 3:45 A.M., and in half an hour I was standing outside the door of our hotel, waiting in the night for her to drive up. "Well," I thought as I stood under the stars and watched the decadent old moon high in the heavens, "this is certainly different."

By 4:30 we were parked in Carpenter's Park in a place reminding me of the parking place at Maple Lake. She put on her boots and I finished my breakfast while waiting for the first glimmer of light. We had heard the nighthawk in the city and so began the day's list with him. Presently, far in the distance and not near at hand as we had expected, we heard the whip-poor-will, eerie in the dark and lonely wood. The other birds began to wake with their songs. A wood thrush "twirled three notes and made a star." By five o'clock we had identified more than fifteen birds by their songs.

The day was perfect, warm and sunny. The woods were so full of birds and their songs that we were bewildered as we knew we could not stay long, having many other places to visit. Mrs. Bonney knows the birds by their songs, which was a great help, as I have to re-learn nearly every song each spring. We found many species that would be prizes for the Chicago group — Bell's vireos, Carolina wrens, Kentucky warblers, Acadian fly-

catchers, chats, cerulean warblers (they nest here), red-bellied woodpeckers, dickcissels, a Bewick's wren. Mrs. Bonney even found a Brewster's warbler, of which I had barely heard, and had associated it vaguely with a difficult wood in the vicinity of Lake Forest, a place full of briars, mosquitoes, and rattlesnakes.

We could not stay too long in the Park as we wanted to get to Lake Springfield before the Mother's Day crowd would arrive in the afternoon. We stopped at the Sand Hill to look for the clay colored sparrow we had found there only two days before. We added several birds to our list, but could not in our haste find the sparrow. We had hoped to find at the Lake all the swallows, the common and black terns, but they were gone. Only two little spotted sandpipers were left at the Beach House. Then we drove to a wood where we knew there was a red-shouldered hawk's nest with young. It was not very high and, although we saw neither parent, presently a baby poked up his fluffy head, his mouth gaping with heat. In the late afternoon we stopped at a cattail marsh where we found a sora, a Virginia rail, and an American bittern. Mrs. Bonney was overjoyed because she had seen these species only once before and was as delighted as I had been over a cerulean and a Brewster's.

The other ornithologists were to meet at Mrs. Bonney's home to check our combined reports at eight o'clock. At seven-thirty, hot, tired, and dirty after fifteen hours of continuous work—on her part, at least—we were speeding into the suburbs of Springfield, when all at once a loud sputtering and hissing came from the engine. With only a moment's dismay she pulled over to the curb where a couple of boys were sitting with roller skates, waiting for a bus. "Does either of you know anything about how a car works?" she asked. The one without a coat came up. Mrs. Bonney got out and they put up the hood. After a moment's examination he asked for a screw driver and the pliers. "Your spark plugs have blown out," he said. As soon as they were cool enough, he screwed them in. Then they both got into the car and we were on our way. I was delivered at my hotel, the boy at his skating rink, and by a little after eight Mrs. Bonney, fresh as a daisy, in a crisp pink and white dress, was welcoming her guests in her home. With my usual apprehensions of the unfamiliar, I had had visions of the strange lad driving the car and me off into the unknown. Springfield is a good place.

When two other lists were checked with ours (which added up to 107) all were much pleased with the result, for the total was 142. When this was compared with the lists of other years it was found to be the best recorded. Bill Robertson had a number of sandpipers on his list, which had been hard to find in this vicinity. Other women had found several warblers that had eluded us.

No doubt ten years from now the memory of the Springfield bird census of May 14, 1944, will have all the charm, when I recall it, that the Waukegan trips now have for me. At any rate it was different.

Springfield, Illinois.

Wildlife of Elk Grove Preserve*

By GORDON SAWYER PEARSALL, *Naturalist*

ALONG A HEDGEROW north of the cornfield east of Salt Creek, and along the Arlington Heights Road boundary, I found a nest of the European quail or Hungarian partridge. It was in a clump of small hawthorn bushes about two feet tall, in the tall grass along the edge of the field. It was in a slight depression at the base of the hawthorn and was made of weed stems, grasses and leaves. I was going from Salt Creek northeast to the pasture just beyond our boundary, and almost stepped on the incubating bird which burst from under my feet with a rush, scattering leaves and grass and almost scaring me out of seven years' growth. I looked at the exact spot from where the bird had flown, expecting to see an open nest. But all I saw was the grass and leaves exactly as before. When I was about two feet in front of the spot I got down on my knee and began carefully to part the grass and leaves. As I brushed aside the leaves, there was the nest. The leaves had settled back to conceal the nest very skillfully. Eleven olive-buff eggs were in the nest. I carefully replaced the leaves and went on about my business. Eighteen days later the eggs hatched and the young left with their mother to hunt food and protection in the field and meadows.

April 16 I saw a pair of phoebes building their nest under the bridge over the Arlington Heights Road where it crossed Salt Creek. The nest was cemented to the side of the bridge beam with mud and covered with moss and lichens. The position of the nest made it impossible to see into it. May 2 they were carrying food to the young. By May 17 the young were ready to leave the nest, and on May 19 they were gone. May 20 a pair of barn swallows started to build their nest of mud pellets and grass under the bridge. It was finished and lined with chicken breast feathers by May 25. On May 19 a pair of kingbirds began building a nest in a scrub elm on the west bank of Salt Creek about 30 yards north of the Arlington Heights bridge, in a horizontal crotch some four feet from the ground. It was made of weed stems, grass, twigs and string and lined with fine rootlets. Five days later the first egg was laid. The full set of four buff eggs, neatly blotched with brown and lavender, was completed on May 28. Woe be unto the bird or reptile that got too close to the nest, for the male was continually on guard in the top of an elm tree about 30 feet away. He paid little attention to small birds, but large birds, like crows and hawks, were attacked and driven away without mercy. Perhaps it was this protection that prompted a little alder flycatcher to build its nest in the crotch of a hawthorn about ten feet from the kingbird nest. It was a beautiful nest of plant fibres, lined with soft plant down. Four small buff, black-spotted eggs constituted the set.

June 16 I was following the road across the swamp ground from the elk pasture to Henry Tagge's farm when I saw a baby cardinal in the road northeast of the big cattail marsh. It was the first time I had been able to

*This article is composed of selections from "A report on the Fauna and Flora of Elk Grove Preserve, Forest Preserve District of Cook County, Illinois," submitted by Mr. Pearsall to the Commission. Earlier portions have described the location of the Preserve, the mammals he found there, and some of the birdlife of Elk Grove.

get into this area in two weeks, due to the swampy condition from recent rains. I wished to get a close look at the baby cardinal as he was just the age of one I was making a painting of, and I wanted to compare colors and markings. As I approached, it moved off into the underbrush north of the road. I followed it in for about 15 yards, when I saw a pair of redstarts acting very excited in the bushes close by. I thought perhaps they were scolding an animal, reptile or mammal, so remained quiet and looked around. I could see nothing so I concluded they must be scolding me. While I was watching them, I noticed a pair of veerys on the ground nearby acting very nervous. I abandoned the watching of the redstarts in favor of the veerys. One of them presently moved off to the left and was lost among the ferns and undergrowth. The other, which I judged to be the male, kept scolding me, moving around in an area of about ten feet, sometimes in the low bushes, then on the ground, then among the fern fronds, now quiet, now scolding. I moved over toward a stump among the ferns where I could see into the surrounding undergrowth a little way. When I moved the female again joined the male, hopping nervously about. This is what I wanted, for I could now watch her return to the nest. So I sat motionless on the stump and watched. After a few minutes the female began moving off through the ferns a little way. Three times it returned to the vicinity of the male to move nervously about. Then it moved off again, going a little way, then stopping, then climbing up on a fern frond or bush to watch me. Finally it disappeared in a rotting stump in a clump of dogwood stems, covered over by ferns three feet high. As I rose and started toward the stump a sharp note from male brought the female out again. I approached the stump cautiously, dropped on my hands and knees, and carefully parted the ferns. There was the nest in a cavity in the side of the stump about nine inches from the ground, surrounded by moss. It was very neatly made of strips of bark, weed stems, twigs, strips of the hairy outer coating of fern fronds, moss and grasses, lined with fine grasses and fine rootlets. The four eggs looked like miniature robin eggs. It surely was a thrill to see my first veery nest.

Not wishing to disturb the birds any further, I went back to look at the place where I had seen the redstarts. They were still in the vicinity and in ten minutes I located the nest in the upright crotch of a young ash growing up through a blackberry tangle, about four feet from the ground, a nicely made, deep cup of grapevine bark, fern down, fine grasses, weed stems felted together, and lined with plant down, hairs and a few small feathers. Three newly-hatched, blind and naked young were in the nest. Both parents scolded and protested my presence with vigor.

The same day I found a northern yellow-throat's nest along the road that comes down from the pines to the open field and meadow where the old farm house used to be. The nest was swung between upright stems of last year's goldenrod stalks. There were four fully-feathered young just ready to leave the nest. Their plumage was a buffy mustard-yellow, with no distinctive markings.

It was in this same general area that I got a real thrill when I found the nest of an orchard oriole. On June 4 I was working in the open meadow

area near the northwest boundary where the house used to be. Part of the orchard is still there and several of the apple trees still bear fruit. In one of them I saw a kingbird with a piece of grapevine bark. It soon moved over to the nest it was building in a crotch in a top branch. The nest was just about finished, with both birds gathering material and the female doing the actual building. While watching the kingbirds I heard a very peculiar song. It sounded like the song of a Baltimore oriole with a sore throat, and was coming from the edge of the woods. I had heard that same song last year in Waukegan Dunes. What was it? Suddenly it came to me; it was the song of the orchard oriole. I had heard it only three times before. I tried to catch a glimpse of the bird in the trees but the foliage was too heavy. Then I saw it coming across the open from the woods, a dark bird that flashed reddish-brown in the sun. It came straight toward the tree where the kingbird was making its nest. I thought, "Here is where it gets into trouble. That kingbird will drive it away." But the kingbird did not bother it. In fact, it talked to the oriole as it alighted on a tall branch in the top of the tree. As I watched I saw a caterpillar in its mouth. It watched me for several minutes, the caterpillar dangling from the sides of its bill. Evidently it did not intend to eat the worm. Perhaps it had a nest and babies close by. But it was pretty early for an oriole to have young. As I watched, it worked down the branch, hopped over to another branch and was almost lost in the foliage. When it again appeared the worm was gone. But I had heard no youngsters calling for food, and baby orioles are the biggest crybabies in the bird world. I heard the male singing spasmodically from the woods. Soon it again came to the apple tree with food and went to the same place. I heard a soft musical twittering, but no babies crying for food. I decided to find out. I moved all the way around the base of the tree, but could make out nothing definite. Only one thing to do—climb the tree and find out. As I climbed up near the spot a yellowish bird flew out, flew to a nearby tree and scolded in no uncertain tones. She was joined by her mate and both kingbirds in the scolding. The kingbirds took up the fight as vigorously and viciously as if I were bothering their own nest, which was over in another part of the tree. It was not until I was four feet from the nest that I saw it among the green leaves. It was in a leafy crotch, suspended from the small branches, like a deep pouch, beautifully and carefully woven of long, green grasses which were beginning to turn yellow at the tips. It was lined with fine grasses, plant down and fern down. In the nest were four eggs, bluish-white with black and brown spots and scrawls, chiefly about the large end. That nest was beautifully camouflaged. The added protection of the kingbirds made it almost impregnable. Sixteen days later the youngsters hatched. It seemed as though they squalled for food all day long. In another 19 days they left the nest, but they still followed their parents around, calling for food, when they were as big as their parents. I wonder if the parents were still feeding them on their southern migration in early August.

(The "Report" continues with a detailed list of 93 species found nesting in Elk Grove Preserve, a study of the reptiles and amphibians, the trees, shrubs and wildflowers, and the vines and ferns. Attached to the original

report and available to interested persons is a list of all the various species of fauna and flora found there by Mr. Pearsall, to whom we are much indebted for the privilege of using this material.)



Our Coming Lecture Season

ONCE MORE we are pleased to announce that in co-operation with the National Audubon Society a series of lectures will be presented during the coming season. Some of the speakers were greeted by overflow audiences when they were heard here last season, and we expect the same interest this time. Certainly no one who followed our program then will wish to miss any one of them.

Leading off again as he did last year will be Mr. C. A. (Bert) Harwell, native son of California, on Saturday evening, October 7. The subject will be "Music of the Out-of-Doors," and his color movies, accompanied and illustrated by his bird imitations, we know from experience to be delightful.

Second on the program will be Mr. John H. Storer, of Waltham, Mass., on Wednesday evening, November 15. "Wings West from Florida" is the title of his color film and his well known ability, both as lecturer and photographer, will assure him a full house.

Mr. Alexander Sprunt, Jr., of Charleston, S. C., will follow on Friday evening, January 5, 1945, with "Wildlife from Texas to Chicago." Mr. Sprunt appeared on our platform for the first time last season and made a most excellent impression. We shall be most happy to have him with us again.

Friday evening, February 9, we shall have the pleasure of again hearing Mr. Murl Deusing, of Milwaukee, with his new film "Bright Feathers," and we have our anticipation keyed up to a high mark after other films of his which we have seen.

Last on our schedule as it now stands, but high in the ranks of nature photographers and lecturers, we will once more hear Dr. Olin Sewall Pettingill, Jr., of Carleton College. Friday evening, April 13, he will show a new film entitled "Everyday Wildlife."

Members of the Society, their families and friends, are specially invited to attend all of these lectures. More detailed programs will be mailed at an early date, and will contain an announcement with reference to a new seating plan to which your attention is particularly directed. All are to be given in the auditorium of the Chicago Academy of Sciences, 2001 North Clark Street, at eight o'clock on the various dates.



What is the ILLINOIS AUDUBON SOCIETY?



It is a corporation organized in 1897, not for profit, under the laws of the State of Illinois, for the study and protection of wild birdlife.

It aims to encourage the study of our native wild birds, to increase the appreciation of their aesthetic and economic values, and to work for their safety through education.

All lovers of birds are welcomed to its membership upon signing an application and paying membership dues. All dues and bequests other than those paid annually are held in an Endowment Fund, only the income from which is used for current needs, and there are no paid officers.

Under a ruling of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue contributions to the Society are deductible from income, gifts are deductible for gift tax purposes, and bequests or legacies are deductible for estate tax purposes.

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THE AUDUBON BULLETIN



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For the Protection of Wild Birds

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December, 1944

A Visit to a Wildlife Refuge

By DR. ALFRED LEWY

EN ROUTE TO Wichita Mountain Wildlife Refuge, located near Ft. Sill in southwestern Oklahoma, we woke up in Oklahoma City on the morning of March 24. The hackberries were in leaf and the elms heavily laden with fruit, much more abundant than we usually see on our elms here. Another thing I noticed about the elms, and for that matter most of the other trees: the bark was grayer and more heavily ridged, and the branches more gnarled than the similar species here, the whole impression being that they had a harder struggle for existence. In general woods were limited pretty much to creek and river bottoms; nevertheless, willows were uncommon. The season was early and the country not very green, although I did see some winter wheat and oats just starting. Red bud and wild plum were in bloom, sprinkled throughout such woods as we saw on the 90-mile drive to Ft. Sill. Within a week the temperature suddenly dropped to 16° above around the fort, and these blossoms were badly nipped. On this drive few birds were seen: a few meadowlarks, two or three prairie horned larks, one or two unidentified buteos, and some crows; but at the fort birds were plentiful.

My son's house, located in the old part of Ft. Sill, backed up on Medicine Creek, down a steep and well-wooded declivity. Four-foot diameter pecan trees were common. I could distinguish them from the few walnuts only by finding nuts left on the ground from last fall. One very large and tall one was intertwined with a smaller hackberry, very much like the famous elm and oak combination on the Little Calumet River near Porter, Ind., known to those of you who have tramped the dune region. The commonest trees were the post oak and the black jack, not yet in leaf when I left. There were also burr oaks similar to ours in form, but with grayer bark and larger acorn cups. The general outline of the post oak is similar to that of the burr, and I had to depend on dead leaves and old acorns for identification.

Medicine Creek was a fine exploring place for birds when not in use for army maneuvers. Everywhere was the call of the tufted titmouse, *chilly, chilly*, and for the first part of my stay he was right. Cardinals were abundant and singing. I saw one female occupying the same branch with a fine male. She was singing, but he soon flew away unimpressed, and I imagined she looked after him rather disappointedly. Chickadees were also common, and their *chickadee* was very rapidly repeated like that of the Carolina chickadee I had heard in North Carolina, and of which this one, I believe the *plumbeous*, is a subspecies. Incidentally, these chickadees had a four-note whistle call, a high note, two about three steps lower, then one highest of all. In contrast, the chickadees in Wichita Mountain Wildlife Refuge used only a three-note whistle, slightly different I thought, but their

chickadee note was identical, and so were their appearance, size and habits so far as I could see (no specimens were collected), and this one is also identified as the *plumbeous*.

For five days I was the guest of Ernest Greenwalt, the manager of the refuge. We were over practically all the roads and each day walked up one or two canyons, usually to the top. The highest mountain, Scott, is only 2,400 feet above sea level, and of course less than that from where we started, so these trips were not very difficult. The refuge is a piece of the old West. The mountains are said to be the oldest in the United States, and have been eroded down to rounded, lichen-covered rocks. The stream bottoms and the slopes are covered with trees of rather small average size, and between them are prairies covered with buffalo and other grasses. The only remaining herd of longhorn cattle is there; also several herds of bison,



COURTESY OF FISH AND WILDLIFE SERVICE

Longhorn, a survivor from the old range

among which could already be seen tiny yellow calves clinging comically close to their mothers. They were as tame as domestic cattle. Deer were plentiful but not so approachable. Elk were still up on the slopes, or sometimes on the skyline, posing beautifully. One day I saw five out of six elk swim across an arm of a small lake, not seeming to mind the cold water. One of the best thrills we had was a race with twelve antelope running parallel with us in order to cross the road ahead. I was told that they usually did this. They bounded along easily at 25 miles per hour, so we went to 30 and they let out that much more by lengthening their stride. We then had to quit the race as the road was very rough, and they crossed ahead of us. I should have liked to see just how fast they would go if pushed. I dare say they would do better if chased by a coyote, one of which

I saw. That is the only animal they have had to trap for control. Even a wildcat caught in a trap was released as they are not in sufficient numbers to be a menace.

I did not see a snake anywhere, although we visited some known rattlesnake dens. I did see two little blue lizards, one of which we caught only to have it escape before we reached home. Two or three large snapping turtles were seen and turned over temporarily, but they were too large for souvenirs. There were several villages of prairie dogs and they were pretty lively and quite approachable. Although a considerable number of large *buteos* were seen from time to time circling over these villages none was seen to attempt a capture, perhaps because the dogs were all full-grown at that season.

Of the birds the great treat was my first sight of a wild turkey. At least seven flocks were seen without any trouble. One or two roosted in trees near headquarters and it was a great sight to see them fly and hear the rush of their wings; but the greatest sight was to see the beautiful iridescent bronze gobblers strutting in the sun, certainly the most beautiful of all our birds. How I wished for the color camera that was not there!

Then there were the eagles; I saw four in one day. One of them was brown with a great deal of white on the back and upper tail. The brown was lighter and softer than I have ever seen on the immature bald, and he associated with three others all dark, who sailed like red-tails. I took them all to be golden eagles, as I did another one seen another day, although the bald is also seen there. From the descriptions of the immature eagles in "The Hawks of America," in the various state books on birds, and by Bent, I was unable to distinguish them. Both immatures have considerable white in their plumage variously distributed and I do not feel that I am sufficiently familiar with their profiles and flight to make a certain identification. Perhaps a further study of skins will help.

The hawks were also difficult of identification. There were large *buteos*, mottled all over, that may have been immature Swainson's. Red-tails were numerous and easily identified. There was one ferruginous rough-leg in characteristic plumage, and he looked almost as big as the eagles. The marsh hawk and American rough-leg were also there. One hawk looking like a pigeon hawk but with a rather erratic fast flight was thought by Mr. Greenwalt to be the Mississippi kite, which nests there, but Mr. Drummond, one of the men with an unusually well-trained eye and good knowledge of birds, did not agree; it was early in the season for it anyway. Sparrow hawks were few, and one or two Cooper's and sharp-shinned were seen.

The scissor-tailed flycatcher was a great attraction with his beautiful gray body, salmon pink flanks, and long tail feathers. It was a treat to see him launch forth from a fencepost and volplane back with that trailing tail. High winds gave him some trouble now and then.

The meadowlarks intrigued me. The early arrivals were smaller and definitely grayer than ours, with no yellow in the cheeks and but little in the supraorbital line. They all sang the song of the eastern species. A little later the western arrived, larger, with brighter yellow which in some came up on the cheeks, and with yellow in the supraorbital line, singing the characteristic song of the western. I think the song is the best field dis-

inction we have, although not absolute, as Dr. Strong, Dr. Swift and I once heard a bird that sang both songs. In examining skins at the museum there were specimens labeled western that had yellow on the cheeks, as noted by me on the field. The smaller, grayer lark was identified as the Rio Grande. Perhaps it was the Southern (*argutula*) of Ridgway, who does not mention the Rio Grande.



COURTESY OF FISH AND WILDLIFE SERVICE

Bison in the Refuge

Only one species of junco was seen, presumably the Shufeldt's, a subspecies of the Oregon, and it was common in the feeding tray. There was no question of the deeper black of the head and bib, definitely marked off from the brown back. All these birds fed with the wings slightly drooped so I could not see the pink flank if there was one. The iris was black. No slate-colored juncos were seen. The brown of the back was somewhat on the bronze tint, almost like the Tennessee warbler or the rough-winged swallow. A whole series of wrens were there. A Carolina built a nest in a clothes pin basket; the canyon wren was identified by his descending chromatic scale song; Bewick's was seen and heard several times; and we may have seen the rock wren. I was not sure whether some of them had white or buff tail markings; and the house wren was also around.

The sparrows gave much trouble. Vespers and western lark sparrows were everywhere along the roads, the lark sparrows singing. There was one sparrow looking much like the Lincoln's without the buffy band that permitted careful study sitting out in the open. I don't know what he was. The savannah was generally grayer and the yellow of the supraorbital line was scant or lacking. The rock sparrow was finally discovered by his singing, and then several of them were seen. This is a new bird on my

life list. The arctic towhee was also seen several times. He is distinguishable from ours by the large amount of white in the scapular region of the back, beside that in the wings. The song also is a little different from that of ours. So far as I could see the goldfinches were the same as ours; the Arkansas was not identified.

One flycatcher seen corresponds to Coues', which is not supposed to range so far north. A hawk seen, characteristically in a creek bottom, had a single broad white mark across the base of the tail (not rump), corresponding in its general dark color to the zone-tailed of Mexico; another hawk, light brown with the entire tail white, which may have been Sennett's white-tailed hawk, was seen, also pretty far out of the usual range. With the brown variation in immature hawks and eagles plumage, I hesitate to make the identification of an unfamiliar one. The white-tailed hawk may possibly have been a Krider's red-tailed, also out of the usual range.

Only one burrowing owl was seen, and that not in any prairie dog town. The great horned owl was heard several nights, but not seen. Other birds seen were the prairie horned lark, exact subspecies not determined. Of two seen together, one had a distinctly yellow throat and supraorbital line, the companion gray in those parts, but otherwise of the same size and general



COURTESY OF FISH AND WILDLIFE SERVICE

Wild Turkeys strutting near Research residence No. 2

appearance. The white-rumped shrike, with a well-marked white rump, was seen several times, but others were indistinguishable in the field from our migrant shrike. One day a flock of 52 sandhill cranes flew over, broke formation and milled around, calling loudly, but did not alight and finally made off. Mr. Greenwalt told me they have often been seen by him overhead, but never on the ground in the refuge.

Just outside the dining room window was a large feeding shelf, well supplied with seeds and suet, and very popular. Half a dozen species could be seen on the tray at one time, including two dozen individuals, and giving Mrs. Greenwalt great pleasure in studying their psychology as individuals. One of the common and most beautiful of the visitors at close range was the red-bellied woodpecker. Two or three squirrels would frequently visit the tray, but some of the smaller birds, particularly the chickadees, refused to be scared away. Once or twice a crow alighted low down in a nearby tree and looked longingly at the tray, but was never seen to come to it.

The official list of birds on file at the refuge mentions 156 species. The list of those seen by me in the five days totaled 81. The subspecies when mentioned is the prevailing one for the region and no effort was made to identify it further as no collecting was done. The only birds seen by me not previously recorded in the refuge were the Baird's sandpiper (of which I saw five in one flock), the great blue heron, and the Rio Grande meadow-lark. In the case of the great blue heron, their list states that their species is the Treganza blue heron. So far as I could see the bird was identical with our great blue, and I so reported it as the other diagnosis was based on regional probability only.

Mr. Greenwalt tells me that the bird population, both as to species and individuals, is greatly augmented in the winter. I hate to think of what a job it would be to identify them in the field in that plumage phase and where both eastern and western species meet, but it would certainly be interesting to try.

Chicago, Illinois.



A Naturalist on the Move*

By VERNA R. JOHNSTON

LEAVING THE WET floodplains of Arkansas, we traveled across central Texas to Parker State Park, a restored fort of Indian war days and one with an unusual story behind it. Parker's fort was originally erected on this site by Elder John Parker and his religious colony in 1834. On May 19, 1836, the fort was attacked by Comanche and Kiowa Indians who massacred all the men and captured the women. The only man to escape was one Seth Bates, who was hoeing a field two miles from the fort when the attack came and got away. Young Cynthia Ann Parker (9 years old) was among the women taken captive. She was reared by the Indians who took over the fort, and later married the Indian chief and had two children. In 1860 a group of white men recaptured the fort, but Cynthia, thoroughly Indian in all her customs, chose to remain with her tribe wherever they were forced to live. The fort has since been restored and now consists of rows of log cabins inside a log stockade. We discovered in some of the cabins the Indian

*Miss Johnston continues her description of a five-week research trip through the southeastern states. The concluding portion of her story, the first installment of which appeared in our September issue, will be given in the March, 1945, number of the Bulletin.

implements which were once used there — crude irons, dishes, candle molders and shotguns of that period.

It was in an oak-hickory forest near Fort Parker that our entomologist, an Oklahoma girl, had a startling experience. She was standing near a red cedar examining an insect just collected when a movement on the ground attracted her attention. She looked down just in time to see a tawny two foot copperhead raise its head above her shoe top and begin to crawl leisurely over her left foot. It paid no attention whatsoever to the foot's owner as she stood frozen to the spot but slid the full length of its bronze body over her shoe and out of sight among the leaves beyond. Only then did "Oklahoma" breathe a sigh of relief and relax her rigid muscles. She was the only member of the party who did not wear field boots regularly, and though we had all been looking for snakes, she was the only person to see one. It was a beautiful close-up view — perhaps too close!

There were several kinds of deciduous holly in these central Texas forests, shrubs which are related to the holly we use for decorations at Christmas. Unlike our Christmas holly, however, these shrubs shed their leaves in the fall and are thus termed "deciduous." There were scorpions, too, vicious looking creatures with a thick body, long tail, and two formidable pincers on the front end. The sting for which the scorpion is famous is at the end of the tail and ordinarily points downward, but when it is to be used, the tail bends over the back and the sting shoots forward. These were of a harmless variety, as are all but a very few American species living in the southwestern deserts.

An early morning hike along a red clay country road gave me some inside pictures of Texas bird life. I came across scissor-tailed flycatchers belligerently chasing each other from tree to tree, and uttering loud shrieks at me whenever I approached their perches too closely. It was a pleasure to watch them fly and to see that long tail open and close as they maneuvered gracefully. Mockingbirds, brown thrashers, and catbirds were all singing, and so was the blue grosbeak, a stranger to me. Its song was a pleasing warble, similar in pattern but weaker in volume than its relative the rose-breasted grosbeak. The bird seemed timid, flying quickly and quietly from view at any minor noise. Flashily-clad lark sparrows ran ahead of me in the road and in the shallow ditch on each side. From a telephone wire a small songster poured forth a song which reminded me faintly of the indigo bunting. But the song was too weak for the indigo bird and the color of this singer was not blue. He was olive green on the back, bright red on the breast and rump, and had a purple head. What a mixture of colors! But they blended well on him and gave him every right to be called the painted bunting.

Ecologists spend a lifetime tramping about the country, scouring every hill and marsh and mountain for plants or animals that live in that spot and nowhere else. When they find them, they try to figure out why those plants and animals occur where they do, — and there are always several good reasons. One of the reasons for a tree's choice of habitat shot at us with startling clarity in northern Louisiana, where we stopped on the banks of a small stream deep in virgin hardwood timber. This was a floodplain

area — no doubt about it — all the trees flashed the identification signal. Towering sweet gums, beech, cypress, water oak, yellow poplar, red maple — why were they here unless they thrived in the water which swelled against their exposed roots and trunks each spring? Down at our eye level was the graceful American holly growing as a tree; sweet bay, the lowland member of the magnolia family; and May haw, erect and sturdy, showing no ill effects from living under four feet of water until May. These were truly moisture-loving trees! The question popped into mind — can they adapt themselves to life in drier places as well? Or do other species supplant them on higher land? I soon uncovered the answer.

A trail away from the river led us through a forest increasingly more dense with shrubs and new varieties of trees. Shortly we stopped in an apparently typical spot. No longer were cypress or water oak or sweet bay the ruling trees. Sweet gum was still abundant, a few red maples were there, but the other species were new: four types of oaks, basket oak, red oak, post oak, and white oak, and papaw and the tall straight trunks of loblolly pine. Holly grew as a shrub, no longer attaining tree rank. There was less moisture here and the whole forest knew it.

A virgin forest of loblolly pine formed the final link in the chain farther upland, with scattered red oaks and sweet gum persisting. It didn't take a book to tell us now which of these trees can live only in or near water, which can live only away from it, and that some, like sweet gum and red oak, apparently adapt to its presence or absence successfully.

In the deep forest solitudes of Florida and Louisiana roam a dozen scattered pairs of the biggest, handsomest and rarest American woodpecker, the ivorybill. Once common in parts of the south, this bird has not been able to adapt its food habits to man's advancing civilization and has been driven rapidly and surely into the few pristine forests still standing. Today it is numbered among the species nearly extinct; the latest estimate is that there are around two dozen birds left in existence. At least half of these probably inhabit the Singer Tract in northern Louisiana.

I saw the Tract last summer and spent one hour in its atmosphere of primitive wonder. Even a glimpse of an ivorybill was far too much to hope for in so short a time, but not a minute sped by without concentrated looking and listening for that large black bird with the glossy ivory bill, flaming red crest, and white wing patches. I wandered around John's Bayou where three pair of ivorybills had been seen that spring and experienced the exhilarant tenseness that surges through one's whole being in a setting of such sacred rarity. Once I heard the nasal "yank" of a nuthatch and feverishly traced it down to be certain that it was not the closely resembling call of the ivorybill. It was not. My eyes searched constantly for the huge piles of bark and slabs of wood at the base of a diseased tree, which are telltale evidence of the powerful bird's quest for insect larvae. Under the tall crowns of great cypress, ash, pecan and magnolia I pushed my way, past streams of turgid water, through palmetto, cane, poison ivy and the inch-long thorns of cat-briar smilax, until my hour was up. It was a fascinating, though vain, search in one of the few spots left in this country where wilderness reigns supreme — or did, at least, until logging began in

the Singer Tract a few years ago. Conservation groups are now fighting to save it, and the world's rarest woodpecker, from destruction.

Traveling across Mississippi and Alabama is very much like journeying through parts of Illinois. Plowed fields planted in corn and cotton alternate with pasture land; red-headed woodpeckers, sparrow hawks, and eastern kingbirds fly from the telephone poles and wires as the station wagon rolls by; and the silky webs of tent caterpillars loom ominously in many a deciduous tree. Except for the native growths of black jack oak, post oak, and short-leaf pine, we might have been in Illinois.

Onward we sped to Georgia and North Carolina — the land of the Piedmont Plateau. The Piedmont Plateau is an ancient peneplain lying between the Blue Ridge mountains on the west and the low level coastal plain on the east, and extending from Pennsylvania to Alabama. (A peneplain is the term applied to land worn down by erosion to a nearly level surface.) This plateau covers a large area and, ecologically, has a history all its own. In the early days of settlement, large tracts of forest were cleared here for cultivation. Land sold cheaply and little thought was given to maintaining soil productivity. Heavy winter rains soon washed away the best topsoil from unterraced fields and after several years of cultivation without fertilizing, they grew relatively unproductive. It became common practice for the farmers to abandon such fields and clear new land. Left to themselves, these abandoned fields developed gradually into weed fields and later into mature forests. The succession of changes through which they passed is fascinating material to the ecologist, and I discovered what was to me an amazing story as our group surveyed all the stages in this old field-pine succession.

During the first year of an abandoned field's existence, many weeds invade its boundaries and thrive in the open sun. All are secondary in importance, however, to two main plants, crabgrass and horseweed (*Digitaria sanguinalis* and *Leptilon canadense*). These two dominate the area in numbers and conspicuousness.

As the field moves into its second year of independent growth, crabgrass and horseweed are still abundant, but both are soon overtopped by a species of aster (*aster ericoides*) and cut-leaved ragweed (*Ambrosia artemisiifolia*). These two herbs, both bushy and ordinarily two to four feet tall, together or individually are the character species of two-year fields because of size, numbers, and conspicuousness. Many of the plants of the open one-year fields are now excluded by shade and competition; others, such as *Andropogon* grasses, are just starting to come in, represented by a small cluster of a few basal leaves.

Fields undisturbed for three years or more after abandonment are practically always occupied by solid stands of three species of *Andropogon* grass. All other plants are subordinate, and those that have survived grow between the massive clumps of the broomsedge and are overtopped for a good part of the growing season.

How long *Andropogon* dominance is maintained depends upon the proximity of pine seed supply and also upon seed year. Often within three or four years of abandonment seeds have gotten in and seedling pines may be

found between the clumps of broomsedge. Commonly after five years the pines show above the grass, and ten years will have produced an even-aged stand of young pines several feet tall. The species of pine may be any of the three kinds indigenous to the region — loblolly (*Pinus taeda*), short-leaf (*Pinus echinata*), and Virginia (*Pinus virginiana*). Which comes in depends largely on the chance of seeding, as all thrive equally well wherever they start.

As the pine forest develops, many changes occur. Persimmon trees live regularly in young pine stands but decrease as the stands mature because of excess shade. When the forest has reached the age of twenty years, a distinct overstory of pines is evident and an understory of hardwoods, most important of which are sweet gum, black gum, sourwood, dogwood and white ash. The appearance of a few scattered oaks and hickories at this age is significant, as they are to be the ultimate kings of this forest.

As the stand develops, the weaker understory pines, competing with shade tolerant hardwoods, are the first to be eliminated. They cannot reproduce in their own shade and as the stand matures only the tall dominant pines remain with none intermediate between them and the seedlings on the forest floor. It is this weakness which eventually eliminates pine as a dominant. When an understory pine dies, there are no pines to replace it, and the deciduous species from the understory then grow up into the dominant stratum. A pine stand is middle-aged by 40 years, and if desired commercially will be cut by then. If undisturbed, it becomes overmature at 70-80 years and as it thins out is replaced by oaks and hickories which have increased steadily in the lower strata. Eventually (150-200 years) oaks and hickories dominate the area, with scattered pines remaining as relics. In the Piedmont region this seldom happens, as the pines are cut long before they mature and the cycle repeats itself from an open field. But in the Duke Forest, Durham, North Carolina, a 5,000 acre tract owned and protected by Duke University, we saw all of the stages of developing and mature pine and oak-hickory forests. Throughout the Piedmont area abandoned fields and invading pines could be seen everywhere, but they were especially well-marked near Athens, Georgia.

It was here that I saw a pair of blue grosbeaks playing in the willows bordering a broomsedge field and where I first heard Bachman's sparrow, long read about but until then a stranger. His song floated to me out of the distance just once, sounding like a field sparrow with the order of the song reversed — the trill first and the three or four notes at the end. It kept on going after a field sparrow would have stopped. In the adjacent pineries pine warblers hopped slowly among the thick branches, treating the anxious listener to infrequent strains of their musical trill. Along the streams white-eyed vireos were more generous as they vociferously urged each other to "Pitch him in the creek," according to the Georgia version. In the oak-hickory forests we uncovered many varieties of snails and lizards, Carolina wrens, Louisiana water-thrushes, Alabama towhees, and a flashy blue-tailed skink guarding her eggs. We discovered that the robin, usually known as a peaceful bird, has been invading Georgia within the past years. A quarter of a century ago there were no red-breasts in Georgia. Today

they are becoming more and more numerous and are state-wide in distribution. The reason for this change of heart is just one more item on the long list of ornithological puzzles.

Speaking of puzzles brings to mind a very peculiar one which our guide, a University of Georgia zoology professor, and I encountered in a young broomsedge field. Our two sprightly entomologists were scouring the premises for black widow spiders when they suddenly waved and yelled to us in the excited manner that means a find. We dashed to the spot, expecting a black widow or a rare insect, but instead they cautiously pushed aside the tall grasses to reveal a tiny nest. Neatly woven of fine grasses, it was more perfectly round than any I had ever seen and held three pure white eggs as in a cup. The eggs looked a bit longer and more pointed than most I knew and I hesitated to name the owner. The Georgia professor was a bird man, however, and he identified them as possibly a Bachman's sparrow. This seemed too good to be true — to hear that rare bird and find its nest all in one day! I examined the eggs more closely and in a new light this time. The professor was still not convinced of their identity but felt fairly certain that Bachman's was the best possibility. I had confidence in his judgment. After a last look, we replaced the grasses carefully and left the nest for other collecting. A short time later I was surprised to see our two entomologists back at the exact spot where we had examined the nest before. A suspicion planted itself firmly in my brain but didn't bear fruit until several days later when I had a reason to glance through "Oklahoma's" field notes. There, under the heading "Georgia broomsedge field" were listed as collected "3 lizard eggs" — and no bird eggs mentioned. I knew then that those two insect fiends had pulled a fast one — weaving a pretty little grass nest themselves and planting the lizard eggs in it. How they must have been laughing silently as the professor and I puzzled over the eggs' owner, and put it down as a possible Bachman's sparrow! And how they razzed me for not recognizing lizard eggs when I saw them, after they finally did admit the hoax. The fact that the eggs were in the wrong habitat was a poor alibi; I had to regain my reputation the hard way!



Florida Birds as Seen by a Northerner

By C. W. G. EIFRIG

WHEN A BIRD OBSERVER comes to Florida from the north, to the state where the summer spends the winter, to take up his residence there, he very likely does so with great expectations and anticipations as to the wealth and variety of Florida birdlife. Does not Howell in his monumental "Florida Bird Life" list 24 subspecies alone that have the name of the state in their vernacular designation? And do not earlier ornithologists in their accounts

*They are, each preceded by the name of the state: cormorant, duck, red-tailed and red-shouldered hawks, Insular red-shouldered hawk, bobwhite, crane, clapper rail, gallinule, screech owl, burrowing owl, nighthawk, blue jay, jay, crow, chickadee, wren, bluebird, pine warbler, prairie warbler, yellowthroat, redwing, grackle, cardinal, grass-hopper sparrow.

of travels in this state draw pictures of a wonderfully rich birdlife as found 50 to 70 years ago? That is not even counting such species as the Everglade kite, great white heron, small sparrow hawk, Insular red-shouldered hawk, limpkin, and others which either belong to the West Indian fauna, or are to be found to some extent sparingly along the Gulf coast west of Florida.

But this is no longer true; one must bear in mind the spreading out over the scene of the white man, who intentionally or unintentionally destroys animals and plants. The writer lives at Windermere, Orange County, a charming village nestling among lakes in the Orlando citrus belt. Alternating with orange groves are hammocks, i.e., stands of hardwood trees on slightly higher land, "scrub," consisting of low, scrubby oak and other shrubs, cattle range, and pine flats, a fine bird observation stand without leaving the place. Yet I have in over a year's watching seen not a single red-cockaded woodpecker, Florida chickadee, and many others, and of the Florida jay (*Aphelocoma coerulescens*) only two or three pairs. Of course, it must be borne in mind that with the present restrictions one cannot get far from home in his car.

There should be a rich birdlife here. But this is what one may see during a drive to Orlando, 13 miles east: 5-6 mockingbirds, 2-3 southern meadowlarks, 2-3 loggerhead shrikes, 1-2 pair white-eyed towhees, 2-3 bluebirds, 1-2 flickers, 1-2 little sparrow hawks, 1-2 Florida jays, 1-2 pair Florida cardinals, 2-3 mourning doves, 2-3 ground doves, 1-2 American and snowy egrets, 1-2 little blue herons, and 1-2 Ward's herons, but usually not half that many. One would expect to see flocks of boat-tailed and Florida grackles, but I have seen them only twice or three times in over a year; one female boat-tail came on my feeding shelf once, rudely chasing away all others.

In fact, the feeding shelf may give one a good idea of what is here in the line of birds. The following species have so far visited mine, in the order of abundance: Florida bobwhites, blue jays, redwings, red-bellied woodpeckers, cardinals, ground doves, tufted titmice, brown thrashers, and white-eyed towhee. The mockingbird is everywhere; it and the flicker and crested flycatcher looked the shelf over once or twice, but not finding insects, left in disgust. The least wary, most confiding is the white-eye, followed closely by the ground dove and tufted tit. The mourning dove can only be heard once in a while. Like Illinois, Florida too has, to its discredit, the mourning dove on its list of game birds. There were no English sparrows here when we arrived in October 1942, but soon after I saw two near a poultry yard; soon the pair had grown into eight, which also visit my feeding shelf timidly. The Florida crow and the chuck-wills-widow stay away from it.

What about the glory of avian Florida, the water birds? There numbers are better, but far from the former excessive abundance. Instead of seeing many herons and egrets in the swamps and pools along the roads, three or four are all that can be detected in a drive of 20 miles or more. My place is almost on the shore of Lake Butler, a most attractive waterbody. About 200 yards from our shore is a wooded island which is a bird sanctuary. There one can see quite a few birds, especially at nesting time. Here is the approximate population: 50 to 100 pair white ibises (formerly thousands), 50 pair American egrets, 25 pair snowy egrets, 50 pair little blue herons,

15 pair Louisiana herons, 5 pair Ward's herons, 5 pair anhingas, a pair of Florida cormorants, 2 or 3 pair of turkey and black vultures, a pair each of wood duck and pileated woodpeckers. It presents an animated scene at nesting time when the adults come in steady streams bringing food for the young and ramming it down their gullets by regurgitation. One wonders how it is possible that the long, pointed bills do not pierce the anatomy of the youngsters. It came as a shock to me to see the young of the fine white ibises are almost entirely black. When these fine birds return to the island in the evening from the outlying sloughs and ponds, they present a glorious sight. They glide in on outstretched wings in squadron formation, with necks stretched forward. The egrets and herons are not nearly so attractive in flight. The American egrets and perhaps some ibises indulge in a peculiar performance. When they are above their roosting place of large bushes they frequently break their flight into a tumble downward, much as a marsh hawk above the incubating female.

The island is also the roosting place of a flock of about 200 or more Florida crows. They drift in at eventide from several directions, alight on the largest trees, then suddenly, as if by command, they get up again, wheel about also in airplane-like formations, as if they wanted to show the ibises a thing or two, or as if they were rehearsing for a crow rodeo. At such times I have seen many of the lower stratum dip to the surface of the lake in true swallow fashion, as if drinking. But when nesting is over, one may row to the island and not see nor hear a bird, that is in daytime. The ibises leave in September, and in October even the crows were gone, also the anhingas, Ward's herons, vultures, and most of the herons and egrets. In December and January one sees a small remnant winging its way to the island in the evening.

In fact, this appearing and disappearing stunt is common here, even among the land birds. I have a number of regular boarders on my feeding shelf, but suddenly I notice that one or the other species is absent, also in the whole neighborhood. In October, and other times, too, such resident species as blue jay, redwing, red-bellied woodpecker, even the bobwhite, disappear, to just as suddenly turn up again. This is no migration, rather a roaming, roving around. But there seems to be some system to it.

At the very least, one should be able to expect a plenitude of birds here in the winter. For is not the supposedly rich permanent population present then, plus the large numbers of migrants and winter residents from the north? It should be that way, but is not, at least not here in the center of the state both latitudinally and longitudinally. There may be such an imagined wealth of birdlife in places along the two coasts, and perhaps along the St. John's River. Neither do waves of migrants come through our way, but only dribblets of them. The reason is not far to seek, as indicated. The bird-highways and flyways are, no doubt, along the coasts. There are no rivers in the interior flowing north or south, excepting the one near the eastern coast. Here is a sample list from Windermere, which, with its variety of habitats, should be as good an observation points as most: August 19, small group of warblers passes through my live oaks (one to two sycamore warblers identified); September 10, 10 to 15 nighthawks;

11th, nighthawks again, three barn swallows; 13th, one yellow palm warbler; 22nd, one parula warbler; October 1, one Blackburnian warbler, 20 palm and myrtle warblers; 24th, one phoebe; November 1, one pied-billed grebe in the lake; 8th, one house wren. Notice the low numbers. The only northern species staying in some number are the palm and myrtle warblers, of the phoebes and grebes a few. Also a few more shrikes and sparrow hawks are along the road, plus little companies of chipping, field and vesper sparrows. A marsh hawk may be seen now and then and a pair or two of vultures, but not the large aggregations one should expect.

The island is entirely deserted in daytime; only toward evening little straggling bands of egrets and herons fly to it. Even the crows are gone; the ibises left in September and return at the end of February and in March. To the solitary pied-bill may be added the horned grebe later.

There are some migratory movements perceptible in winter, as witness this little list: November 26, bank swallows; December 18, great blue heron; 21st, blue-gray gnatcatcher; 23rd, robins; January 4, more robins; 14th, Bell's vireo; 30th, big flock of kinglets, myrtle and palm warblers; February 1, little groups of chipping sparrows; 9th, flocks of cedar waxwings, one prairie warbler (subsp.); 12th, more gnatcatchers; 27th, big flock of myrtle warblers; March 7, a yellow-throated warbler; 10th, a parula warbler; 12th, a hummingbird; 17th, a hermit thrush; mostly just one or two of a species.

I have never seen any ducks on our lake, probably due to lack of the proper food, but on the lakes in Orlando are many, because they are fed there. They are mostly mallards, scaups, ringnecks, black and ruddy ducks. With them associate many ring-billed gulls, all of which are so tame that they hardly step aside out of one's way when they are on shore and you walk around the lake.

Windermere, Florida, January, 1944.

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A RARE VISITOR for the Chicago area was recorded by a dozen or more persons when several avocets rested from about October 29 to November 5 on a shallow pond some 30 miles southeast of the city. Five or six avocets (reports differ) were in the flock, which showed no timidity and fed quietly when approached within 50 yards. None was collected and the record must rest on the identification by competent ornithologists who were among the observers.

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Some Birds of Kauai

By SEYMOUR LEVY

DURING MY TOUR OF DUTY in the U. S. Marines I have been, due to various reasons, in quite a few isolated and remote countries. The island of Kauai, located in the Territory of Hawaii, has been quite the hardest place to study birds that I have known. Therefore the following is not a complete list of

the birds of Kauai and is not meant to be a means of identification, but is merely a list of the birds that I have seen there.

By far the most numerous species are not native to the island. Some were brought in by Chinese and Japanese immigrants, others by the government to control weeds and insects, and still others by sports-minded citizens. Native land birds are indeed very rare; in fact, during my stay only three were identified. Most of them are on the verge of extinction, or are already gone. Of course migratory birds continue to be recorded, due to the regular arrival of new individuals.

The island is covered with tall sugar cane, pineapple plantations, and saw grass marshes, and there are many high and inaccessible mountains. Some birds believed extinct or not surviving propagation may well be in existence. For instance, I heard the call of a rail in one of the huge sugar cane fields. All books on Hawaiian birds list three rails for these islands: the Laysan Island rail, imported but believed not to have survived; the Hawaiian rail, a native, is believed extinct; and the spotted Hawaiian rail, which is known from but one specimen. It is entirely possible that some unknown person may have brought others in, but it is not probable.

The cane fields are a paradise for game birds. I know that the Chinese pheasant is very common because I heard them all the time; but for as long as I was there I saw only a few, and found but one nest. All the native birds are very wary. Descriptive material at my disposal was quite inadequate; drawings and written descriptions were neither of the best.

Of the native land birds the Kauai thrush is the most common. It is hard to study, being very shy and colorless, but its beautiful song will after hearing it once identify it immediately. They inhabit the higher elevations, 3,000 feet, away from human habitations and foreign birds. It is not likely that the casual observer would see this bird.

The ou (*Psittacirostia psittacea*) will be found in the lower parts of the island. When the male is seen its beautiful yellow head and parrot-like bill will identify it. It also is a beautiful singer. The coniferous groves will be the best place to study it.

The Hawaiian owl is by no means common, but hardly a week went by that I didn't see two or three. They can be seen sitting on posts during the day, or hunting over the field in the evening. The most common of all birds there is the Pacific golden plover. It can be seen the year around, though I don't know or have any information that the same birds stay all year. (Here is a good chance for some bander in these islands.)

The only turnstone listed for this territory is the ruddy, but I saw two black turnstones in a group of golden plovers. I saw this same bird on the western coast of the United States, in the Samoan Islands, and in the Gilbert Islands, and it was quite common in all three places. I see no reason for leaving it out of the Hawaiian fauna; it is probably more common than the ruddy. The white-tailed tropic bird can be seen out over the ocean occasionally, or flying up in the cliffs where it nests. Another that may be observed in this way is the frigate bird.

The black-crowned night heron that is found on this island is supposed

to be of the same species found on the mainland. I have my doubts. It is recorded as comomn, but I ran across only a very few. The reef heron is found in limited numbers, but, like in Samoa, I saw it only in the dark phase. This is hard to understand, because both the blue and white phases were seen commonly in the Ellice and Gilbert Islands. The author of "Birds of Hawaii," Mr. George C. Munro, says he saw both phases at Rose Island, near Samoa. This is another interesting question that a bander might clear up.

I saw only three pintail ducks, but it was late in the season; it is a winter resident and my observations started in April. The Hawaiian coot may be found in any of the many reservoirs and inland lakes. It cannot be distinguished from the American coot in the field. Some of the birds can be best studied from a boat off-shore; in fact many of them come only to remote and inaccessible cliffs that border the north shore of Kauai. Some, such as the black-footed albatross, probably never alight on the island. It is an easily identified bird, dark brown above and lighter beneath; some have white upper and lower tail coverts. It will be seen following a ship and occasionally circling it with the speed and grace of—well—an albatross.

The Bonin petrel is slaty black on the back, forehead and cheeks; underparts are white, and also the under surface of the wings, with a broad black border. It, also, has to be seen on the ocean. One must have binoculars to study petrels and shearwaters successfully because of their speed, and because they hardly ever alight or come to a ship.

The next bird is also left out of "Birds of Hawaii": the sooty storm petrel, which is sooty brown, about nine to ten inches long, and with a deeply forked tail.

Very many birds have been introduced into the island. Anyone visiting here is soon acquainted with the mynah, a native of India. If the mynah had the same color scheme as the starling they would be almost identical birds, alike in habits, habitats, and songs; as the starling is a great mimic, so is the mynah. It is the most numerous of all birds found on Kauai.

The Chinese dove is well established and can be found anywhere in the lower elevations. A large grayish-brown bird with a spotted neck, its tail is tipped with white except for the middle feathers. The peaceful dove is a common bird, found everywhere. It nests in small bushes and conifers, and is a native of Australia.

A beautiful singer, rivaling many of our North American songsters, is the Chinese thrush. When first seen it will remind one of the brown towhee, with a white eye-ring, and is found mostly in dense underbrush near streams.

The white-eye, a native of Japan, is quite common. It is about four and a half inches long, has its upper parts green, a white eye-ring, yellow throat, and under parts light.

The English sparrow is found on the island, as usual mostly near human habitations, but is not yet too common, however. The California house finch, or linnet, is fairly common, especially in the conifers.

South America has added a bird to the list, the Brazilian cardinal, a beautiful bird, but a very uncommon one.

What is the ILLINOIS AUDUBON SOCIETY?



It is a corporation organized in 1897, not for profit, under the laws of the State of Illinois, for the study and protection of wild birdlife.

It aims to encourage the study of our native wild birds, to increase the appreciation of their aesthetic and economic values, and to work for their safety through education.

All lovers of birds are welcomed to its membership upon signing an application and paying membership dues. All dues and bequests other than those paid annually are held in an Endowment Fund, only the income from which is used for current needs, and there are no paid officers.

Under a ruling of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue contributions to the Society are deductible from income, gifts are deductible for gift tax purposes, and bequests or legacies are deductible for estate tax purposes.

MEMBERSHIP FEES ARE AS FOLLOWS:

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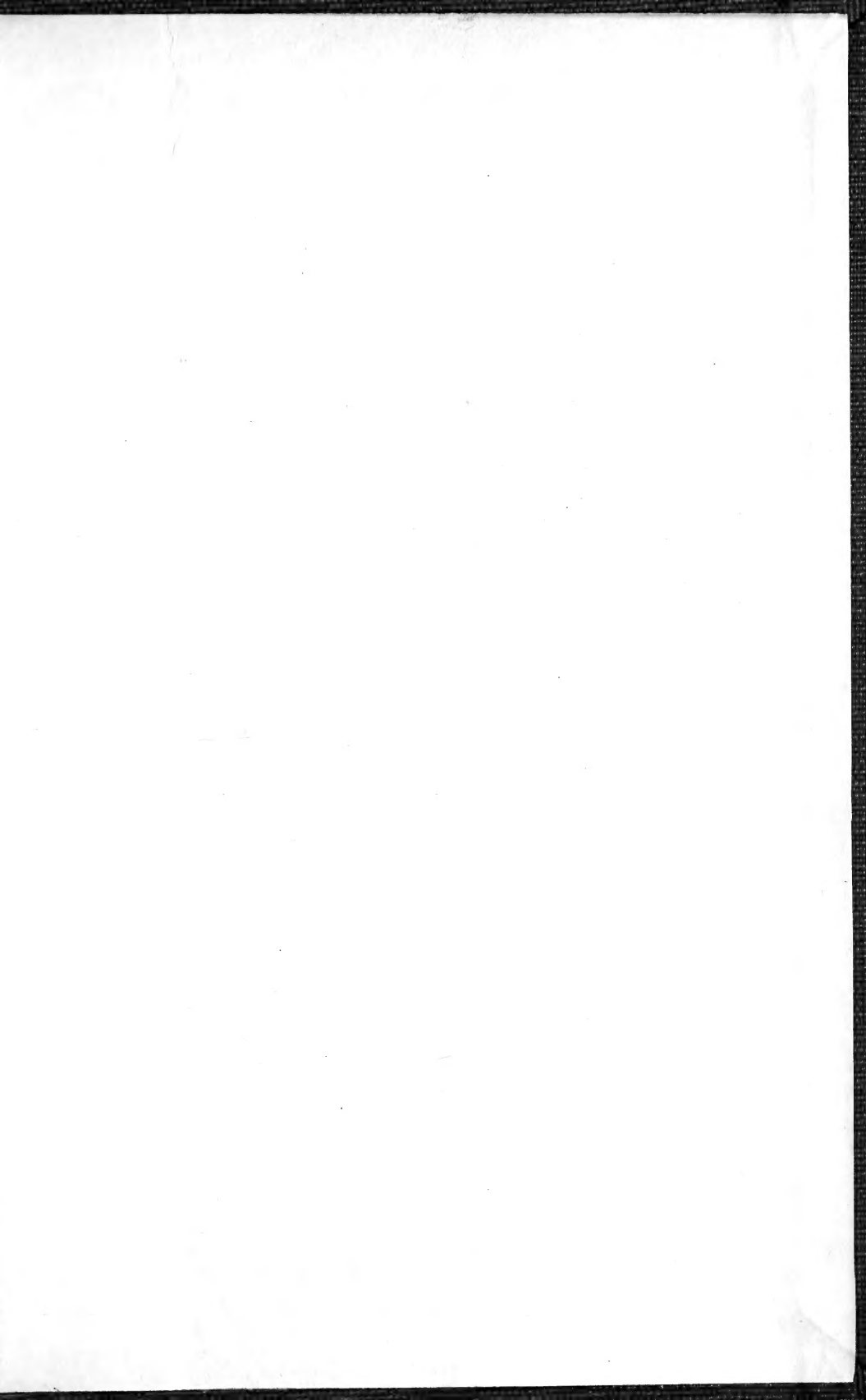
The Society maintains an office at the Chicago Academy of Sciences, where literature and information may be obtained and where public lectures are held.

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